

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

395

BRUTUS'
BIG HIT!

S.F. BONDAGE CLUB
TIED UP IN
SAN FRANCISCO

DRESSING UP
YOUR PRIVATES

DYNASTY
NIGHT
THE NAKED TRUTH!

DRUMMER
DADDIES
WOODSHED
DISCIPLINE
WITH
PUNISHING
PUSHUPS

FICTION
EXCLUSIVE:
SNEAK PREVIEW!
BEAUTY'S
RELEASE
BY A.N. ROQUELAURE

BILL
WARD
ART
GALLERY

BONUS POSTER:
SEARCH FOR
MR.
DRUMMER
'85
BEGINS!

BIGGEST
PERSONAL
CLASSIFIEDS
IN OUR HISTORY!

ISSUE 83

DRUMMER



"I WANT
TO WATCH
DYNASTY"

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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An eyewitness look inside one of San Francisco's most progressive enclaves for the bondage aficionado. The atmosphere is friendly, sane and hot!

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The Master of Masters is back like you've never seen—or at least heard—him before. When Brutus drops by the Compound, anything's likely to happen...

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Once in a blue moon comes an erotic story so intense it borders on delirium. Join us on the longest journey of a young man's life—paraded naked through the rooms of an empty house, speared to the hilt on the Old Man's meat...

BEAUTY'S RELEASE by A.N. Roquelaure

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Cover: What the obedient slave is wearing this spring—held up for your inspection by Master Brutus. Drummerfoto. Opposite Page: Giddyup! Drummerfoto.



GETTING OFF

It isn't hard to tell it is Spring, even in California. For us at DRUMMER, we know because the Mr. Drummer parties get organized, the contestants spring forth like buds on the plants. During this, the tenth anniversary year, a lot of planning and activity has been happening, even before spring has sprung. All those Winter months in dark, sweaty gyms have paid off and many of the impressive bodies we knew last year are now spectacular.

That is as good a word as any to describe what is planned for this June in San Francisco, the leather capital. It will be a spectacular with men from all over the nation, not just contestants, but title holders for their particular region. In this issue, when you survive the staples and fold it out, you will find a poster for the Mr. Drummer party in your area and maybe even come forth as a contestant. We have great plans for the Mr. Drummer this year. And for DRUMMER itself.

The Leather Fraternity is blossoming as well, if that is a proper word. Our new 16-page Newsleather is going out with the application pages coming back fast and thick. Whatever else you may find in it, the Leather Fraternity makes DRUMMER more than just a magazine on the newsstand. It is made up of real people, like you, who have much in common and cannot find an outlet for themselves in most of the glossy gay mags.

We had an editor some years back who still refers to the time he spent with us as "The Golden Age of DRUMMER." We remember the good parts of those times, but if there is a Golden Age for this magazine, it would be the here and now. Beginning with this issue, which incidentally has more personal classifieds than we have ever run before at one time.

So as soon as this issue goes to press, we are going to lay back, as we get our boots polished, dream up some new projects for the coming year while enjoying an attack of Spring Fever during this Golden Age. □

MARK I. CHESTER REPORTS:

S.F. BONDAGE CLUB



Text & Photography by MARK I. CHESTER

There is this pile of Polaroids. Snapshots. Momentary flashes. Stop action from a roll of seconds—snipped out, cut from the fabric. Somehow it is appropriate that these are photographs of bondage. Photographs of ropes and cords, leather and metal, action flowing into reaction.

The Polaroids were taken at monthly parties held by a group of men into bindings, The San Francisco Bondage Club. Just one and a half years old, the SFBC offers San Francisco/Bay Area men a chance to gather, meet, acknowledge one another. And play. I should say, especially play. The club encourages play, from novices as well as "experts," in an atmosphere that is both safe and sane. This is definitely not a place for gawkers.

Polaroid—A tall, well-built man has

been poured into a circular tube bandage that hugs and molds all of his features. It seems to stretch to the breaking point across his rounded, solid chest and arm muscles, but shrinks down to nothing around his neck and face. A knife appears and holes are cut for cock and balls, tits, and nose. With the bandage tied off above the heads and below the feet, these are the only parts of his body not held by the soft taut fabric. Metal flashing through tits and dick. Ropes, pulled through, to hooks above, keep tits and dick in constant erection. Then the play begins.

The bondage club is the brainchild of Jerry—tall, slender, red hair and pierced tits and dick, and a passion for binding and being bound. He wanted to start a place where bondage guys could meet

and get it on. He wants the atmosphere hot, but nice and friendly at the same time. He is always building a new piece of equipment, trading off top and bottom sessions, thinking up "theme parties" to keep the energy new and alive.

After an article appeared in *Dungeon-Master* on "milking," he sent copies to some 100 members and then scheduled a milking party. Participants were given a chance to win a prize for each half-hour that they "allowed" themselves to be milked. Men were tied and bound to large wooden Xs. And then they were ministered to—with hands, and leather gloves, again and again and again until they came and then more. Don't know that they ever exactly measured the amount collected, but there were many chances given by the end of the night.

Polaroid—Two men standing in the corner, one with just torn jeans and the other with black leather vest and boots, connect their nipple rings together with cords. Pulling back against one another, reinforcing the bond that binds them, and jacking off together. Building, moaning in a kind of primitive sexual dance, the energy circling back and forth until they both spew forth.

While no behavior is restricted or off-limits, there is a sincere concern for safe sex. Jerry provides rubbers, and individual cups of lubricant. But there is one general agreement, if someone is in bondage and you have not discussed sexual behavior, safe sex *must* be observed. It is an atmosphere that acknowledges the health crises and insists that men playing be responsible for their own behavior. The Polaroids prove that responsibility is not a deterrent to men making each other feel good...and their dicks hard.

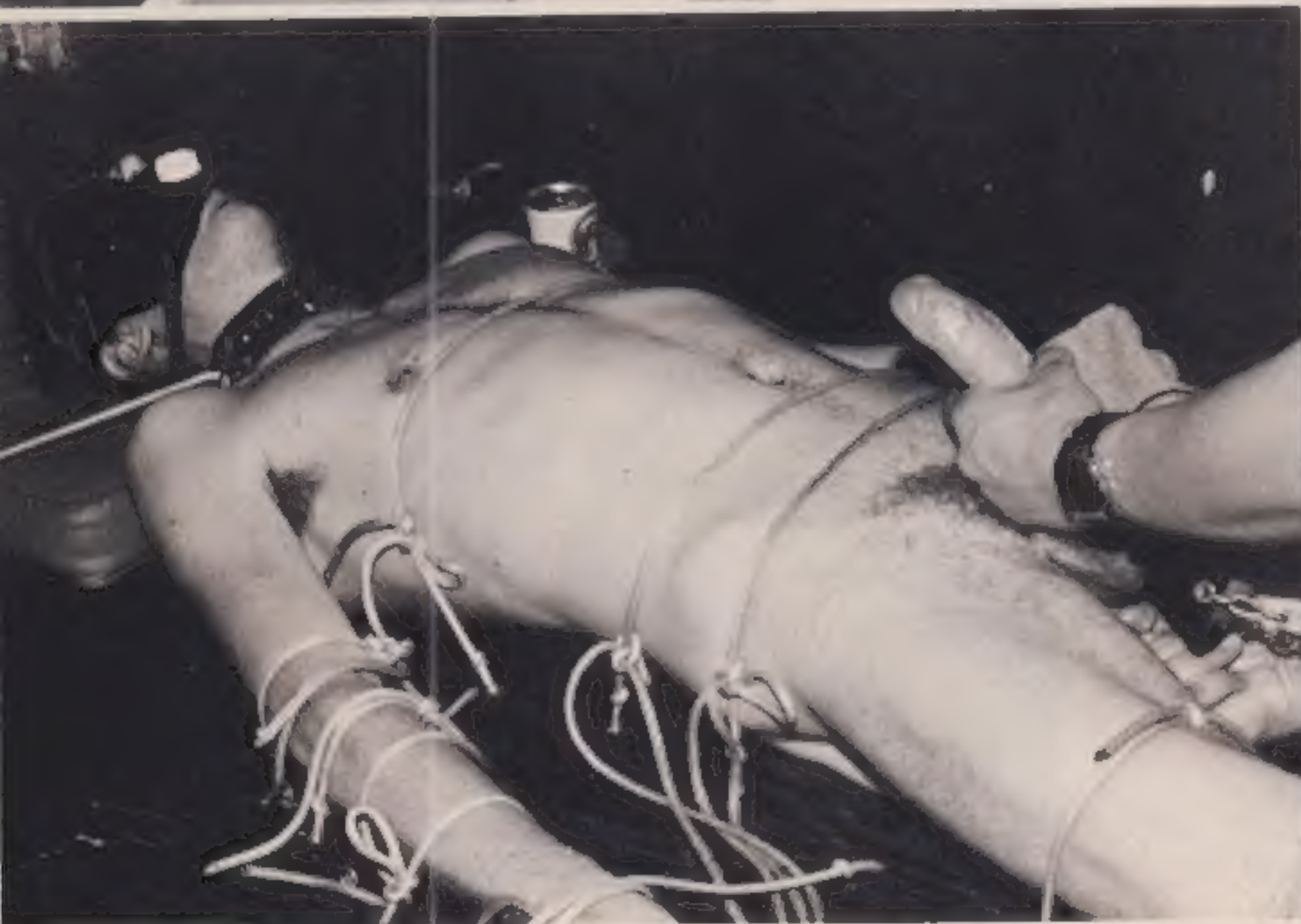
Polaroid—Two wooden crosses stand opposite each other. Tied to each one is a young man. Connecting them is a cord between their balls. They move and sway in reaction to the sensations they are feeling, pulling on each other's balls. Men in leather and jeans play with the willing participants—pinching tits, feeling muscles, slapping asses. There is a constant flow of bodies through the scene, and when one man comes down off the cross, another is waiting to take his place.

Where does one go to learn about bondage? You can't exactly pick up the *World Book Encyclopedia* and read the article on erotic bondage. There are no do-it-yourself help books on bondage. No videocassettes by film stars called *The Bondage Workout*. The local museum doesn't run exhibits on bondage techniques throughout the world.

So Jerry organizes special demonstrations for those interested, who want to learn or know more. Mummification, bondage and ball torture, bondage and shaving, suspension, tying knots. Special fantasy? Ask Jerry. The club is there to service...us, serve the needs of its members. But there is a difference between fantasy and reality. In the newsletter, Jerry reminds members that "honesty and trust are the most important aspects of any bondage scene. Without honesty on both sides you can't build the trust that makes any scene work for both parties. Both top and bottom should share their expectations before the scene begins."

Polaroid—A man in a full leather suit is being slowly and surely bound tighter and tighter in a sitting position on an odd piece of equipment by another dude in a leather hood that is covered with sharp metal studs. The look is intense and fantastic. Their concentration is intense and obvious. The bottom presents himself to





be wrapped like a birthday present. The studded and hooded top uses one rope at a time and when he is done he just sits and looks at his bottom. The bottom remains for long periods of time which are punctuated by the top returning to give him a drink, pass aromas in front of his nose, feel the leather-bound body with his leather gloves, and sometimes add another rope and make his little

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package just a little bit tighter.

But it's good to keep a hard man down—I mean it's hard to keep a good man down. Jerry and the SFBC are in the process of arranging an outing to the Wildwood Resort in the Russian River area. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, the SFBC will hold an outdoor extravaganza—well, how about play party? Wildwood has 200 acres with trees

and streams and mountains, great for unusual and different outdoor scenes. With rooms for the less adventurous and space for tents for the more adventurous, the weekend will cost \$110. Non-members with an interest in bondage, SM, leather and more are welcome. On a scouting trip to try out the area, Jerry got staked out, except for his hard dick, and in turn tied his friend to a tree. With an



impish smile he declares that he wouldn't want to try anything on anyone else, until he has experienced it himself.

Polaroid—a man is laid nude, spread-eagled on a bondage board on his back. There are ropes to tie down his limbs every few inches. An odd gas mask is slipped over his head and a parachute harness around his balls. Ropes from the parachute harness to his toes keep his

balls tight and pulled away from his body. Over him hover three men—all play with his body. But one in particular has focused on the nude man's expressive hard dick. Taking it in his hand, while the others amuse themselves in other ways, he slowly rubs the head of the engorged dick with the palm of his oiled hand. Over and over, gently rubbing and gliding over the shiny head, the man

spread-eagled begins to moan and react to the sensitive pressure—his dick trying to bob and his balls pulled tighter with every movement of his body. Over a period of time, the pleasure of his dick head being gently rubbed becomes exquisite torture, turned on and yet trying to pull away at the same time. He is tossed between wanting it to stop and begging for it to continue.



The SFBC is one of the few clubs without expensive entrance fees, examinations, rules and regulations that keep out the novice or discriminate based upon age or looks. If you can't afford the price of the monthly parties, those with a serious interest and willingness to participate can still come. Although Jerry may request that you submit to an hour of milking, in exchange.

But Jerry is well aware that there are more bottoms than tops. The SFBC is not the place to be a wallflower waiting for a knight in shining leather to carry you off. Jerry encourages bottoms to explore. In the newsletter he says, "Nearly everyone who considers themselves to be a bottom also has a top lurking deep within. Playing top also will make you a better bottom. Playing bottom will make you a better top. Do not hesitate to initiate a scene with another 'bottom' and trade positions with each other." Believe me, Jerry knows of what he speaks, and brings it into play as much as possible during parties when he isn't hosting.

Twin Polaroids—A man is tied to a table with restraints and rope. Clothespins are placed over his body interspersed with episodes of whipping. Because the top and bottom are friends, moans and groans are mixed with laughs and comments under the breath, like, *Wait till I get you*. The second Polaroid shows a switch. The bottom is now top and tying his tormentor/pleasurer to a



wooden X with strips of rubber, molding his body tightly to the unforgiving wood structure. He puts a rubber diving hood on his bottom and then uses more straps of rubber around his head so that just the tip of his nose peaks out of a rubber covered head. He then starts a whipping scene, slow, modulated, increasing in intensity, building to strips of hot fire that cannot be escaped. Turnabout is definitely fair play.

By now you should have the picture. The SFBC is an activity club that sponsors bondage parties for San Francisco Bay Area men or men visiting the area. It does not have a roster, it does not do matchmaking, it does not have ads to answer. What it does do is have parties.

A character in Theatre Rhinoceros' AIDS Show comments that some men would have sex in a burning building. We are definitely in a process of change and growth. Men are looking for new ways to interact, share, explore. In choosing bondage, they pleasure their bodies without risking their health. It is an exploration whose time has come. And the San Francisco Bondage Club is a place to do it. □

(Men from the San Francisco Bay Area, or men visiting San Francisco, who are interested in the SFBC and their parties, should send a SASE to: SFBC, 1800 Market St., #107, San Francisco, CA 94102.



SHOW BIZ

BRUTUS MAKES A BIG HIT!

Flushed with success, our favorite DI drops by to abuse the slaves and promote his new Wings cassette of "His Master's Voice" making rounds of bars and discos all over the country.

It is always exciting when Brutus drops by. The slaves become a little more nervously apprehensive. Their whimpers can be heard as far as the DI's office.

Brutus has become a star in more ways than just a sweet-tempered DI at the Compound. His brand on the rumps of his graduates is now even more highly prized and, yes, sought after.

But the thing that elevates him to superstar status without question is his latest recording which has Brutus and Slave at their best: Brutus roaring and cracking the whip with increasingly well-educated slave crying and begging and doing whatever slaves to to rock music backgrounds. The resulting Wings cassette is what appears to be a Big Hit in the Disco World and it couldn't happen to a nicer fellow.

It boggles the mind to think of our Brutus at the next Grammy awards, stripped down to his harness, codpiece and boots, roaring his gracious acceptance to the crowd and the nation, thanking all the little people who made it possible.

Here are a few of the "little people" that Brutus chose to take advantage of during recent visits, including this one.

Indicently, all of those involved in "His Master's Voice" and "Brutus Style" have modestly chosen to remain anonymous. That includes the composer, arranger, technicians and the whole goddamn orchestra.

Even the slave.

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In it, Brutus clo-

strically...
...large...
...the highest...
...ball harness is a bit heavy-handed...
...perhaps, but he...
...impressed with just the threat.

A expertly placed...
...yank on chain there...
...was of a good still keeping them...
...the men that he is concerned about...
...their development and it's best for...
...them if they toe the line.

It's a tough job, but somebody
has to do it. □



REPORT

MR. DRUMMER '85: THE HEAT IS ON!

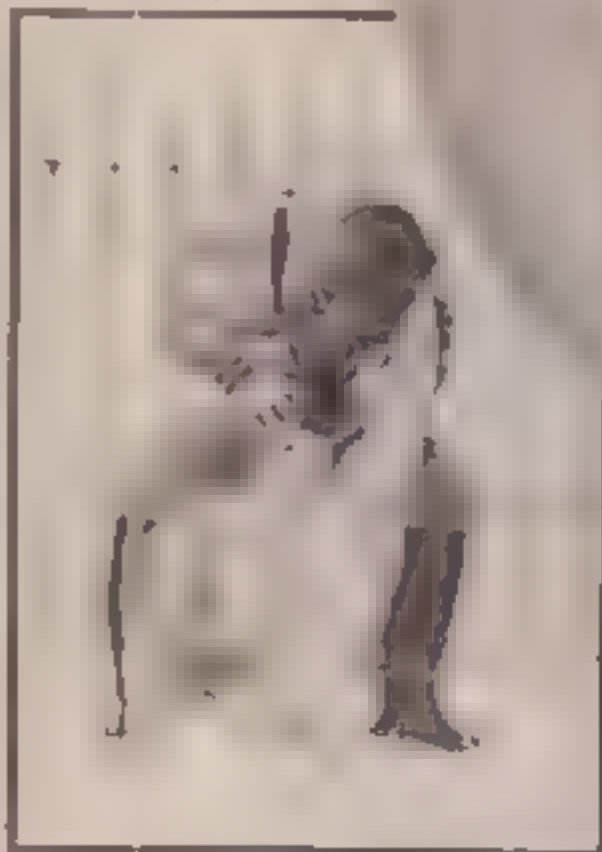
It's that time of year again, when the country's hottest leathermen start polishing their leather and pumping up their muscles in preparation for the selection of Mr. Drummer—and we're just talking about the men in the audience! The nationwide series of regional contests began in April, set to culminate in late June with the 1985 Mr. Drummer Finals in San Francisco. Here's the low-down so far—there's a shit-load of information, so hold on to your codpieces.

Mr. Southeast Drummer: Tacky's in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, hosted this year's regional contest on April 12 and 13. No results are in as we go to press, but it must have been a wild night. In attendance: Sonny Cline, the current Mr. Drummer; Ken Bergquist, last year's Mr. Southeast Drummer (and First Runner-Up in the 1984 Finals); and special guest performer Mario Simone ("Drummerman" and "Be My Clown")

Mr. Southern California Drummer: Held April 19 at Probe in Los Angeles, with special appearances by Mario Simone and John Embry, publisher of *Drummer*. (Watch next issue for extended coverage on both of the above regional contests)

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer: Mr. S. Leathers of Denver and Tracks/Denver are co-hosts for this year's contest, held at Tracks (2975 Fox) on April 29

Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer: To be held May 19 at the J&L Saloon (314 East Pike, Seattle), with preliminary contest in Washington on



KNAST 1985

10000 BERLIN 30-FUGGERSTR. 34

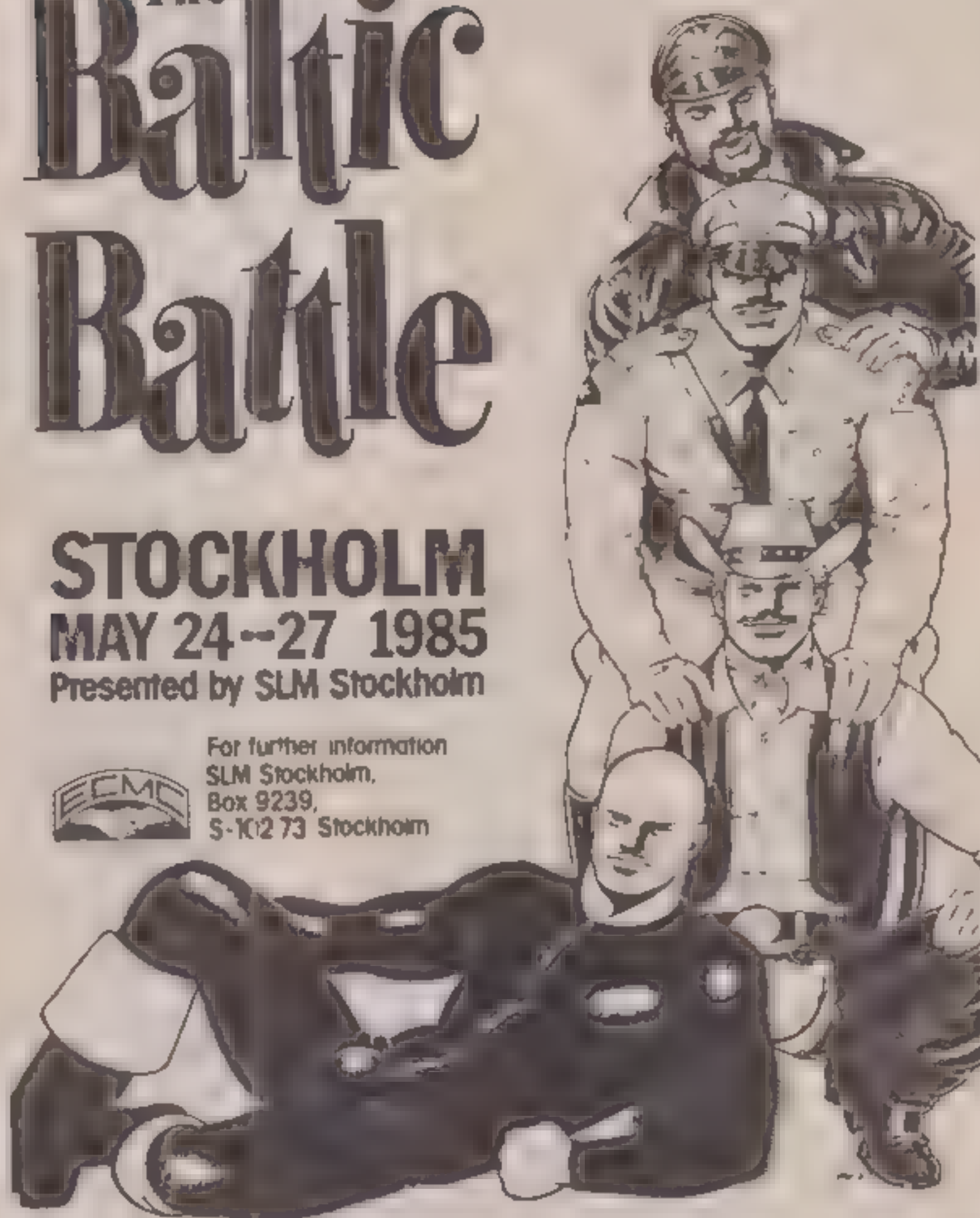
THANK GOD IT'S FREITAG. This is one way that German leathermen are keeping track of all those important ECMC events through the year—the Knast 1985 leather art calendar, distributed by the famous West Berlin bar, featuring the polished artwork of German artist Uli. Availability? You had to be there.

The Baltic Battle

STOCKHOLM
MAY 24--27 1985
 Presented by SLM Stockholm



For further information
 SLM Stockholm,
 Box 9239,
 S-102 73 Stockholm



NORDIC MEN MEET: The Team of Finland poster art says it all—expect a host of hot men in leather, rubber, uniform and western wear at this year's Baltic Battle, the annual bash of Scandinavian Leathermen of Stockholm. This year marks SLM's 10th Anniversary, and the eighth edition of the Baltic Battle.

April 28, and a further preliminary contest to be held in Oregon, TBA. For further information, call (206)624-2612.

Mr. Midwest Drummer
 Hosted by the Interchange (1501 Holden, Detroit), May 25-27; a first-time event for the Motor City. Preliminary contest to be held in Cincinnati, TBA. Call (313)875-8092 for further details.

Mr. East Coast Drummer
 Co-hosts are the Pittsburgh

Trucking Company (last year's host) and the Crucible Motorcycle Club. Date set for May 25.

Mr. Southwest Drummer
 For the second year running, Eagle Leathers of Houston and Dallas will play host for the three-day event (May 25-27), with finals at Riches in Houston.

Mr. New England Drummer
 and **Mr. Northern California Drummer.** Locations and dates TBA.

And the really Big One. Winners from the Regional contests, as well as two non-USA Invitational Title Winners, will gather in San Francisco, June 26-30, for the 1985 Mr. Drummer Finals. Special parties and receptions given in their honor will precede the final event, held June 29, and the entire week coincides with the week-long, city-wide activities leading up to the 1985 San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade, tradi-

tionally the world's largest annual gay gathering and celebration. Location for the 1985 Mr. Drummer has not yet been announced, but big plans are in the works—this promises to be the most spectacular leather event ever witnessed.

So watch this space for continuing details...

GRAND DADDIES

Over 60, into SM, rubber, bikes or leather, and looking for like-minded companions? Check out the Chicago-based 60-Plus Club. This fast-growing gay organization seeks to match up men over 60 with others in their age group who share similar interests, including leathermen. Last year the club paired up 32 men via free, coded ads in their monthly listings. *Drummer* knows there's nothing as hot as a Daddy—pairing them up can only double the heat!

Interested men can contact the 60-Plus Club, Box 103, 606 W. Barry St., Chicago, IL 60657. Let them know your age and general interests, and be sure to enclose a long envelope, stamped and self-addressed, for return information.

SPRING FEVER

Ah, springtime in New York, where the balmy weather is always just right for leather! Gay men into SM who live in the New York area, and who may be suffering a spell of spring fever, are advised to check out the latest activities of GMSMA (Gay Male SM Activists), one of the country's most progressive education and activity-oriented SM organizations. General meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays each month at the Lesbian and Gay Community Center, 208 West 13th St., at 8:30 p.m., with a door donation of \$2/members, \$3/non-members. (Open to gay men only unless otherwise noted.)

Of special interest in May and June

Tit Torture (May 8, 8:30 p.m., 208 W. 13th St.): "Some people have raised nipple manipulation to a fine art, the 'torture' that leaves 'em crying for more. Our program will cover the tools, the techniques, and the mindset that

can make those nubs in the middle of your—or his—pecs hurt real good."

GMSMA Leather County Fair (May 18, 3-7 p.m. at the Mineshaft, admission \$4/\$5): A fundraiser featuring carnival games, flea market, SM side-show, and great food—including entries in the infamous GMSMA "Bake-Off." Open to men and women.

Boots! Boots! Boots! (May 22, 8-30 p.m., 208 W. 13th St.): For fetishists and non-fetishists alike, a practical/historical look at the use of boots in SM, sexuality, fantasy and porn.

Annual Meeting (June 12, 8.30 p.m., 205 W. 13th St.): Members only.

The Best of 1984 (June 26, 8.30 p.m., 205 W. 13th St.): Selections from last year's popular programs, including "Novices," "SM Before and After Stonewall," and "SM and Ritual."

Gay Pride March and Rally (June 30): GMSMA again plans to have a strong contingent in New York's annual Gay Pride March and Rally, with an information booth on Christopher Street afterwards.

For more information, write to GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011

A FEAST OF PANTHERS

Upcoming June 7-9 in Köln (Cologne), West Germany: the giant International Leather Meeting of the Panther Motor Sport Club. *Drummer* has reported on numerous Panther gatherings in the past, and this one promises to be another rousing (and arousing) success, promising plenty of "Aktion" with a German K—live performances, dancing, and lots of men. It all happens in the Kölner Jugendpark on Sachsenbergstrasse. To contact the Panthers (members of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs), write to: MS Panther Köln e.V., Postfach 5163, D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel, West Germany.

AUTHOR OF THE YEAR

John Preston, best known to *Drummer* readers as the author of *Mr. Benson* and numerous erotic SM stories (his novelette "The Heir"



PHONE SEX DOWN UNDER Ever November 1984 copy of Campaign Australia's premiere gay tabloid just arrived via the Pacific Ocean by bottle. On the cover, actor Terry Serio in the leather and chains performing a number called "Prisoner of Love" in the popular Sydney review *Beach Bachelors* Tempest, a mass assemblage of teen beach movies and Shakespeare. "I've been banished in the show by Vince Prospero to work in his energizer and chained to provide a source of power for his magic," Serio explains. "Plus, I'm supposed to be learning a few lessons on love and respect." We'd like to put those lessons to the test.

appeared here last issue), has received the singular honor of being named 1984 Gay Author of the Year by *The Weekly News (TWN)* of Miami.

TWN usually names a Book of the Year, but for 1984 changed its policy to honor a writer rather than a single work. According to the newspaper, "Preston dominated

the 1983-84 gay literary scene with the quantity and variety of his books, the effectiveness of his articles, the potency of his vision and his creation of what could become gay literature's greatest hero." The last comment referred to the character Alex Kane, a Vietnam vet who battles injustice against gay men, Kane will appear in a

projected series of four novels published by Alyson Publications of Boston, two of which—*Sweet Dreams* and *Golden Years*—appeared last year. Preston's SM althology, *I Once Had a Master* (reviewed in *Drummer* 75), was also brought out in 1984 by Alyson, as was his guide to personal ads, *Classified Affairs* (co-

authored with Frederick Brandt), and his novel *Franny*. *The Queen of Provincetown* was adapted for the stage in New York.

In addition to his fiction, Preston also writes numerous articles, and his "Letter From Maine" column is syndicated in several gay newspapers.

THE RETURN OF NUMBER TWO

Remember *Jack's Shit List*? No, it's not a list of the all-time assholes of the earth. Well, maybe...

Jack's Shit List was the first correspondence organization devoted to scat and, until early 1984, was pumped out with increasing regularity by its San Diego-based founder. Then the organization (Number Two) and the publication (*The Shit List*) took a break. Jack went to the great crapper in the sky.

Now the organization and the newsletter, with a slightly new look and somewhat new names, have emerged anew: the organization has been renamed *Jack's Number Two* and the official publication (which does not come on a roll, we might add), *The Shit List*, reinstituted. Reorganized by one of the former members, the same rules and regulations apply, and the newsletter retains its unique flavor.

Running a heavy and loaded 32 pages, filled to capacity with personal ads, illustrations, short fiction, and news, *The Shit List* comes in a very plain wrapper and is much too stiff to be used to wipe your ass after you've read it. You can get a sample copy and membership info for seven bucks from: *Jack's Number Two*, 1958 Sunset Cliffs Blvd., Box 134, San Diego, CA 92107. And we bet you won't leave this little tome around in your john for visitors to ponder...or maybe you just might.

HOT POTATO

The tide of "anti-porn" legislation continues to make waves around the country. The latest target area: Los Angeles, where a proposed county law authored by Catherine MacKinnon, a University of Minnesota law professor, would enable individuals to

bring civil suits to block the sale, exhibition or distribution of what the legislation defines as "pornography."

Versions of MacKinnon's legislation have previously been approved by city councils in Indianapolis and Minneapolis—the first was

objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; are presented as sexual objects tied up or cut up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt, are presented in postures of sexual submis-



SOLID GOLD: You can call him Mister—Mr. Gold Coast 1985, that is, this year's representative for the famous Chicago bar Larry Burke, a native Chicagoan, captured the title in March from a city-wide selection of ten finalists. (Photo by S. Marer.)

subsequently overturned by a federal court judge, the second was vetoed by the city's mayor.

It's important to look at the precise wording of the proposed county law, which defines pornography as "the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures or words that also includes one or more of the following: women are presented dehumanized as sexual objects, things, or commodities; are presented as sexual

objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; are presented as sexual objects tied up or cut up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt, are presented in postures of sexual submis-

sion. Lest gay men think this law in no way directly affects them, consider this final addendum (*italics added*). "The use of men, children or transsexuals in place of women (above) is also pornography for purposes of this law." This provision would extend the law to include any gay male publication.

Reactions to the proposed law have been vehement and mixed, with a strange new coalition of feminists and fundamentalists supporting the measure while more cautious civil libertarians see it as a serious threat to all free speech. The proposed law "appears to be an attempt to subvert the First Amendment," according to Sallie Fiske, Co-Chair of the Stonewall Democratic Club. ACLU of Southern California Executive Director Ramona Ripston agreed, noting that "the ACLU intends to fight it in every way... The First Amendment is too precious to be tampered with."

The LA County Board of Supervisors was originally scheduled to vote on the law on March 26, but instead postponed taking any further action for another 60 days.

Meanwhile, an even more extensive ordinance has been submitted to the City of Los Angeles, this one drafted by Assistant City Attorney Christine C. Patterson. In part, the draft states that "in the event of assault, physical attack or injury to any person...in a way that is proximately caused by specific pornography...the maker(s), sealer(s), or exhibitor(s) may also be sued for damages and for an injunction against the specific pornography's further exhibition, distribution or sale."

SUBMIT

The Reporter section is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathersmen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: Reporter, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

VAL MARTIN

April 13, 1985

A man by anybody's terms. Best remembered perhaps for his starring roles in many supermacho movie productions, as the original Mr. Drummer who has appeared on more *Drummer* covers than anyone, a Mr. International Leather runner-up, an outrageous bigger-than-life hero whose physical perfection reflected his everything-for-health lifestyle. Val was someone to look up to and boy, did we.

I am fortunate to remember him a little more intimately. We got much better acquainted when he generously volunteered to be the auctioneer at a charity fund-raiser which was attacked by 107 of LAPD's finest—the celebrated slave auction. We sat side by side in court appearances and I became increasingly aware of his strength and his gentleness. When the inept prosecutor described some imagined action of Val's toward the only female defendant, I remember that Val was greatly offended. "I would never do such a thing," he said and he was right. He truly was a gentleman, every inch of the way.

It seems impossible that he is gone. His multitude of friends and fans alike will be devastated. In his illness he wanted to see no one. He chose to make it his almost lone fight and possibly for the first time in his colorful life, Val lost the battle. But never his rare good humor.

The real losers are we who loved him.
Goodnight our dear and good friend.

ROBERT PAYNE



MALECALL

TIT PLAY

Just got *Drummer 81*, and was pleased to see T.R. Witomski's article on "Pecs...and What to Do With Them."

It is surprising how many guys will push your hand away when you reach for their tits. I was not much into tit play until a couple of years ago. Then I began to find it a good turn-on, and now thoroughly enjoy it. I also like to work on another guy's tits while he is working on mine.

I was surprised that Witomski didn't mention the organization for guys into pecs, tits, etc. I belong, and have met a couple of people through it. For information, write to: Edenite, PO Box 515, South Beloit, IL 61080.

Bob M.
Dallas, TX

TRAINING MANUAL

I am writing to you to say thank you for helping a newcomer to understand and perform better in the world of leather and Masters.

Several months ago I started frequenting Norfolk's only leather bar. Not being highly promiscuous, I saw only a few people, who were nothing really special. Then one night I was standing in the bar, wondering if I should go to the local disco, when I spotted him.

He was six feet tall and 200 pounds of pure man. He had on leather pants, boots, chest harness, vest and spiked bicep and wrist bands—a god if I ever saw one. I had never been attracted to the leather type before, but there was something about this guy that I had to get to know. Never in my life had it been so easy to introduce myself to someone, it was like we had met before and each knew exactly what the other one wanted. Within a short time he was following me home and I was in for a night I will never forget.

When we arrived at my place, he brought in a bag that I assumed was extra clothes. I was wrong. In this bag he had cock rings, tit clamps, handcuffs and more. That night I learned what it was like to be a slave, to be bound and con-

trolled by someone who demanded total respect. He expected me to follow his orders without question; he got total obedience. I had never had anything like that done to me before, but I loved it.

That one night changed my entire life. I have never enjoyed sex so much in my life. We see other on a regular basis now and he takes good care of me. He often brings me a new toy when he comes over.

I write to say thank you, because your magazine has helped me tremendously to learn how to be a better slave for my Master and to understand what he expects of me. I have found a new life through him and *Drummer* magazine and will never go back to the life I had before I only hope *Drummer* has helped other people as much as it has me.

The Newest Boy in
Norfolk, VA

THE AUTHORITY

I think *Drummer* is the greatest! And I am the authority, being a foreign language and literature major with eight years in several of America's larger universities. Also, in the last six months I have spent some time in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, New Orleans, Atlanta, Key West, Phoenix, Miami and Miami Beach. In each of these cities, I have visited almost every bath, bar and sex club, so when I read an article about Savages in S.F., or the Corral Club in L.A., or the Mineshaft in N.Y., it brings to me feelings of nostalgia. That's the reason I enjoy *Drummer* so much—it provides me with the experience and pleasure of vicariously reliving some of the HOT times I have had here and there.

Jack Mulling
Savannah, GA

RAZORBALLS & MOHAWKS

I like all the attention you've been giving to the manly art of shaving, and I want to put in a word on behalf of all us S's who shave our heads as a way of walking proud. Back in the days when I started shaving my head, which was before I

started going bald and had a good practical reason for a razorball, there was nothing else that looked so macho, especially when a well-shaped beard went along with the bare scalp. You don't have to take my word—just look at the wrestling magazines for the last thirty years and you'll see that the real badass brutes were all chrome domes, or at least had supershort haircuts.

Seems to me all your emphasis on shaving as a way to make slaves come to heel is off-track. True, shaving can be a good way to start modifying a novice into a true M, especially if he's vain about his long tresses. For that kind, a high-and-tight boot camp style is probably the best idea; it's designed to make almost anyone look plug-ugly. And body-shaving is always a good idea for M's, 'cause it makes any guy feel humiliated and like he's an 11-year-old kid and you're his mean ole Daddy, which is the way an M should feel.

However, there's probably better reasons for an S to get into head-shaving than for an M. Putting aside that it looks macho, it also feels fucking terrific. Not just the shaving itself, though that can be quite a scene, but around the clock—because a scalp that's shaved daily is like a whole new sense organ. It tingles, and it's as sensitive to different textures as your fingers, and there is nothing more relaxing than a good long massage from Daddy's boy, who is being trained, of course, to become Daddy's barber. And when no at-home barber is available and you want to treat yourself to a scene, there are a lot of professional barbers around who get off on head-shaving and will do a real production number with hot towels and a wax shine for no more money than a regular haircut.

Finally, for guys who've got the balls for it, a Mohawk or a Mongol-style top-knot had got to be the haircut, especially if you wear it long enough to feel at home in it. My own glory days for that sort of thing was two years in the merchant marine, when me and three buddies on the same tub kept each other in fresh Mohawk haircuts on a daily basis. I

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recommend anyone who grooves on short hair to find some buddies who feel the same way and make a bargain with each other like we had. Each week we put ten bucks in the kitty, and the whole bundle went to the guy who kept getting his weekly scalping for a longer time than all the others. None of us won the whole bundle, 'cause none of us chickened out. We eventually split it four ways and used the money to get body-suit tattoos. But that's another story.

By the way, am I alone in thinking that tattooing is a subject that *Drummer* could give more attention to? How about getting that Aaron Travis to write you a tattoo story?

Keep up the good work!

Q-Ball
New York, NY

NYC LEATHER

Loved those shots of Henry Romanowski, Mr. Leather New York City (*Drummer* 82). Those eyes, that chest, and especially those buns—I'd like to rip off his leather banner (the one with "Mr. Leather 1984 NYC" spelled out in chrome studs) and use it to tan his ass! How about another shot?

Key West, FL

MORE THAN A MANNEQUIN

It is my deep respect and admiration of your magazine that compels my writing of this letter. Since the introduction of *Drummer* Daddies, I have expanded both my knowledge and experience in the leather world. So I would like, without enraging your readers, to give you a view from the bottom.

First off, from looking over the Tough Customers, Drumbeats, and *Drummer* Daddies, I sense an unrealistic view/expectation of what top/daddies want. Granted, everyone has their own taste and desires, but we must take into consideration that the world is limited on 5'10", smooth, blue-eyed blonds that are under 25 and have no ties or expectations. Also, not every bottom is a drug-addict hustler out for a one-night stand. There are a few good men, like myself, who have the initiative and drive to be something, yet know who and what they are so they know their place, take orders and obey.

Second, since arriving in the Pacific Northwest one and a half years ago, I have experienced a bit of the talent in the area. I find that some men have a problem dealing with commitment or egos that won't let a relationship begin. Instead, we end up with one-night (or weekend) stands, faceless names on paper and a lot of good intentions and feelings that aren't reconnected or explored (are you listening Larry?).

Last, I feel that one of the major aspects of leather relationships is being overlooked. There should be a mutual bond



NEW YORK'S FINEST: Another look at Henry Romanowski, Mr. Leather NYC (featured in *Drummer* 82). Photo by Mikal Bales for The Zeus Collection

between two men, a trust and respect that should be established and a sense of knowing each other, in addition to servitude, discipline, and obedience. Now, if you feel you can only get it on with a mannequin, so be it. But if you're man enough, in every way, why not give it a try?

Thank you, sirs, for your time

J. Beauchamp
Seattle, WA

NEW ZEALAND HOT & COLD

I wrote to you in June 1984 to cancel my subscription to *Drummer* because of the actions of the New Zealand Customs Department (see "New Zealand Chill," Malecall, *Drummer* 80). I wish to tell you that the unbelievable has happened. On 3-5-85, I was taken to court by Customs and duly fined \$1305 for the importation and possession of five copies of *Drummer*. I look forward to the day when New Zealand repeals its Victorian laws on censorship.

New Zealand is currently in the process of changing its laws on homosexuality. In the first reading of the new law, it

was agreed 51 votes to 24 that homosexual acts between males over the age of sixteen no longer be against the law. Sixteen is the age of consent for heterosexual acts in New Zealand, so when the new act hopefully is passed in about two months' time (May), sixteen will be the age of consent for homosexual acts as well.

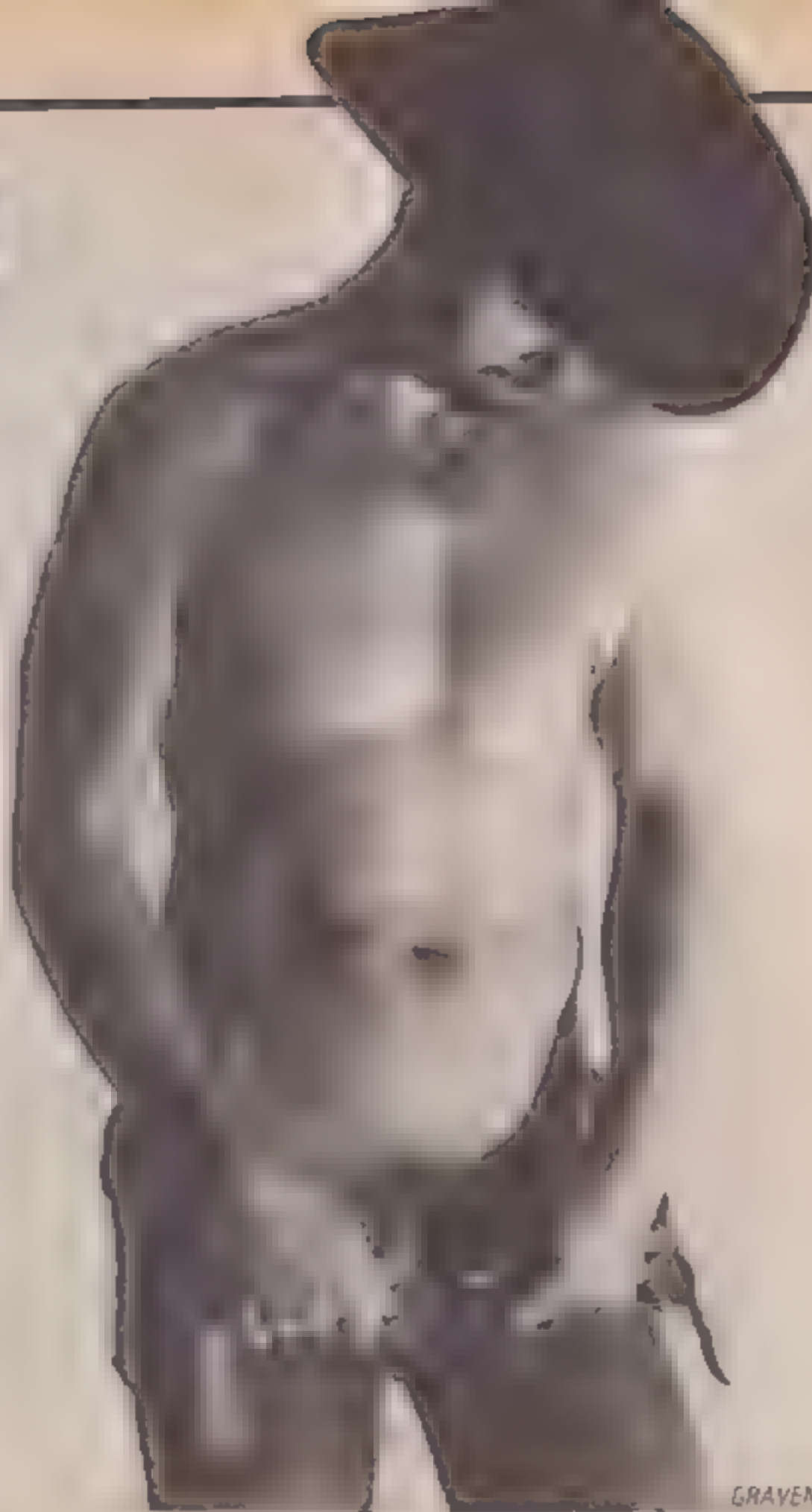
I thank you again for the pleasure I had from *Drummer* when I was a subscriber.

A W. McKain
Wellington, New Zealand

(Editor's note: Censorship and Customs restrictions vary from country to country, but New Zealand's may be the worst in the "Free World"—we know of no other democratic country where the individual recipient of restricted material is subject to such punishment. A related note: a reader in Canada, where *Drummer* subscriber copies have occasionally been confiscated, writes that in March "the Canadian Federal Court found all such confiscations to be illegal, and all material for private use must now be allowed into the country.")

DEAD DADDIES

Please forgive me, Dad, and accept my apology. I will accept my punishment and try not to let you down again. I want to prove to you that I can be trusted. I want to make you proud of me again.



GRAVEN IMAGE

WOODSHED REVISITED

Dear Drummer

I am Mike's "Dad."

I don't know if you remember Mike. Almost two years ago, I had him sit down at this typewriter and write a long letter to your magazine about a stiff paddling he received from me in the woodshed on this ranch. You printed his letter in the Daddies section of Drummer, and later reprinted it in Drummer Daddies 2.

I enclose copies of two letters. The first is from Mike to me, describing some trouble he got into while I was away. The second letter is my reply to him. I'm sending them to you because I think you guys understand a thing or two about discipline, and you seem to understand the special bond that can exist between a "Dad" and a "son"

when both are fully committed to their roles, as we are.

I realize that not every Father/son relationship relies as heavily on discipline as ours, but these letters are submitted in the spirit of this discipline, as advice to other Dads, and as a warning to other sons.

This morning, Mike received his fifth paddling from me in five days. The reason this action was necessary is explained in these letters.

There is a 30-year-old "boy" upstairs right now, crying his eyes out, rubbing a swollen and badly bruised ass with both hands. He and I know how it got that way, and why.

Mike and I need the same thing. He needs to get discipline, I need to give it. We're still together after three years. We'll be together a lot longer.

Mike's Dad
San Antonio, TX

Dear Dad,

How is everything going up in Fort Worth? It's only been three days since you left, and I don't know if I can make it for another week.

The reason I'm writing is because there's something I have to get off my chest. I was going to wait until you got back to tell you, but I'll feel a lot better once you know about it. I've done something that is very wrong, and even though I don't want to ruin your trip, I want to tell you about it myself.

Over two weeks ago, when you asked me if I had been checking the oil level in the water pumps in the North Pasture, I told you that I had just checked it and it was fine. That was a lie, Dad. I hadn't checked it in weeks.

Yesterday morning, when I rode up there to check the

cattle in the pens, I discovered that there was no water—I couldn't get the pump to start. I panicked, and called Mr. Fisher to come over and look at it. He said the motor had burned out because it had run out of oil. Mr. Fisher returned to his shop and brought out a new motor (the only one he had). He started up the pump, and we got water to the cattle.

I don't think they were without water for more than one day. Mr. Fisher said that if he hadn't happened to have that motor in his shop, the cattle would have had to go without water for at least two more days. He also told me that the new motor, including his time and mileage to and from the ranch twice, would come to about \$250.

Dad, I know that everything that happened was my fault. And I deserve whatever I've

got coming to me. I know that if I had obeyed you in the first place, none of this would have happened. I also know that I lied to you, and that is what hurts me the most about all of this.

In addition to whatever you decide to do about this, I want you to know that I have enough money in savings to pay for the motor. It won't completely make up for what I've done, but I will feel much better about it. I started to pay Mr. Fisher myself and keep this from you, but I couldn't lie to you twice, Dad.

I'm sorry I lied to you about checking the pumps. I guess I was afraid of getting paddled. Now I know how much I deserve to get paddled. I am ready to pay for what I have done, and for what it has cost you.

Most of all, I am sorry that I have proved that I can't be trusted. I betrayed the trust you placed in me to make my own decisions and run things by myself. Like you always say, I seem to always need to learn things the hard way. I deserve to be punished, and will accept whatever punishment you feel is necessary to make up for my actions. During the last three years, you have never given me a paddling that I didn't deserve. I know that my behavior needs your strong control, and I need your constant direction and discipline.

Please forgive me, Dad, and accept my apology. I will accept my punishment and try not to let you down again. I want to prove to you that I can be trusted. I want to make you proud of me again.

If I've ruined your business trip, I'm sorry for that as well. But I couldn't stand to keep this from you any longer. I'm sorry, Dad.

Your loving son,
Mike

■ ■ ■

Dear Mike,

I have just finished reading your letter several times. I will save the lectures for later, but I will say that you have gotten yourself in some pretty serious trouble. I will also tell you that you did do something right. In spite of the fact that you lied to me and disobeyed me, your main obligation was the safety

of those cows. You acted wisely by calling Fisher in to tend to the pump. Secondly, you did the right thing by telling me about this yourself, and providing an accurate, honest accounting of your negligence. I am proud of you in these areas, and these areas only.

I am very angry with you son, and you will have to pay for your actions. Your letter suggests to me that you feel you deserve a good licking, and that will make everything alright between us. Well son, I've got some news for you. I'm going to bust your ass. Not just once, but I'm going to bust your ass five times.

First, I'm going to bust your ass for lying to me.

Then I'm going to bust your ass for disobeying me.

Then I'm going to give you the paddling you deserved two weeks ago.

Then I'm going to paddle your butt for endangering the cattle I trusted you with.

Finally, on the fifth day, I'm going to take every penny of 250 bucks out of your backside. You can keep your allowance. I'm going to take it out of your hide. Believe me, you're going to find out just how much money that is.

Every morning, for five days straight, you will report to the woodshed at ten o'clock SHARP. You will wear a jock strap and a clean, freshly ironed pair of jeans, a belt, and your boots, shined and ready for my inspection. You will interrupt your chores, and report to the shed at the proper time. Afterwards, you will be expected to complete your chores as usual. You will deal with the discomfort in such a way that your work does not suffer. If I find that your work suffers, you will receive additional licks. Also, during these five days, you will not pout, sulk, or display any sign of anger or resentment. Remember, these behavior and attitude problems can be easily corrected with a paddle in addition to your punishment.

Also remember that you are getting no more punishment than I feel you actually deserve. I will not start sympathizing with your discomfort by the third or fourth day. You can plan on the cumulative

effects of five paddlings in five days to be quite unpleasant. I will not weaken or become the slightest bit compassionate with your circumstances towards the end, and I guarantee you that you will feel the last licks the most.

In addition to insure that these five paddings do you the most good, I want you to do some serious thinking about them. You are going to make the paddle yourself. You will follow the instructions I dictate, to the letter. If you do a good job, you will regret it. If you fuck this up, you will regret it a hell of a lot more. You are not, under any circumstances, to use any of my electric tools (saws, drill, or sander). You will make this board the old-fashioned way—by hand. You are also not to use any of my boards.

Tomorrow morning, after your morning chores, you are to go to my drawer, remove the keys to the truck, and ride into town to the cabinet shop. You will have Bill cut you out a 7" by 25" board of solid ash wood, a full 1" thick. If he's out of ash, get oak or maple. But make damn sure it's the right size and a full inch thick.

You will then return directly to the ranch. You will not place the board in the back of the truck or beside you in the front. You will place it across the driver's seat, directly under your ass. I want you to settle your ass down on it and get used to the way it feels across your backside. You and that board are going to get to know each other very well.

When you get to the ranch, I want you to go directly to the shed and get to work on it. Take a pencil and a yardstick and mark the board as follows. You will use the entire length of the board, and the entire width. In the middle of one end, draw in an 11" handle that is exactly 1½" wide. At the end of the handle, go out on either side at 45° angles to the edge of the board. Clip the corners off the other end of the board at 45° angles.

Take the hand saw and carefully cut it out. When you get it cut out, I want you to sit down (while you still can) on the steps of the shed and sand it. Sand the edges good, the handle and both sides. Sand it till you think it's smooth enough

to pass my inspection. Then sand it some more.

Then, take the pencil, and in an even grid, place and drill (using the HAND drill) twenty-seven ¼" holes (Three across the face; nine down). Roll up the sandpaper like a cigarette, and sand the insides of each hole until you think it will pass inspection. Drill and sand a hole in the tip of the handle, and run a rawhide thong through it and tie it in a knot.

The whole time you're drawing, cutting, sanding and drilling, you think about what it's going to feel like across your butt. Because, son, you may think I've given you some hard licks in the past, but you haven't felt nothing like you're gonna get when I get home.

If you fail to do this to my satisfaction, you will regret it. You are expected to complete this task in addition to your regular chores. You will clean up all sawdust, etc., and will clean all tools and put them back where you found them. If I find any evidence that you have used my electric tools or taken any shortcuts whatsoever, you will be punished.

You may not ride the bus into town and on to the airport as originally planned. Instead, you will report directly to the shed and wait for me. You will leave the paddle on the steps of the shed and assume your position inside, with your boots spread, bent over, grabbing your ankles. You are not to greet me in any way, or even turn around.

I want your eyes fixed straight ahead on the wall in front of you. I don't want to hear a sound out of you. I want you bent over, waiting for licking Number One. The first of five.

I want you to think about it, hard. And I want you to wait for it.

When you hear the screen door on that shed slam shut, and you feel the fire of that first lick, you'll know I'm home.

Affectionately,
Dad

PUNISHING PUSH-UPS

Somehow it seems fitting that the first time I saw my son he was wearing a football uniform.

A high school sophomore, almost six feet tall, 240 pounds, with curly brown hair and chocolate-colored eyes—he was lying on a stretcher in the emergency room, with his left knee bent at an angle that a human knee should never go.

I was working as a physical therapist, specializing in post-surgical rehabilitation. This means that I took people that had been through extensive surgery and made them move limbs that they didn't want to move, made them walk when they couldn't, and in short, supervise, motivate, and bully them into reaching their maximum potential. Very satisfying work; anyone with a sadistic streak who hasn't picked a career should check it out.

While playing football, Bruce had managed to fuck up his knee about as much as possible, short of simply ripping the damn thing off. He spent five hours in surgery that night, and I started his therapy the next day.

With any normal person, the goal of the therapy would have been "walking without a limp." However, from the first day, Bruce was determined that he would play football again.

There was not much that could be done with the affected leg until it came out of the cast. But until then, Bruce worked out with weights to maintain his strength in his upper body and in his other leg. Two weeks after the surgery he was able to walk with crutches, but to do so he had to hold the affected leg (plus a 40-pound cast) free of the floor. It's not as easy as it sounds.

During this time, I jokingly mentioned that a dependent would make my income tax come out a lot better, and that Bruce should let me know if he needed a guardian. As it turns out, he did. His biological father was dying of metastatic cancer ("cancer of the just-about-everything," as he called it), and he was looking for someone to take care of Bruce.

We decided to give it a trial run. When the cast came off, Bruce moved into my house.

There were several rules that were discussed; my attitude toward discipline may

have been unique, but it seemed to work. There were a number of things that were absolutely forbidden, such as driving under the influence, any grade below "C" in any subject, and sandbagging on his therapy.

There were other things that I expressed a strong disapproval of, but did not forbid. "I would rather you didn't use drugs, but I am not going to forbid it or punish you if you do. The reason is that if you are going to use drugs, I don't want you to hide it from me. I want to know what you're taking, and how much. Also, if you're high, I would rather have you safe at home than on the road somewhere."

Some people have told me that that was a great way to raise a dope fiend, but Bruce's

Once, only once, Bruce fucked up to the point where I felt a real need to punish him. I won a motorcycle in a pool tournament, a 400cc around-town commuting machine. I told Bruce not to ride it that day. He did anyway—took it out on the freeway and totaled it, eight hours before the insurance went into effect.

Fortunately, the extent of his injuries were a broken helmet, some bruises, and a bad case of road rash. I spent hours calming down before I talked to him.

One thing I hated about my own father: Nothing was ever forgotten. Anytime he got angry with my sister or myself he would list, in reverse chronological order, every high crime, misdemeanor and social infraction we had ever

Any of you hotshot slaves reading this: Has your Master ever handed down a punishment of a quarter of a million push-ups?

drug use in adult life was limited to alcohol in moderation, an annual indulgence in marijuana brownies (at his Breaking Training party to celebrate the end of football season), and caffeine. He took an amount of painkillers that most people would consider abnormal, but the kid had more scar tissue from football than I did from Vietnam.

Bruce and I got along well. His knee recovered, mainly due to the sweat and effort he put into his therapy. We went to court and I was appointed his guardian. His knee was well enough that he was able to play football the next season (though for the rest of his life he wore a protective brace while playing). His father died, a few days short of a year after placing Bruce in my care. A year later we went to court again, and the relationship was changed from guardianship to adoption, and I became his father as well as his trainer and friend.

committed. You think I exaggerate? Once, while my Mother was seven months pregnant with me, she was lying down and I kicked hard enough that she fell out of bed. I heard about that an estimated 228 times before I left home. I was determined not to do that with my son.

We talked, and Bruce admitted that he had fucked up and should be punished. I agreed that after the punishment the subject need never come up again. The punishment? He would pay for the bike, a penny a push-up. The exact number came to 249,500.

(Any of you hotshot slaves reading this: Has your Master ever handed down a punishment of a quarter of a million push-ups?)

Kid did them. Took over two years. Worked up to where he was doing 300 in the morning before classes, and another 300 after football practice. By his own decision, any done during football practice didn't

count. He continued to do 200 push-ups a day for the rest of his life.

Bruce was a freshman in college when we first made love. He had grown three inches, gained 20 pounds, and lost some of the "puppy fat" that he had had since I first saw him.

He and his girlfriend had had a fight, and his concentration was shot to hell. He was dragging through his exercises like he was half asleep, and I was trying to motivate him. On impulse, I finally promised that if he put everything he had into the rest of the workout, I would give him a blow-job that he would never forget.

That did it. He put maximal effort into his workout, and I gave him what I had promised. This led to other things, and let's just say it was one of those nights that happens only once in lifetime (or once in two lifetimes).

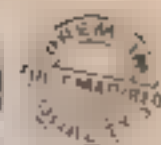
That made it easier to keep him psyched for his workouts. After some trial and error I found the best way. If he gave everything he had to his workouts, 100% all the way, then he got to call the shots in bed that night. Any sandbagging, anything less than total concentration, and I decided what we would do. As his coach and trainer, all decisions were mine, no appeal.

Bruce has been gone for years now, killed in a car accident that wasn't his fault when he should have been on the other side of the world (in Moscow, going for Soviet gold). I still love him, and still miss him, but the pain has passed. I am still looking for another son, but I don't think that I will ever again find one who would do a quarter of a million push-ups.

Beast
Arizona

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

THE PHENOMENON GROWS...



"From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard-on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me..."

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

The Search for Older Men begins! It started in *Drummer*, when we put out a call for Daddies and their sons to share their personal case histories—and did they ever! Pretty soon it was clear that we'd discovered a genuine sensation, and the phenomenon grew too big for even *DRUMMER* to contain it—and *DRUMMER DADDIES* was born.

DRUMMER 2 DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

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Like its predecessor, *DRUMMER DADDIES 2*'s cover-to-cover excitement with no advertising.

ADD FOUR-BITS A BOOK FOR POSTAGE!

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In Search of OLDER MEN

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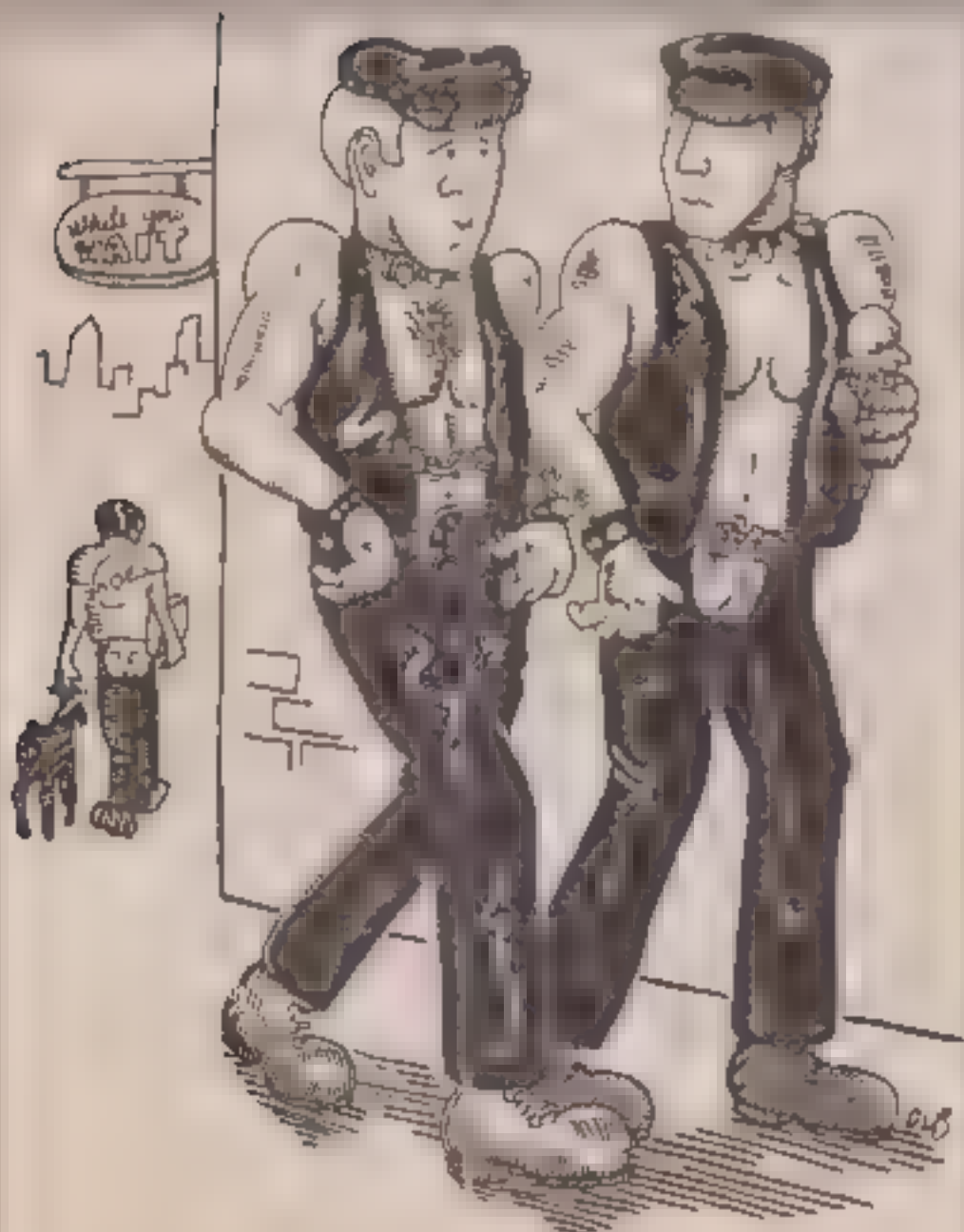
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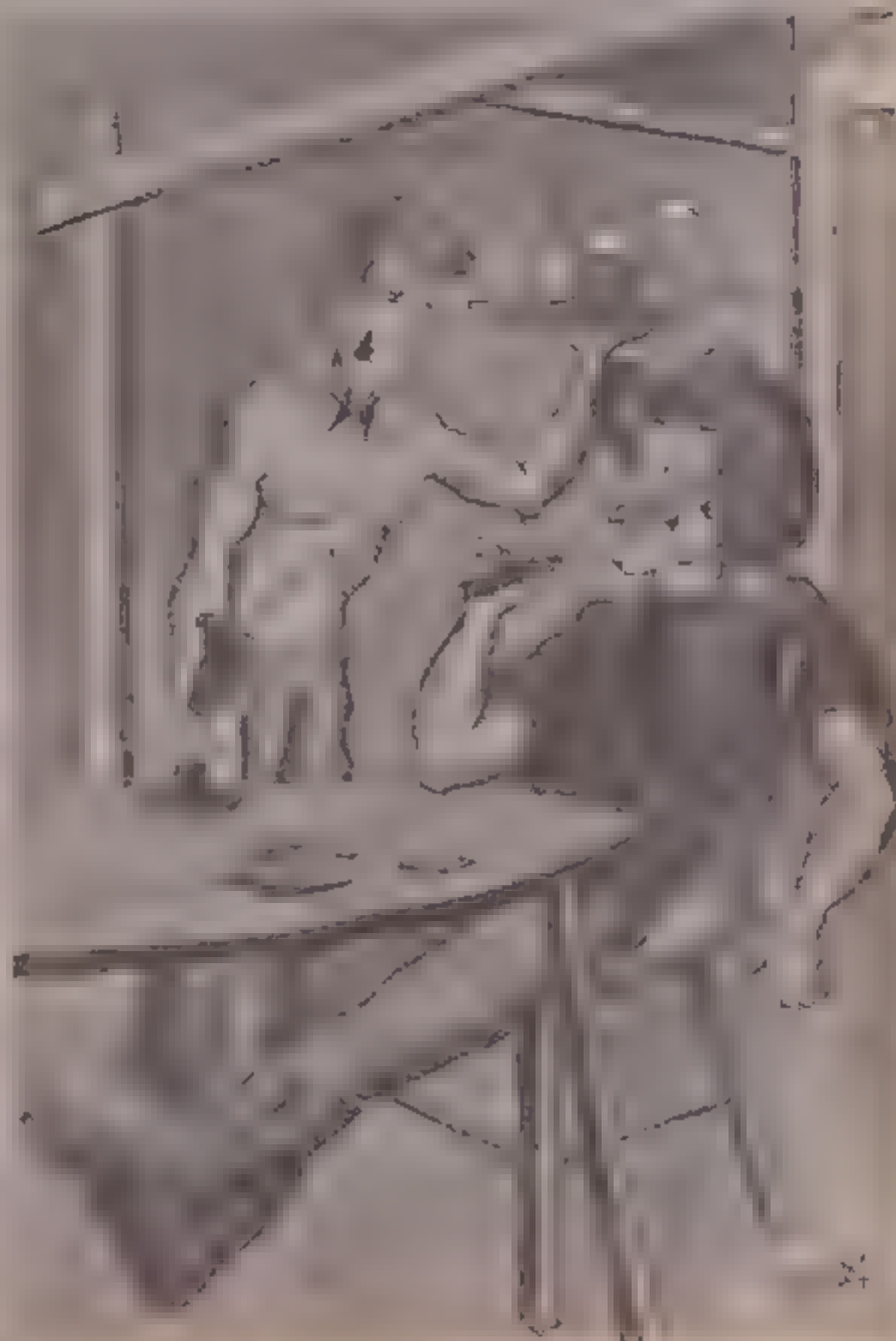
Morning

Throughout the candle-lit night,
cries of remorse, beseeches to leave,
pleas for leniency, promises to be good.
With your tear-caked moustache,
blood-spotted nipples, clean-shaven skin,
You made it to morning, boy.

—Auggie Camelli



"Talk about guilt! I'm not only making it with the
guy. Then his lover on the side. Last night I made it
with his wife and her boy friend."



"Here's your beer, sir. I'm your chaser."

DRUMMER FICTION



Rockwalk

By DON PERRY

PART 1

Whoa! The Boy stopped short in his tracks. What was that? He was walking the lower end of the street he lived on, and was passing a house he knew an old lady lived in. By herself, alone. But he was sure he had seen a man around the back, carrying wood or something. He guessed he'd better check it out. Make sure no one was trying to break in.

He heard whistling as he approached the back of the house, a man's whistling. Now, nobody whistles when they're about to break into a house. Do they? He saw the man briefly, his arms full of wood, heading up the back stairs of the house where the shed was located. He was stripped to the waist, wearing a pair of ragged and ripped cut-off levis. And were those his balls hanging out? Something was banging the left side of his leg. Something big, and hanging low.

The Boy stopped at the corner of the house and peeked around. The door to the shed was open and he saw the man standing by the wood bin, unloading. From the side, the Boy scrutinized the man's bare left arm and leg. They were tanned and wiry with muscle. The strong profile of the man's face revealed handsome Nordic features—a broad, flaring nose, and a blunt, square chin.

The man was still whistling something, nonsensical but musical, and the Boy decided he was friendly. He stepped over to the bottom of the stairs and waited, smiling like an idiot. As soon as the man had deposited the last piece of wood in the bin, he turned and started to descend the stairs. When he saw the Boy, he stopped whistling and his mouth dropped open. "What have we here?" he said, waiting.

"Hi. Do you belong here?" The Boy asked the first thing that came to his bedazzled brain. He was looking for balls and found only huge, carefully concealed lumps that seemed to bulge all over the left and right sides of the man's open fly. The Boy's numbed gaze traveled up the front of the sleekly muscled torso that was covered with fine platinum hairs, and met the man's beaming grin.

"Like what you see, boy?" he said in a voice so low and so warm, the Boy felt the hair on the back of his neck prickle. "Why don't you stay and keep me company," he said louder, in a more normal voice. "I'm doin' a job for the old lady. She ain't home right now. I'm livin' with a friend next door. Just passin' through, ya know?"

With that, he had told the Boy his current life history, and he returned to work. The Boy sat on a bottom step to watch. And when the man stooped over to pick up more wood, his heavy sack of hairy nuts slipped out of their tight confinement and dropped way down; heavy and big as pool balls. The Boy looked quickly away, but not before the man saw him looking... wide-eyed.

"What can I call you, boy?" he said, crooning hypnotically again.

"Boy, I guess." He liked the way the man said it.

"Call me the Old Man, then. Sounds better than Daddy, don't it?" His arms were full again, and as he passed he leaned down and nuzzled the Boy's hair with his face. "Ummmm," he soothed, "there's nothin' softer than a boy's hair." The Boy felt something hot and soft and furry roll against his arm briefly and thought: "Or softer than the Old Man's balls."

"Come on up here with me while I unload," the Boy heard vaguely, his mind swimming, his mouth dry...

The Boy had been fooling around (or fooled with) since he was eighteen, with the man who lived next door. His name was Leon. He was a bachelor, middle-aged and balding, and average looking. In the last few weeks they had progressed to the

Boy's cock being sucked, and the Boy was looking forward to something more intense. Now, as he quietly followed the Old Man up the stairs to the shed, it occurred to him that he might have just found it. And more.

If Leon was content to wait for the Boy to ask to be fucked, he would have to settle for sloppy seconds. For the Boy, this afternoon, was about to have his cherry busted. In a most unusual and thorough manner. In a manner he would remember with quivering excitement for the rest of his life...

The Old Man, his proud seducer, had cock-walked him bare-assed from room to room of a stranger's house. How the Old Man had strutted, balancing the Boy tippy-toe on the hilt of his long, fat cock. First pacing the Boy, then jogging him, thrusting the groaning nude body forward at his command, showing him off to the empty rooms of the house. And all the while, the Boy could feel the massive erection lodged deep in his guts, moving, probing, maddening, churning his insides into a mass of frenzied, screaming sensation. Several times his knees buckled as the feeling became so overpowering it threatened to send him off into dreamland. But the Old Man held him in an embrace so close, making the connection so complete, the Boy felt as though the man's huge, hairy nuts were growing out of his ass-crack, were a part of him. And the thought of having two sets of balls, one in front and one in back, set him to dancing in shuddering little leaps.

At one point, when the Old Man had brought the Boy out into the center of the living room, he pulled the Boy's head back and whispered into his ear: "I'd like to waltz you down Main Street like this. It's been fifteen years since I've walked a young piece of ass like you. Gives a young buck something to remember. Especially if someone's watching. After a boy's been walked, he'll put out for anyone and anything. Walk a boy at a party and there's no complaints later when they all line up to have a shot at him. He'll beg to be banged. Really spices up a party to have a beautiful, bare-assed boy running around, while everyone else still has their clothes on, begging to get fucked. He'll do anything to get a good stiff one up him. You can have a lot of fun with him. Everyone can't wait to goose him. Dance with him. Hold him close and pry his bums apart to make him whimper and moan.

"And, of course, you have to play 'pose.' Everyone sits around and tries to think of the most original way to have that naked boy pose in the center of the room. The winner of the best pose gets to put on a little show in the bedroom with the Boy, for the rest of us; gets to have the lucky lad all to himself for a whole hour. Of course, a little politicking goes on. Everyone wants to have the show put on by the horniest, hairiest, hugely hung guy there. They want to see the boy get a good, strong, work-out. There's a nice, big double bed in the center of the bedroom, and the chosen guy carries the boy to it. I've seen some shows, Boy, have I seen some shows."

"You really know how to feel a guy up," the Boy stammered, bracing his feet wide, soles planted firmly; wanting this action to continue forever now, his body giving in to it completely. The Old Man played with his balls with both hands.

"It's called Hot Nuts," he said, flipping and flopping them around in the boy's sweat-drenched crotch. "It's a little trick I learned from the party boys. Really turns them on."

"Me too," the Boy moaned hoarsely.

"Yeah. Makes the old butt jump. There ya go," the Old man encouraged, as the Boy's ass began a slow, surging dance in the man's cupped hands. "You were made for cock, you hot little shit. I knew you'd like this. Grind that tight ass! Rotatel GAWD!" the man hissed through clenched teeth. "Do I ever wish the boys were here to see this! Hot tail dancing on my fuckpole, loving his Hot Nuts. Keep them feet planted, baby. Prime that hole for what's to come, cherry-boy. Slim, firm, virgin meat. Deep, tight, elastic holes. Break 'em young and ya got the best damn layin' meat ya can sink a proud prong into."

The Boy's body shivered with excitement. He was aware that he was impaled on something special, a cock that exceeded

normal proportions. He recalled the first moments when the Old Man had put it in him...

The term "pierced rudely" came to mind. He had read it in sex books and wondered what it could mean. Now, remembering the short, fierce jabs at his anus, followed by those churning hip thrusts, intermingled occasionally with a saucy shag or two, the Boy knew that being pierced rudely was to be entered by a man in total control of the body he was conquering. A dominant male. Animal aggressor. Like now. Buried deep in the Boy's yielding ass, hilted firmly, his arms encircled about the Boy's torso in a possessive abdominal vice, his hands playing with the Boy's vulnerable hanging balls, possessing them in a way that could not be resisted; forcing the Boy to respond, at first despite himself, now with all he had in him, jerking his hips in delightful abandon. The Old Man controlled the Boy's body like a puppet. And the Boy was learning to love it; to thrill to this man's command. He felt a wave of relaxation pass through his entire body from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Oh, how he wanted to dance! His hips began to quiver and hunch forward and upward in an erotic belly dance.

"Gotcha goin' good now. You want it now, don't ya? Want me to fuck ya now. Want me to fuck ya more than you've ever wanted anything in your short virgin life. Oh, you're puttin' out good now."

The Old man's hand began roaming upward over the Boy's belly, tugging at the trail of hair that led to his navel, a fingertip screwing and probing into the recess. The Boy's head drooped back into the Old Man's right shoulder, lolling there.

"I want to explode," the Boy moaned.

"Concentrate on the head of my dick," the Old Man instructed softly. "Feel it way up in there?"

"Crawling up my spine," the Boy whimpered.

"Hunch down on it. It'll go deeper," the Old Man cooed, lips pressed to the Boy's ear, blowing hot air into his brain. The Boy's knees buckled slightly, pressing his hips down on the hot, rearing fleshpole, skewering his steaming crotch around the thick, hairy base of it.

"You slim fags," the Old Man chuckled. "Can't get enough. Like to be stuffed and shot into until it bubbles out your nose. Reamed until your pot pops open like a mineshaft at the mere smell of cock. You dream of being able to turn yourselves into huge, pulsing, walking dicks. Walking assholes is what you are. Man, I love to fuck you slim faggots!"

The Boy began to babble. The Old Man's hands progressed up to his chest, the palms rubbing like sandpaper over each nipple.

"Thrust those beauties out to the Old Man." The Old Man's voice cracked a little as he felt the Boy's large moons extending forcefully into his hands, the hard bosses yielding slightly as the Old Man pressed his hands into the Boy's chest, his fingers kneading the rigid muscles of the pectorals.

"Jesus! These are handmade tits if I've ever felt any. Who gave you these gems, baby? They're as fat as the head of a baby's dick. Almost as long, too. And sensitive. Dig those proud peaks into the Old Man's hands. Jesus. Look at him scrub. You ain't never had 'em played with this way before, have you? With a cock shoved up between your legs? Like it, baby? Huh? Like it this way?"

For an answer, the Boy hunched his crotch further down on the Old Man's entrenched cock.

"I've never been this far into a guy before. Maybe it's because I've never had it in a guy your age before. It feels like it's broken through into your belly. I've had it in you ten minutes now and in all that time it's worked in deeper and deeper. Jesus! I think you're asshole right up to your eyeballs. You slim faggots are all asshole. Male pussy. Like a rubber glove. Those legs. Columns of muscle. Have to be thick to support all that pussy. When I saw those long legs, I knew you had some good, deep, tight, muscular pussy on you."

All the while he purred into the Boy's moist earhole, the Old man was teasing and tweaking his by-now long, extended, distended nipples. They felt like they were being poked out

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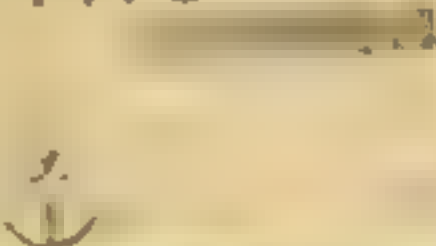
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from his heaving chest by the deeply lodged cock. The man twisted and tugged on them until the Boy felt as though, with a sudden sucking pop, they would be plucked right off his chest.

"Pick them," he managed to gibber at the Old Man.

In answer, the Old Man ran the tip of his tongue far into the Boy's earhole. The Boy felt his whole body suddenly contract like one huge muscle around that exquisite meat shank. He could feel every curve, bump and vein.

"Please fuck me now," the Boy sobbed. "Please. I can't take it anymore. I think I'm going out of my mind. Please!"

"Young muscle. Squeezes like a cast-iron vice. Keep squeezing it like that, baby, and you'll put another inch on it both ways. Don't make much difference though. When I start throwin' it in there... I'll give you a clue... you're gonna think it suddenly grew three inches. Ya ready for that, baby? Your young, tender pussy-pot ready for somethin' like that?"

"I... ARGHHH!" The Boy's knees buckled; his body shuddered violently. His long, throbbing erection suddenly jerked and a thick glob of jizz shot out of it, flying several feet into the air before falling with a *splat!* to the floor.

The Old Man reached quickly in front of the Boy as he followed him down to his knees and grasped his spurting cock, pulling it up against his belly. Then he leaned back slightly and pulled the Boy back against him so that he sat impaled in his lap, coming strongly, his steaming load splashing all over his pleasure-wracked torso.

"All your muscles are inside," the Old Man groaned. "You got a death hold on my pecker, Boy. Don't move, hon, or you'll break it in two."

To the Boy it seemed that his powerful orgasm lasted forever. His ass was doing an unprecedented dance on the Old Man's lap. The Old man complained twice of feeling as though his cock was being ripped right off his body. But the Boy knew he loved what was happening. Without ever touching his cock, the Old Man had driven him up the ladder of pleasure and over the top into the land of unheard-of ecstasy, introducing him to a wide range of those indescribable feelings that can't be expressed, only felt to be believed. On his knees, the Boy felt the Old Man's cock stabbing incredibly deep into his body, the fat, throbbing head buried in the soft, sensitive folds that nibbled frantically around it. The excited virgin interior of the Boy's hole, unused to having a prize cockhead probing around in it, could only nip at the hot meat now. Later, after repeated invasions, the muscles would tone up, become educated and stronger, and would learn to massage and chew a driving dork.

The Boy had finished coming. His body gave one last lifting spasm before it collapsed exhausted back against the Old Man's body. The front of his body was so beslimed it felt as though his skin was melting and running down off him. The Old Man's cock inside him was hotter and harder than ever.

"You like shooting it all over yourself," the Old Man whispered in the Boy's ear, regaining his composure. "I'd like to fuck you silly in a bathtub full of it. When I started to shoot off, I'd push your head under and hold it there. I bet you'd do some squirming. Like a fish on the hook. I knew the minute I saw you, the way you carried that ass, that I'd have no trouble slipping it to ya. You can tell. Cock lovers advertise for it, making those bums shift and flex. Standing with your legs apart. Splayed-ass fags. Slip it to 'em and you can do anything with 'em. Like this..."

The Old Man placed his hands on the Boy's scum-slicked belly and slid them up towards his chest, gathering handfuls of the Boy's thick, creamy load. As the Old Man's hands washed over his extended bosses, the Boy quivered from head to foot, becoming excited again.

When the Old Man's hands were dripping with the Boy's rich juice, he lifted them onto the Boy's face and began massaging and rubbing it in, using his fingers to poke it into his ears, nose and mouth. The Boy pressed his face against the Old Man's hands, scrubbing and moaning, the strong odor and taste of his own scud making his mind reel.

"Don't worry, I won't get it in your eyes," the Old Man

encouraged. "This will clear up your pimples and make your skin shine like a baby's bottom. And get you steamin' hot all over. You can stop it anytime by beggin' to be fucked hard. I want you squirmin' and beggin' again before I take you next door to see Virgil. It's gettin' dark enough now. I'm going to cock-walk you bare-assed right out of this house and make you prance like a young filly over to see my friend and fellow cocksman. Ten years from now you'll be braggin' to your fag friends about the things I did to ya. Few fags get broken properly. Get taught the meaning of submission. A good cornhole fag knows and loves domination. Responds submissively and completely to it. I've already driven you moaning to your knees and held you there while you came all over yourself. Remember that. Kneeling is the universal position of submission. You'll learn to love kneeling for a guy, or being driven to your knees. Now get up off those knees, baby."

The Boy moved his torso erect just as the Old Man spooned up a fat gob of congealing come from his chest with the middle finger of his left hand and shoved the creamy tip into the Boy's left nostril.

"Stand up," the Old Man ordered, screwing his slimy finger deeper into the Boy's nose, searing the sensitive flesh. The Boy shorted lustily and scrambled like a newborn mare first onto his knees, then up onto unsteady legs. The Old Man slid his belly downward under the Boy's sweat-slicked bottom and bore suddenly upward, lifting the Boy onto his toes, thrilling him with the *trailing stroke* *the way* *the* *look* that filled him to the very core of his being.

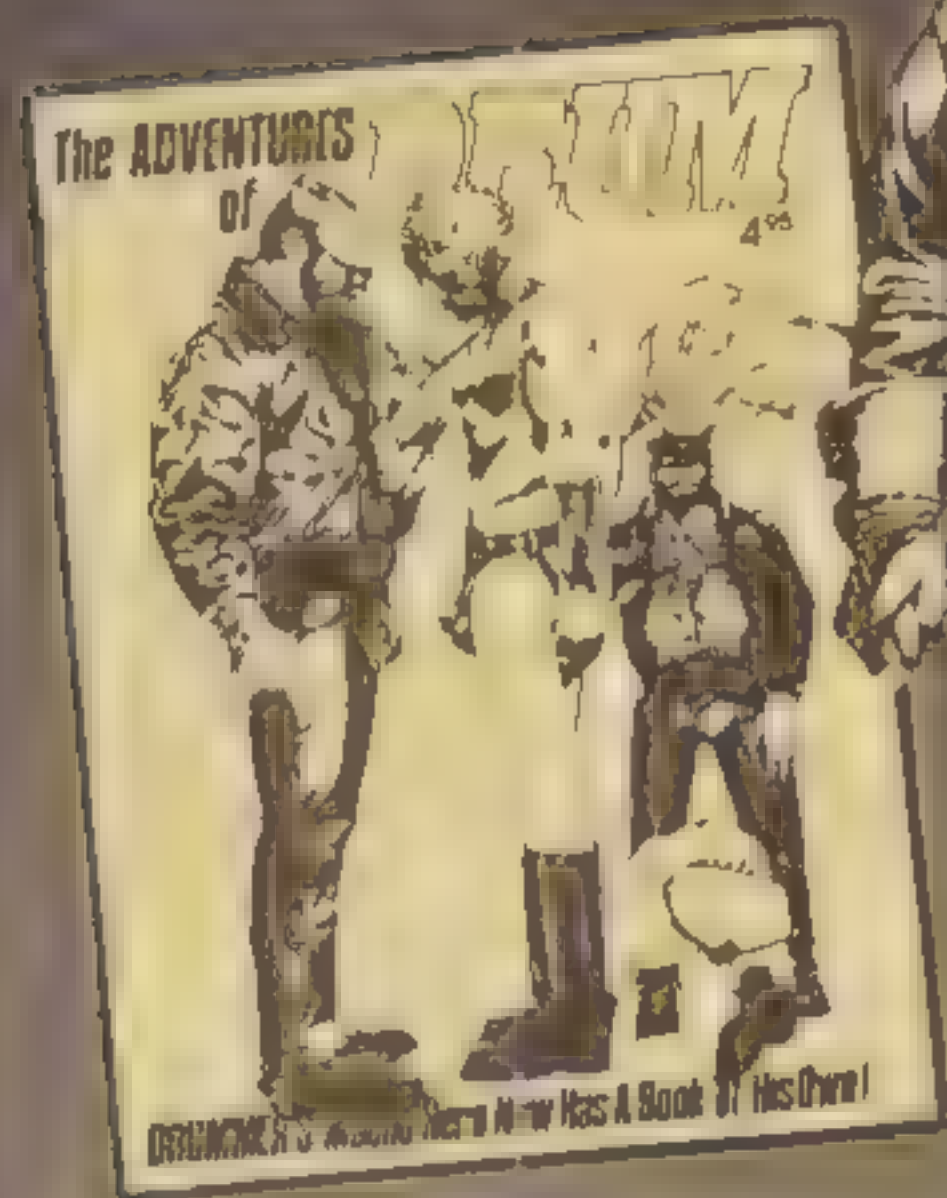
"A man's body may grow old," the Old Man spat loudly into the Boy's ear, "but a well-exercised love muscle will always be able to move mountains. I could shit in your mouth right now and you'd chew my turds like they were made of chocolate. Want to bet, bum baby? I seen it done once when I was overseas. Young Jap boy. Pleasure tool for a bunch of them Sumo wrestlers. Do anything once they got him hot. Never saw nothin' like it since. Amazin' what a little hard lovin' will do for a man. The best part's thinkin' about what you was made to do afterwards. They way you was man-handled and the things you was made to do and say while you was bein' worked over. That hot little Jap learned to flex his bum muscles so they flared apart and exposed his hole whenever he walked bare-assed in front of the boys. It was the most total act of submission I ever saw. Those guys musta put him through hell to produce that kind of devotion. And didn't they like to show him off to us conquerin' heroes. You may have conquered us, they was sayin', but look what we can do to a guy."

The Old Man had slipped a thumb into the Boy's mouth and the Boy was sucking on the come-encrusted digit like it was prime dick.

"I'd give you a big steaming turd to nibble on, hon, but Virgil may come up with somethin' tastier. If you ask him real nice, he may let ya lick his big stud stick while I ream the nooks and crannies of your mind. If you think I'm hung like a stud bull, wait 'til you feast your creamy bug-eyes on Virgil's stovepipe. Don't worry, Boy," the Old man sniggered, "I ain't gonna let ole Virgil fuck ya tonight. You won't be ready for that for a while."

It had been about an hour since the Boy had walked into the back woodshed where he had joined the man now rooted so deeply in his slender body. He had had no reason to suspect that the man was suffering from an acute case of hang-over hots. Nor did he suspect how completely the revealing tight-fitting chinos he was wearing would betray the awakening lust simmering quietly in his loins. It was the opinion of his buddies that if you had it, flaunt it, and the Boy liked the way his chinos hugged his tight little ass and cupped the sexy bulge of his maturing groin. Leon had molested him more often when he wore these pants. But he had never thought of himself as a walking invitation. Not until this man had begun his irresistible seduction almost immediately after they had exchanged names.

Sit on it, Superman!
Cram it, Captain America!
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The Boy's recollection was at this point understandably fuzzy. He did seem to recall feeling the man's hot breath on the back of his neck just before those arms came around him from behind and started fumbling with his belt buckle. The next thing he could recall clearly was the man's hot tube of meat bouncing rudely between his naked legs; rubbing and sliding down there in the most private area of his young body. Not even Leon had invaded that secret place between his balls. Now, all of a sudden, without warning, he had a fat prick thrust between his legs, the head nuzzling and stroking the sensitive underside of his fuzzy little nuts. The Boy found himself getting hard in spite of himself. He felt his balls shift and tighten, and knew the man had found some kind of trigger down there when he felt his nipples shoot forward from his chest as though sprung by a spring release. The Man, obviously familiar with bodily responses of this kind, knew he had the Boy on his way and decided to risk an overt move to determine his ultimate chances of fully seducing this boy. Prying the Boy's bums apart with his fingers, he located the wrinkled little anus bud, so tightly puckered, and dilated the muscular ring by shoving a finger through it to the first knuckle. Normal body reaction forced the anus to relax for a moment and then contract tightly, sucking the rest of the digit forward. As the man half suspected, the contraction continued until his finger was taken all the way home. That was all he needed to convince him he had a virgin on his hands who wanted it badly, and would probably take all he had to give and then some if given properly.

"Let's go inside and get you stripped down, Boy. The old lady won't be back all day. Come on," the man coaxed soothingly, removing his finger and leading the Boy into the house, his pants bunched around his ankles. "Can't get at you in all those duds, now can I, son? Ever strip for a guy before?"

"No. Never," the Boy said in a quavering, husky voice, his mind reeling from the suddenness of all that was happening to him. There was no question in his mind that he wanted this, whatever it was that was going to happen. In all the Boy's wildest fantasies, he had been seduced and finally broken by a man who controlled and dominated him right from the beginning; and here was a man who was doing that just now.

"There's somethin' about bein' bare-assed that opens a guy up," the man continued, leading the Boy into the bedroom. "It's sorta like the point of no return. Makes you feel randy, don't it? All ready for action."

The Boy had a dreamy, horny look in his eyes. His anus itched and twitched.

"You like the way I goosed ya out there in the shed, huh?" the man said, peeling the Boy's t-shirt off his torso. "Kick off them shoes and pants and let me have a long, hungry look at you. See what I'm gonna be gettin' into, you sleek-framed cock-tease. Got some hair on your butt, I see. Hard little apple-ass. Not been cored yet. Haven't even had your bum fuzz burned off. Boy, you are so ripe for pickin'. That other guy you've been playin' around with—how many times you wagged that bare box in front of him? And he didn't have enough sense to slip it to ya and ride ya for all you're worth?"

"I think he wanted to awful bad," the Boy said, his voice growing hoarse. He stood with his back to the man, naked now. He could almost feel the man's eyes drinking in his body, making him feel even more exposed. His knees began to tremble. He spread his feet for balance.

"I can bet he did," the man said, walking up to the Boy, himself suddenly naked, with something absolutely monstrous bobbing up and down before him. "Do you think he had enough meat on him to satisfy you?" The Boy felt a great boom of pulsing flesh press against his right thigh. It rode right up his rib cage. "Put your arm around my shoulders. Get close to me. That's it. I want you to feel what I got for you."

The large hanging sack of the man's goose-egg balls flattened warmly against the Boy's upper leg. The thick, rearing column of hard, throbbing meat was being rolled slowly from side to side around the Boy's quaking torso. The man's hands roamed armlessly between the Boy's legs in front and in back, stroking

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the sensitive flesh on the insides of the Boy's legs, squeezing and caressing, the thumbs on both hands fucking occasionally into the Boy's steaming crotch

"I love the feel of your skin," the man purred softly, bending his head to run his tongue along the ridge of the Boy's flexed pectoral, then back into the armpit, intentionally ignoring the long, flaming nipple, making it reach out further, begging for attention. His tongue lashed and lathered the furry pit, his lips opening wide over it, eating and nibbling. The Boy began breathing hard, his nostrils trumpeting his exploding breath. "Any of the guys at college been tryin' to get close to ya?" the man husked

"There is one," the Boy stammered quickly without thinking, his mind reeling, his ears filled with the slurping, sucking sound of the man's working mouth in his sensitive armpit.

"Oh yeah? Hung pretty good, is he?"

"He...he's got a big one...OHHHH!" the Boy groaned, his knees buckling

"Hold up there, Boy," the man encouraged

"OHHH, GOD! AHHHHH, ungh! LNGHH!"

"Just relax RELAX! Let it all come out. Okay, I'll stop for a minute," the man said, pulling a dripping hand from between the Boy's legs "This boy at school...the next time the two of you are alone there in the ole locker room...if he kinda hangs around, delays puttin' his clothes on—run on over there to him and climb right up on his waitin' bod See what he does about that. What do you think? Huh? My guess is that he'll probably lower you to your back on the floor, while he spit sticks the knob of his big red-hot. Then when he's got ya in position with your legs slung over his broad, bouncy shoulders, he'll start workin' it in, grinnin' down at you every time your legs jump. How would you like that, Boy? Huh? Like that? If the two of you don't get interrupted you may get yourself one helluva good, long, grindin' lay. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Well, I'll get ya ready for it Don't you fret Bend your legs a little now. BEND THEM! More. A little more. There "

The Boy had bent his knees, lowering his body down to where the man could reach his right nipple with the head of his cock. The searing contact of the bulbous, purple glans on the extended bud of his tingling nipple cracked him. Seconds later, the man was helping him over to the bed, where he was told to kneel on the edge, his legs spread wide apart, his ass thrust back at the man, open and ready for penetration—a ripe offered cherry, begging to be busted The man walked close behind him and began...

"I want to be fucked!" the Boy exploded, groaning loudly on the word "fuck," his face contorting around the meaning of the word, a quivering shudder thrumming his body like a taut bowstring. "Now. Oh, please PLEASE! Fuck me please. I want to feel you poking and prodding and sliding and digging around in there. Deep in there. Stretching and reaming me."

The Boy lifted up onto his toes, sliding his broad, flexed back up the Old Man's bright, bristled chest, causing the deeply lodged cockhead to draw down in gut-sucking tension, pulling the Boy back onto the balls of his heels when it snapped back into the pocket it had dug for itself. When that happened, the Old Man would drive forward with his hips, propelling the Boy along in a kind of wrenching, squeaking, pleading, moaning Navy cake-walk towards the shed.

"If you don't relax," the Old Man mumbled, sinking his teeth into a large pile of bunched muscle on the Boy's upper back, "you'll be emptying your balls again all over this back lawn halfway over to Virgil's place, and how'll I explain grass stains on your knees? Just relax and let those ass muscles ooze down over me. Rise with me. That's it. Slowly. Thrust forward at the hips...tippy, tippy toe...float along on the hilt of my dick like a merry-go-round pony...like you were made of putty...like my dick was buried in a bowl of hot, living putty. That's it. Oh, I knew you could move. Graceful as a panther. Move it. Move with me. Flow along. Out of kitchen and into the shed. We'll take it real easy."

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Never had the Boy felt quite so sexy and screaming horny. He kept up a continuous husky whining, lolling his head to one side so that his drooling chin nudged the Old Man's bony shoulder. As he undulated through the shed, parodying the sex act as smooth as a ballerina, the Boy began to drool copiously. He was relaxed now and honed to a razor edge of sensual liberation. His balls were drawn up tight under his pulsing, jogging erection and ached joyously like a couple of primed grenades. The Boy spread his legs a little further so as not to unduly jostle the hairy little time bombs. His master reamer didn't want those suckers to go off just yet. But it was going to get tense going down those stairs. The Boy felt cool air wash over the gleaming, steaming knob of his cock.

So here he was. About to make his debut. His coming-out party. Bare-assed and balanced delicately on the hilt end of a guy's stud cock, performing a crazy toe dance that had to be seen...his face contorted with snorting lust, nostrils flared, eyes bugged, mouth stretched wide open and chewing on invisible chunks of moaning pleasure. He remembered what the Old Man had said—"I'd love to waltz you right down Main Street this way"—and knew the man would get no argument from him now. He would do anything, anything to keep that forearm of hot, raw beef in him, driven into the very quick of his being.

"Take me down," the Boy babbled, his belly muscles rippling as he fucked the twilight open air in front of him with his delightful hopping hips. "Walk me on out there," he begged beautifully.

"Not just yet," the old man said, smothering his face in the thick, rich, brown hair on the back of the Boy's head. "It's like down, back here," he murmured softly. His fingers were tweaking the Boy's extended buds again, stretching them far out from the Boy's chest like rubber bands. The Old Man found he could twist them three times around, then release them and feel them uncurl slowly between his fingers. Handmade. And before the Old Man was through, they would be even bigger. All nipples

and no chest. Handmade nipples.

Leon should have been the one to fuck the Boy first. He had taught him everything else. Prepared his body for it, leaving the tight wrinkled rosette between his legs as the last frontier. If only Leon had known how often that twitching tunnel had ached to be invaded. But perhaps he had known and was only waiting for the Boy to ask for it.

Leon liked to hear boys cry out for his special attentions—their nipes, virgins bodies pulsing with unfulfilled desires. And Leon knew how to capitalize on the confusion of awakening desires. His hands were those of a practiced masseur, demanding response. The Boy would get an immediate erection remembering how Leon's hand had so often massaged his love muscle, squeezing and working the knob like a rubber ball. The head on the Boy's cock was large now, mushroom shaped, with thick, deep ridges. Leon had helped fashion him a formidable bludgeon. One he looked forward to giving to someone someday, shoving it home with a compliments-of-Leon belly thrust, forcing a yielding body to come again and again in wracking sobs of unbelieving joy.

Leon knew all about erogenous zones, the male sex triggers. And he had developed them slowly, carefully, skilfully in the Boy. The nipples especially. He teased them, licked them, tweaked them, sucked them, saying: "Which one gives chocolate milk?" Over time, the Boy's nipples had developed into large brown moons, perched precariously, precociously on the rim of his pectorals. One flick of a thumb and they hardened maddeningly into hard peaks of throbbing tissue, sending twin signals of pleasure directly to his crotch, making his anus throb and his cock twitch. And when Leon played with both of them at the same time—a psychedelic light show scrambled the Boy's senses.

The area around the nipples was the only place on the Boy's chest where there was hair. And the Boy attributed this to Leon's awakening of his nipples as zones of sexual arousal. Leon loved to watch the Boy's chest heave when he flicked

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those large tits. The chest pushing up off the bed towards him, nipples bursting, reaching, as hard as nuggets. At such moments, Leon knew there was no way the Boy would refuse his attentions.

The Boy's cock became a leaping, fat red sausage between Leon's massaging fingers, forcing out moans from deep within his guts, making his chest ache with the effort... every cell in his body tingling, nipples hard, legs thrashing. Leon would prolong the masturbation, letting go of the Boy's cock and laughing softly as it slapped up and down foolishly on his stomach, the smacking sounds loud enough to be heard outside. Waiting perhaps. Waiting for the Boy to beg for more. To beg for a more thorough kind of satisfaction.

The Boy was Leon's special project. To be molded sexually into a horny powerhouse for his own private pleasure. And this called for slow, careful training. Breaking the body in easy, awakening it gradually, so that the responses came naturally. The Boy had to want it bad enough to ask for it. Spreading the legs and baring that area of desire was not good enough for Leon. God knows, towards the end of their relationship, the Boy had flashed him brown beaver shot regularly, loving the feel of being all open down there in front of Leon, bucking his hips high enough so his anus was in full view. Leon must have known he could take the Boy at such times. Once their eyes had met, and the Boy could not mask the pleading his eyes held. Leon had stared into his eyes for a long time, questioning, seeking to transform that look into words—a choking, sobbing, begging surrender. But Leon had been too sure of himself—too cock-sure, and had let the moment pass when the Boy, too worked up for words, had been unable to speak. It could have been a supreme moment for Leon also, having the full thrill of crawling into the Boy's moon-nippled chest (largest nipples in town—no one in the gym locker room suspected they were handmade—if Leon only knew how the Boy sported them, thinking his extra larges were a sign of raging virility, loving to show them off, fighting down hard-ons in the shower when the water stung them hard), easing his hips forward in preparation for the long slide home, while the Boy's heavy legs danced on his rearing shoulders, and the moans of ecstatic fulfillment reverberated off the walls. What a triumphant moment for Leon! After all those months of priming, to finally feel his cock being sucked up into this virgin's body, as all internal muscles gave way in the path of his trailblazing entry. Soaking up the Boy's desperate struggles to accept it all...

"If Leon could see me now," the Boy babbled through bubbly lips as he prepared to take that first step down towards the back lawn. His hips were dancing in earnest now, bucking and tugging and grinding the well-stretched and highly aroused ring of muscle that gripped the bludgeon thickness of the Old Man's hairy hilt, producing a muddy sucking sound that filled the air alongside the Boy's heavy grunts of pure joy. A roiling glob of pre-come jizz filled the yawning eye in the head of the Boy's bouncing dong and spat forward in an oozing dribble. The Old Man's cock was drooling large goilobs of goo also, that slid down the tightly contracted channel around his dick and lubricated it, turning the sticky sucking noises into juicy lip-smacking sounds.

"The bucking stops here," the Old Man said, sinking his thumbnails into the ripe red nubs at the ends of the Boy's nipples. The Boy let out with a squeaking croak that sounded like a death gasp, and his hips ground down to a modest but adequate twitching. "I don't want to have to finish ya off on the lawn at the bottom of these stairs like a common browner," the Old Man said. "If I had wanted a quick piece, I'd have waitzed ya up agasinst the wood bin right at the outset and slipped it to ya there, then sent ya sneakin' home with a finger in your dike like the little Dutch boy. And I bet you'd have frigged yourself cross-eyed before ya found a chance to come sniffin' back for more of this big pear-headed punishment, flashin' me some of that cream-eatin' grin of yours. Of course, it might have been

fun to lead ya on, puttin' ya off until ya was so hot you'd eat shit for it. Then I'd had to thought of somethin' special for ya. Like puttin' a collar around your neck and leadin' ya on a leash, bare-assed and on all fours like a dog over to Virgil's; trottin' ya out in front of me so's I could keep an eye on that bobbin' bumhole, blinkin' and beggin' me. And when I got ya there, I'd have mounted ya doggie-style and taught ya the meanin' of high-ridin'; reamin' and stretchin' that cute boy ass-ring up the length of ya hairy ass-crack. Then I'd have pulled your head far, far back and down and stuffed it to the shoulders up your gapin' asshole, then sit back and watch ya break your neck tryin' to eat yourself out." The Old Man's chuckle was cut off as his lips moved to a yet unblemished part of the boy's neck to work on another prize hickey

"Fuck me!" the Boy pleaded, turning on to the Old Man's sexy, silky small talk

"I'm gonna have those words branded on your butt someday. Then you won't ever be able to bare it without invitin' every guy around to have a crack at it. Think of the fun you'll have if you join the Marines. You'll be livin' high on the leatherneck hog then. One long shanker's shack-up. Those big beefy bastards li pound you to a pulp, pulverize your bones into powder, wear ya down to nothin'—fucked-out boy. But what a way to go."

While the Old Man jabbered quietly in the Boy's ear, keeping him hanging on his every horny word, he began easing the Boy gently down over the stairs, expertly shifting his hips and plac ing his legs so as not to dislodge his hilt-entrenched pecker from its belly-deep holster. He knew his thick, broad patch of wiry pubic hair was beginning to rub the Boy's ass raw, particu arly around the anus, causing a thrilling prickly sensation, making the Boy's nipples pulse visibly in time with his heart beat. He didn't want to make that problem worse, bringing the Boy off again prematurely; so he glued his belly to the Boy's bums, flattening the muscular mounds against him to prevent undue friction. The up and down action of descending the

stairs gave the man the feeling of actually screwing the Boy, and he attacked a large, raised, rosy hickey on the Boy's neck with moist swollen lips to keep his mind occupied. The smooth salty taste of young flesh was intoxicating, and he was somewhat relieved when their naked, glued bodies at last stood on good old terra firma, trembling in the cool evening breeze but not from the weather

Every man has his limits, and the Old Man was approaching his. His pendulous, hair-encased balls ached painfully. They bobbed heavily between the Boy's legs, brushing the hot sweaty, quivering flesh there. The big shaggy eggs jogged slug gishly in a boiling sea of thick, rich lava. The Old Man knew the Boy's tight asshole couldn't possibly hold all of the lump he was going to blast up it, and his crotch hairs stung erect at the thought of the greasy bubbles farting from around his buried mallet, forced down by the intense pressure of the Boy's loaded bowel. One heavy cannon that would frighten any skiddish taggot

The Old Man laughed, his energy renewed, and he dared the dangerous act of drawing down slightly from the Boy's meat- impacted tube, then drove straight up in a powerful, spine- crunching belly thrust. Although the movement involved only an inch or so of the man's rod, it was the thickest part, and the sudden, unexpected dilation of his already painfully reamed anus caused the Boy to gasp with such an explosion of air it sounded as though both lungs had been punctured

Three things happened in succession. First, the loud, hollow grunt from the Boy's flung-open jaws filling the quiet evening air. Then the Old Man's words of encouragement droning excitedly in the Boy's ears: "Good response, Boy!" he sang, like the knowledgeable instructor complimenting his eagerly try ng pupil. "As long as you keep lettin' my hog jar your senses like that, we'll make it to Virgil's yet." It was then that the Boy began to prance forward

And it was one beautiful sight to behold...
(To be concluded next issue)

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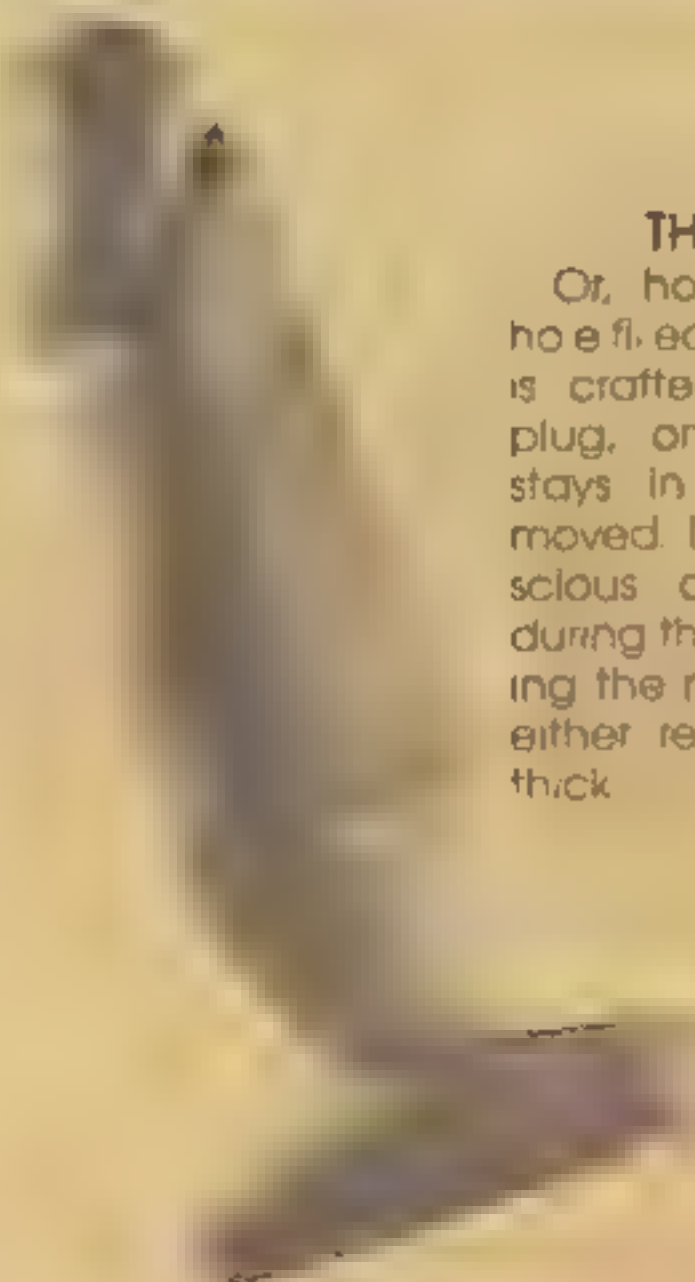


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DRUMMER





BEAUTY'S RELEASE

by A.N. ROQUELAURE

It began with *The Clashing of Sleeping Beauty*, a dazzling novel of omnisexual SM set in a medieval world of royal slaves and their Masters. The tale continued in *Beauty's Punishment* (excerpted in *Drummer* 71), with the hapless slaves brought low among the ruthless merchants and soldiers of the Village.

Now Roqueiaure completes the Trilogy with *Beauty's Release* (forthcoming from E.P. Dutton this June). Abducted from the Village by raiders, the royal slaves are carried across the sea to the distant realm of the Sultan. Here they are trained to serve anew, amid the baroque splendor and opulent depravity of the Sultan's court. And so the slave Laurent—handsome, muscular, headstrong—finds himself in thrall to the mysterious Lexius...

I. For the Love of the Master

Tristan and I had seen them give the purge to Beauty and Elena. And I had thought, they cannot do that to us. But they did.

When they had shaved our faces, and the hair from our legs, they took Tristan and me into the little bath chamber together.

Tristan and I knew what was coming. But I wondered if they didn't delight in tormenting us more than the women. They made us kneel facing each other, and made us put our arms around each other, as if they liked the picture of it. As if it wasn't necessary to separate us for the sake of delicacy. They wouldn't let our cocks touch. When we tried that, they whipped us with those humiliating little thongs that couldn't have struck a decent blow on a gnat. All the thongs did was remind me of what it was like to be really beaten.

And yet they helped to keep the fires burning, as if holding Tristan wasn't enough.

Over Tristan's shoulder, I watched the groom lower the brass pipe and insert the end of it into his backside. At the same moment I felt the nozzle enter me. Tristan tensed, his bowels filling as mine were filled, and I held to him, trying to steady him.

I wanted to tell him I had had it done before once at the castle, at the request of a royal guest before a night of the most humiliating games, and though it was unnerving, it was not so terrible. But of course, I didn't dare even to whisper in his ear. I just held him and waited, the warm water jetting into me, the grooms busy washing us all over as if this other thing, this cleansing of our insides, wasn't happening.

I stroked Tristan's neck and kissed him below the ear when the worst moment came and the nozzles were withdrawn and we were emptied. His whole body when rigid against me, but he was kissing my neck too, gnawing at my flesh a little, and our cocks brushed each other, stroked each other.

But the grooms were so busy pouring the warm water over our backsides and washing away the waste, that for a moment they didn't see what we were doing. I pressed Tristan to me, feeling his belly against mine, his cock bulging against me, and I almost came then, not caring anymore what any of them wanted of us.

But they separated us. And I felt my face flush as Tristan's was flushed. They held us and the emptying went on and the water flowed over us. And I was weak all over, belonging to them inside and out, belonging to the roar of the water in the echo chamber of a room, to their hands, to the whole procedure and the way it was done, as if it had been done to thousands before us.

If they punished us for touching, well, that would be my fault. And I wished there was a way to tell Tristan that I regretted getting him into trouble.

But they were too busy, apparently, to punish us.

One purge was not enough. We had to have another, and once again they let us hold each other, and the nozzles went in and the water was pumping up into me, and one of the grooms whipped my cock a little with the thong as the purge continued.

My mouth was next to Tristan's ear. And he was kissing me again, which was lovely.

I thought, I cannot stand this deprivation much longer. It's worse than anything else they've done to us. And I might well have done something indiscreet again, just pushed my cock against his belly, anything.

But then our new Lord and Master, Lexius, appeared, and I felt a little shock when I saw him in the doorway.

Fear. When did anyone at the castle ever made me feel the wallop of it like this? It was maddening. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, surveying us as they finished with the towels, and his face had a cold cheerfulness to it, as if he were proud of his selections.

When I looked right at him, he didn't show the slightest disapproval, and looking up into his eyes, I remembered that glove going up into my rear—the sensation of being widened and impaled on his arm, and the others watching.

And that, mixed with the shame of having been purged, was almost too much for me.

It wasn't just fear, fear that he would put on the glove again and do that, it was damnable pride that he had done it only to me, and that only I had been tethered to his slipper.

I wanted to please the devil, that was the horror of it. And it made it worse that he had worked the same spell on the others.

Now if the grooms told him that Tristan and I had touched. . . But they didn't. They dried us off. They brushed our hair. He gave some little command and we were put down on our hands and knees and made to follow him into the main bath again and made to kneel up in front of him.

I could feel his eyes moving over me, see him looking over Tristan. He made some little command—his voice like a whip itself, stroking my flesh. The grooms quickly brought out the leather and gold ornaments. They lifted my balls and buckled a

broad jeweled ring around my cock, keeping my balls pushed forward.

It had been done before at the castle, but never had I been so hungry.

And then the clamps for the nipples again, only this time they didn't have leashes attached. They were small, and tight, and little weights dangled from them.

I couldn't help but wince when they were put on. Lexius saw it, heard it. I didn't dare look up, but I saw him turn towards me and I felt his hand suddenly on my head. He stroked my hair. Then he tapped the weight dangling from my left nipple and made it swing on its hook and I winced again, and blushed, remembering what he had said, about silently showing our passion.

It wasn't hard to do. I felt clean and polished inside and out and with no means of combating his power over me. The passion gnawed in my loins and suddenly tears rolled down my face.

He pressed the back of his hand against my lips and I kissed it immediately. Then he did the same to Tristan, and it seemed Tristan made a more graceful art of the kiss, his whole body yielding to it. I felt my tears grow thicker, come faster and hotter.

What was happening to me in this strange palace? Why in these simple preliminaries was I reduced to this? After all, I was the runaway, the rebel. But here I was dropping on silent command to my hands and knees beside Tristan, our foreheads to the floor, and we were both following Lexius out of the bath, into the corridor.

We came to a large garden full of low fig trees and flowerbeds, and I saw immediately what was going to happen to us. But to make certain we understood, Lexius touched us under our chins with the thong to make us raise our heads and look in front of us, and then he took us, still on our hands and knees, on a little journey along the path so we could study more thoroughly the slaves who decorated the garden.

They were male slaves, at least twenty of them, their natural skin color unchanged, each mounted on a smooth wooden cross that was planted in the earth amid the flowers and the grass, under low tree branches.

The crosses had high cross bars that went under the arms of the slaves, which were tied behind them. Wide curved hooks of polished brass held the weight of the spread-apart thighs, and the soles of the feet of each slave were pressed together, ankles tethered.

Their heads hung forward, so that they could see their own erect cocks, and their wrists were bound to the cross in back by chains connected to the large gilded phalluses protruding from their backsides. Not a one looked up or dared to move as we made our little walk of the garden.

Silent servants, heavily robed and moving with obsequious speed, were spreading brightly colored carpets on the grass and setting low tables upon them, as if for a banquet, hanging brass lamps in the trees and placing torches along the walls that enclosed the place.

Cushions were being placed all about. Silver and gold jugs of wine were already set in place, and on the tables were trays of goblets. It was clear that a meal would be served here at nightfall.

I could imagine the feel of the crossbar under my arms, imagine the smooth gold brass of the hooks curving around my legs, the penetration of the phallus. In the lamplight the vision of the mounted slaves would be stunning. And here the Lords would dine with these sculptures to delight them if they chanced to look up—and what might follow? Would we be taken down, raped?

But it was a very long time before nightfall. I didn't want to be on this cross, suffering, waiting—seeing the gleaming torsos of the others, their primed cocks—no, this was too much, I thought. I can't bear this.

Our tall, elegantly haughty Master led us to the very center of

the garden. The air was warm and sweet, just a little breeze. There was Dmitri already mounted, and another fair-skinned European slave with dark red hair, probably a Prince taken from our benevolent Queen, and two empty crosses waiting for Tristan and me.

The grooms appeared and lifted Tristan as I watched, and mounted him efficiently and quickly. They didn't insert the phallus until they had his thighs comfortably fitted into the curve of the brass hooks, and when I saw the size of it, I winced. In an instant, his wrists were chained to the end of the thing, with the upright wood of the cross between them. His cock couldn't have been any harder.

As the grooms went to combing his hair and binding his feet in place, I realized I had only seconds to do something rash if I was going to do it. I looked up at the Master's still face. His lips were parted as he studied Tristan. His cheeks were slightly red.

I was still on all fours. I moved closer to him until I was against his robe, and then slowly, deliberately, I sat back on my ankles and looked up at him. A strange expression crossed his face, a prelude to rage that I had dared to do this. I whispered without moving my lips so that the grooms couldn't hear me.

"What have you got under that robe," I said, "that you torment us like this? You're a eunuch, aren't you? I don't see any hair on your pretty face. That's what you are, aren't you?"

I thought I could see the hair of his head stand on end. The grooms were polishing Tristan's muscles with clear oil, and carefully wiping away what the skin did not absorb. But that was just a little blaze in the corner of my eye. I was staring up at the Master.

"Well, are you a eunuch?" I whispered, barely moving my lips. "Or have you got something under those fancy robes worth ramming into me?" I laughed with my lips closed, an evil sounding laugh. I was amusing myself. And I knew that it would well go awry. But the look on his face—the pure astonishment—was worth it.

He colored beautifully, the rage cresting, then melting under his control. His eyes narrowed.

"You're a handsome bastard, you know, eunuch or no eunuch!" I hissed.

"Silence!" he thundered.

The grooms were startled. The word echoed through the garden like the blast of a cannon. Then his voice crackled as he gave a quick series of commands. The grooms, terrified, finished with Tristan and hurried off silently.

I had bowed my head, but now I looked up again.

"You dare!" he whispered. And it was an interesting moment, because he was whispering exactly the way I had. He couldn't dare speak to me aloud any more than I could speak to him.

I smiled. My cock was pumping with juice, just ready to spill.

"I'll cover you, if you prefer!" I whispered. "I mean, it it doesn't work, that thing you have..."

The slap came so fast, I didn't see it. He knocked me off balance. I was on all fours again. I heard a whistling sound, something that struck fear for reasons I couldn't remember. I glanced up and saw he was pulling out a long leather leash from his girdle. It had been wound around his waist, hidden in the folds of velvet. It had a little loop on the end of it, just big enough for a regular cock, not for mine, I thought.

He grabbed me by the hair of my head and pulled me up. I felt the pain like a burn. He smacked me twice, hard, and I saw the garden in flashes of color as my head turned. Tumult in paradise. I felt his fingers raking my balls, pulling them up, and the cockstrap went round and was buckled tight. Good fit, actually. The leash dragged my whole pelvis forward, my knees scraping on the grass, as I tried to gain my balance.

My head was forced down by him until he could get the almighty slipper on the back of my neck, and then it was down to the ground again, though the leash ran under my chest, and he pulled it roughly, forcing me to hurry on all fours after him.

I wished I could look back at Tristan. I felt as if I'd betrayed

him. And I thought suddenly I'd made a hideous mistake, that I'd wind up in one of the corridors, or something worse. But it was too late now. The strap tightened on my cock as he pulled me harder towards the doors of the palace.

II. A Lesson in Submission

We were back in the palace, in the cool darkness of the corridors with the smell of burning oil and burning resin from the torches, and no sound but Lexius' pounding feet and my hands and knees on the marble.

I knew when he slammed the door and bolted it that we were in his chamber. I could feel his anger. I took a deep breath, staring at the pattern of stars in the marble. Lovely red and green stars with circles inside them. And the sunlight made the marble warm. The whole room was warm and quiet. I saw the bed from the corner of my eye—red silk, piled with cushions, lamps on chains hanging on either side of it.

He had crossed the room, taken down a long leather strap from the wall. Good. Now we had something. Not those stupid thongs. I knelt back on my heels again, my cock pumping under the tight circle of the cockstrap.

He turned and held the strap in his hands. It was heavy. It would hurt nicely. I might even be sorry before it was done, very sorry. I looked at him levelly. "You're going to cover me or I'm going to cover you before we leave here," I thought. "I make you that wager, young and elegant and silver-tongued Master."

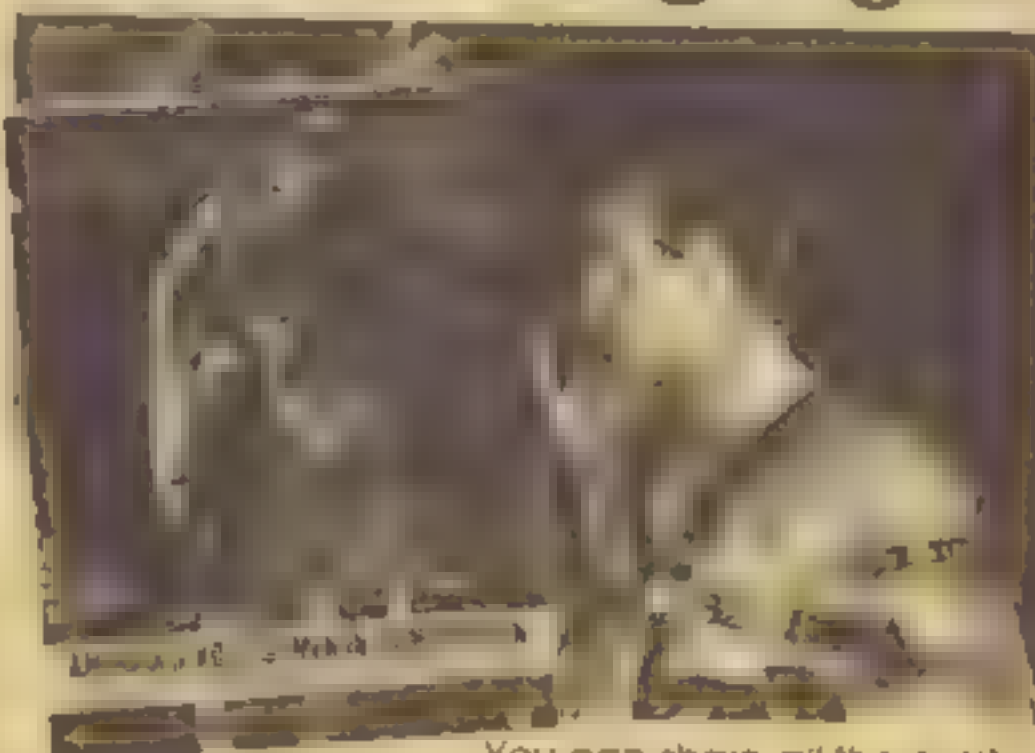
But I just smiled at him and he stopped, staring at me, his face suddenly blank as if he didn't believe I was smiling at him.

"You cannot speak in this palace!" he said between his clenched teeth. "You will never dare to do that again!"

"Are you a gelding or not?" I asked. I raised my eyebrows. "Come, Master—" I smiled again slowly. "You can tell me. I won't tell anyone."

He appeared to be trying to regain his composure. He took a

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deep breath. Maybe he was thinking of something worse than whipping, and I wasn't being clever enough. I wanted the whipping!

Around him the little room seemed to glow in the slanting sun—the patterned floor, the red silk bed, the heap of cushions. The windows were covered with enameled and filigreed screens making them into thousands of little windows. He seemed so much a part of it in his narrow velvet robe, his black hair swept back behind his ears, the little earrings glittering.

"You think you can provoke me into taking you?" he whispered. His lips quivered slightly, revealing the tension in him. His eyes were glittering with anger. Or with excitement. Hard to tell which. But what is the difference, really, whether the source of the light is burning oil or burning wood? It's the light that matters.

I didn't speak. My body was speaking, however. I looked him up and down, the slender reed of a man that he was, the way his fine supple skin wrinkled delicately at the edges of his mouth.

His hand moved. It went to his girdle and unfastened it. The thing dropped and his robe opened, the fabric very heavy, the two sides of the robe standing open, and underneath I saw his naked chest, the black curly hair between his legs, and his cock rising like a spike, curving slightly. And the scrotum, quite large, swathed in fine lacy dark curls.

"Come here," he said. "On your hands and knees."

I waited a heartbeat or two before I responded. Then I went down on all fours again, my eyes still on him, and I crossed the distance between us. I sat back again without his telling me that I could, and I smelled the cedar and spice perfume rising from his robes, I smelled his dark male smell, and looked up to see the wine-colored nipples under the flap of the robe. I thought about the clamps the grooms had put on me, the way they had pulled the leashes.

"Now we'll see if your tongue can do anything except spout impertinence," he said. He couldn't keep his chest from heaving, couldn't keep his body from giving him away, though the voice was flinty. "Lick it," he said softly.

I gave another secretive laugh. And I knelt up again, careful not to touch his clothes, and I drew in close and licked not the cock, but the scrotum. I licked it closely underneath, pushing the balls up a little with my tongue, stabbing at them with my tongue, then I licked under them to the flesh right behind them. I felt him push forward a little. I felt him sigh. I knew he wanted me to take the balls in my mouth, or to go at them with more pressure, but I did exactly what he had told me to do. If he wanted more, he would have to ask for it.

"Mouth them," he said.

I laughed silently to myself.

"Gladly, Master," I said. He tensed at the impertinence. But I had my open mouth against his scrotum and I was sucking at the balls, one and then the other, trying to get both of them into my mouth, but they were too big. And my own cock was on the edge of agony. I twisted my hips, rotated them, and the pleasure pumped through me, thudding into pain. I opened my mouth wider and pulled at the scrotum.

"The cock," he whispered.

And then I had what I wanted. He pushed it against the roof of my mouth, then down deep into my throat, and I sucked it in long powerful strokes, running my tongue on it and letting my teeth scrape it lightly. My head swam. My own pelvis was stiff and the muscles in my legs were so tense they would ache after. I pumped and pumped on him, and he moved forward pressing his crotch into my face, and I felt his hand on the back of my head. He was going to come any second. I backed off, and licked at the tip of the cock, deliberately teasing him. His hand tightened but he didn't say anything. I licked his cock slowly, playing with the tip. I moved my hands into his robe. The fabric was cool and soft, but the real silk was the flesh of his backside. I closed my hands on both sides, pinching the flesh, and let my little fingers curl towards his anus.

He reached down to pull my arms out of his robe. He dropped the strap.

And I stood up and flung him back towards the bed, tripping him so that he lost his balance. I jerked him around by the right arm so that he fell on his face and I started to tear the robe off him.

He was strong, very strong, and he struggled violently. But I was even stronger and considerably bigger. He had his arms caught in the robe, and in a moment, I had it torn off him and thrown aside.

"Damn you! Stop this. Damn you!" he said, and then a nice string of threats or curses in his own tongue, but he didn't dare to shout aloud. And the door was bolted. How would anyone get in to help him?

I was laughing. I shoved him down into the silk mattress and held him down with my hands and my bent knee and looked at him, his long smooth back, the purest skin, and this backside, this muscular unpunished backside, just waiting for me.

He was struggling like mad. I almost went right into him, raped him well. But I wanted to do it differently.

"You'll be punished for this, you mad and stupid Prince," he said. It had conviction, and I like the sound of it. But I said "Keep your mouth shut!" And he went silent with amazing ease. He gathered his forces again and pushed at the bed.

I rose up just enough to fling him over on his back. I was straddling him, and when he tried to rise, I smacked him as he had smacked me. And in that second while he lay stunned, I picked up one of the pillows and ripped the silk covering off it.

It was a nice long piece of red silk, enough to tie his hands. I caught them, slapping him twice again, and tied his wrists, the silk so sheer that it made powerful little knots that all his struggling only strengthened.

Another ripped cover, and I had a gag for him. He opened his mouth in another volley of curses, trying to hit me with his bound hands, and I flung his hands back and ran the silk gag right across his open mouth before I tied it behind his head. The open mouth made it easier to tighten, keep in place, and when he tried to hit me again I slapped him over and over, slowly, until he stopped.

Of course, none of these were terribly hard slaps. They wouldn't have affected me much at all. But they were working on his tender rear exquisitely. I knew how his head was swimming from them. After all, he had whipped me only moments before.

He lay still, his bound hands up above his head. His face was dark red, and the silk gag was a slash of brighter red, with his lips closing on it. But the truly exquisite part were his eyes, his immense black eyes staring at me.

"You are a beautiful creature, you know," I said. I was still straddling him. I could feel his cock nudging my balls. I reached down and felt its hard hot length, the bit of moisture at the tip. "You're almost too beautiful," I said. "Makes me want to sneak out of this place, with you naked, strapped over my saddle, the way your Sultan's soldiers stole me. I'd take you out to the desert, make you my servant, beat you with that thick belt of yours, as you watered the horse, fed the fire, made my supper."

His body quivered all over. Only his hands lay still, bound together above his head. His cheeks teemed with color, despite his dark skin. I could almost hear his heart.

I moved down, and knelt between his legs. He was not moving a muscle now to resist me. His cock was bobbing. But I was finished playing with him. I had to have him now. Then the other spices might be mine—punishing his buttocks.

I lifted his thighs, hooking my arms under them, and then forced his legs up over my shoulders, lifting his pelvis off the bed.

He moaned, and his eyes flickered like two fires as he glared at me. I felt the little anus, nice and dry, and I touched my cock, touched it for the first time in all these days of torture, and smeared the moisture seeping from it all over the tip, until it was very wet, and then I went into him.

He was tight, but not too tight. He couldn't lock me out. He moaned again and I went deeper, through the ring of muscle that scraped me and maddened me, until I was well into him. Then I pressed down on him, forcing his legs back against him until he bent his knees over my shoulders, and then I started driving in him, hard. I let my cock slide almost out, then plunged forward, then almost out again, and he sighed against the gag, the silk becoming wet, his eyes glazing over, his beautifully drawn eyebrows contracting. My hand groped for his cock, found it, started stroking it in time with my thrusts.

"This is what you deserve," I said through my teeth, "this is what you really deserve. You are my slave here and now, and damn the rest of them—damn the Sultan, the entire palace."

He was breathing faster and faster, and then I came, deep inside of him, my whole body rigid, my fingers closing tight on his cock and feeling the liquid squeeze out, bubble out in spurts as he moaned loudly. It seemed to go on, all the misery of the nights at sea, emptied into him. I pressed my thumb into the head of his cock. I squeezed it harder and harder, until the pleasure had leaked out of me, until I was truly spent, and then I pulled out of him.

I rolled over and lay back, and closed my eyes for a long moment. I wasn't finished with him.

The room was wonderfully warm. No fire can do what the afternoon sun can do in a closed place. He lay still with his eyes closed, his hands above his head still breathing deeply and quietly.

He had relaxed his leg and his thigh was against mine.

After a long moment I said: "Yes, what a good slave you'd make." I gave a little laugh.

He opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling. Then he went to move, all at once, and I was on top of him again, pinioning his hands.

He didn't try to fight. I got up and told him to turn over on his face. He hesitated for a moment. Then he obeyed.

I picked up the long strap. I looked at his buttocks, and the muscles tightened hard as if he knew I was looking at him. He shifted his hips slightly on the silk. His head was turned to the side and he was staring straight forward past me.

"Get up on your hands and knees," I said.

He obeyed with a certain deliberate grace, and he knelt with his head up and his hands still bound, his body quite a lovely picture. Much leaner than mine. But the grace was marvelous. He was like a fine horse for running, not the steed that could carry a knight, but the more high-strung animal for carrying a courier. The red silk gag seemed such a gorgeous insult to him. Yet he knelt quiet, not resisting. Not trying to tear it loose, which he could have done even with his wrists tied.

I doubled up the strap and walloped his buttocks. He tensed. I walloped him again. He closed his legs together tightly. That was permissible, I thought. As long as he was obedient to all the rest.

I whipped him hard over and over again, marveling at the way the lovely olive-toned flesh still managed to show the color. He didn't make a sound. I stood back from the foot of the bed so I could swing the strap harder. In a moment I had nice criss-crosses of dark pink across his flesh. I swung harder and harder. I was remembering my first whipping at the castle, how it had smarted, how I had struggled and whimpered without ever really moving. How I had tried to divine the meaning of the pain, that I must remain in a lowly position to be whipped for the pleasure of another.

There was an ecstatic freedom in whipping him, not for revenge or anything so foolish or thoughtful. It was the completion of a cycle. I loved the sound of the strap smacking him, loved the way his buttocks had begun to dance a little in spite of his efforts to still himself.

He was beginning to change all over. With another series of smacks, his head went down and his back arched as though he was trying to draw his buttocks in. Absolutely useless. And then they danced out again, swayed. He moaned. He couldn't help it

any longer. His whole body was swaying, dancing, an overall undulating in response to the strap.

I knew I must have done that when I was whipped, a thousand times without realizing I was doing it. I'd always been lost in the sound, the sweet hot explosions of pain, the sudden itching right before the strap hit. I gave him a quick volley of really hard licks, and he moaned in time with each of them. He wasn't even trying to rein himself in. His body was glistening with moisture, the redness alive on the surface of his skin, and he was in constant elegant movement.

I heard a sob against the gag. Good enough. I stopped, and went round to the head of the bed and looked at his face. Nice show of tears. But there was no impertinence. I untied his hands.

"Get off onto the floor, with your hands down in front of you, and straighten your legs," I said.

Slowly, with head bowed, he obeyed. I loved the way his hair fell down in his eyes, the way the gag bound the rest of it. He was thoroughly chastised now. And his backside was nice and hot, burning hot.

I lifted it high with both hands and I made him walk on all fours that way, buttocks up to my pelvis as I walked behind him. I stepped back and whipped him hard in a good circle around the room, made him go quickly. The sweat poured down his arms. His reddened backside would have gotten compliments at the castle.

Come here, stand still," I said, went between his legs again, and entered him, startling him, so that he cried out behind the gag.

I reached out and untied the knot behind his head, but I held the two pieces of silk like reins, pulling his head up, and I pumped into him, shoving him forward, his head nice and high, the reins holding him. He was sobbing, but I couldn't tell whether it was from humiliation or pain, or both. His backside felt so hot against me, so delicious, and he was tight.

I came again, spurring into him in violent jerks. He bore it, not daring to lower his head, the silk taut in my hands.

When it was done, I reached under his belly and felt his cock. Nice and hard again. He was a good slave.

I laughed softly. I let the gag drop away, and went round in front of him.

"Stand up," I said. "I've finished with you."

He obeyed. He was glistening all over. Even his jet black hair gave off a shimmer. The look in his eyes was mellow and profound and his mouth looked luscious. We stared into each other's eyes.

"You may do what you like with me now," I said. "I suppose you've earned the privilege." But the mouth—why hadn't I kissed him? I bent forward—we were the same height—and I did kiss him. I kissed him very tenderly and he didn't move to resist me. He opened his mouth to me.

My cock came up again. The pleasure washed through me. It started grinding in me. But it didn't hurt anymore. It was sweet, getting harder and harder and kissing him, this silken giant.

I let him go. I reached up and felt the line of his jaw where the well-shaven hair was just coming out as it does late in the day. I felt the bristle over his lip, on his chin.

His eyes had an indescribable luster. It was the soul, but the soul through a veil of beauty that was distracting.

I folded my arms, and I walked over close to the door, and I knelt down there.

So let a hell break loose, I thought. I heard him moving about, saw out of the corner of my eye that he was dressing, running a comb through his hair, straightening his clothes with quick angry gestures.

I knew he was confused. But so was I. I had never done such things before to anyone, and I had never dreamed how much I would love it, how much I had wanted to do it. I wanted suddenly to cry. And I felt terrified and sad; and half in love with him; and I hated him because he had shown all this to me; and I felt triumphant—all at the same time.

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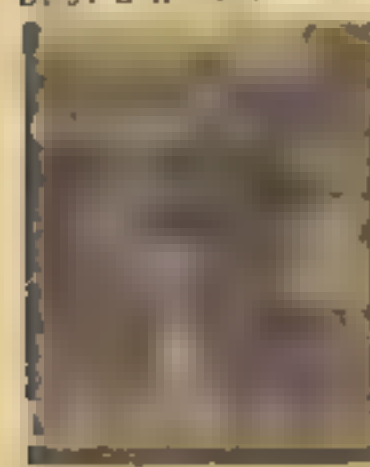
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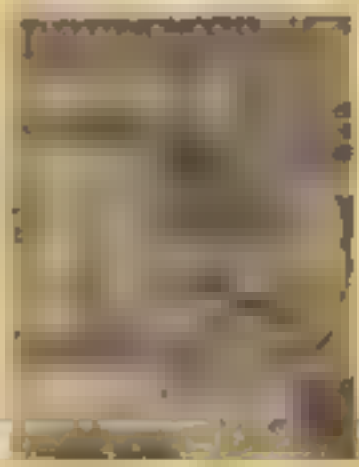
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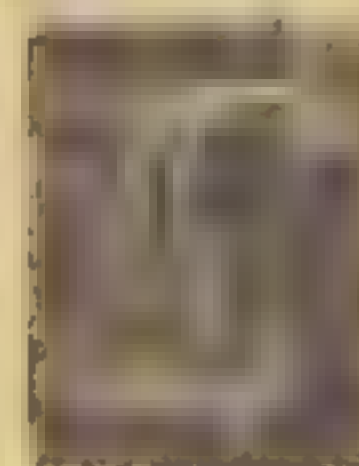
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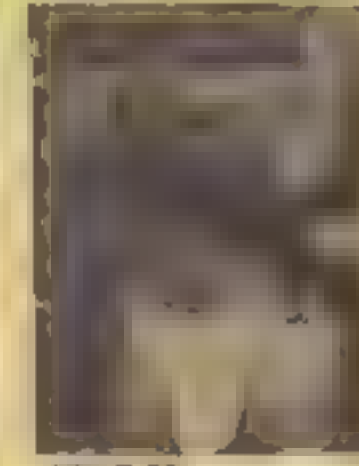
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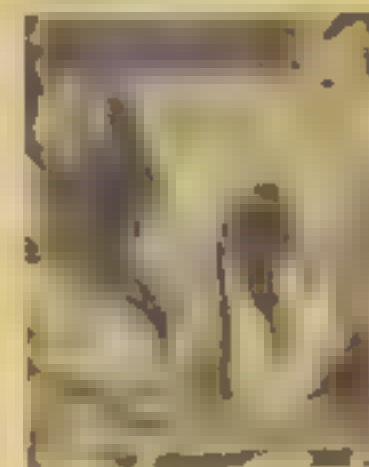
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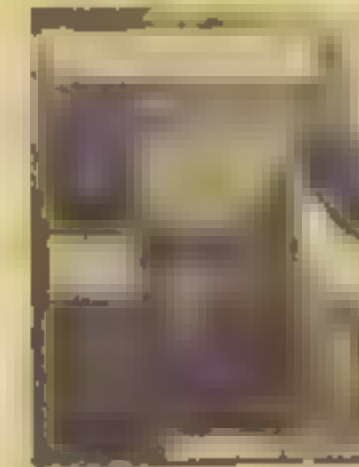
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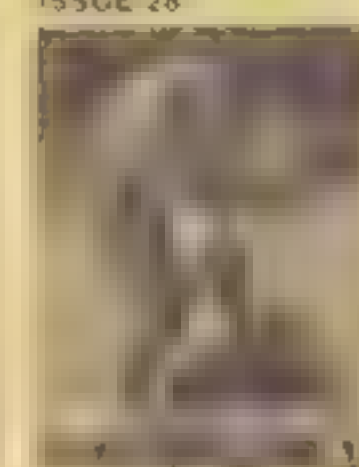
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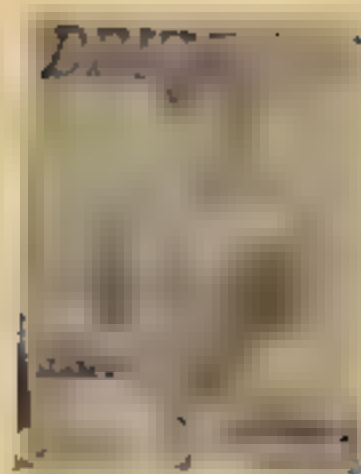
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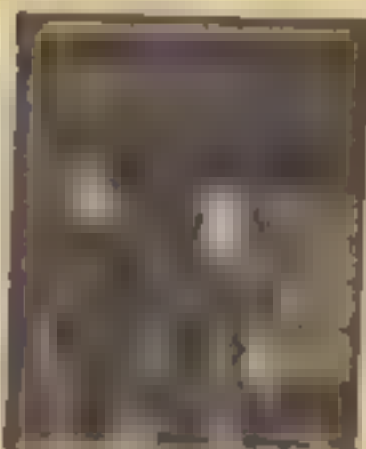
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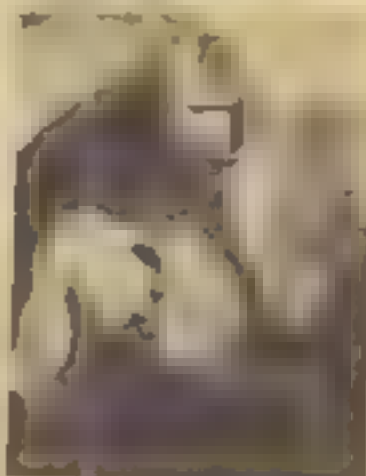
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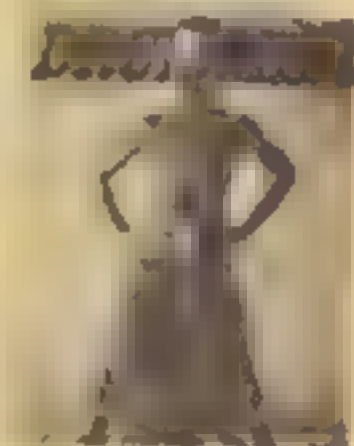
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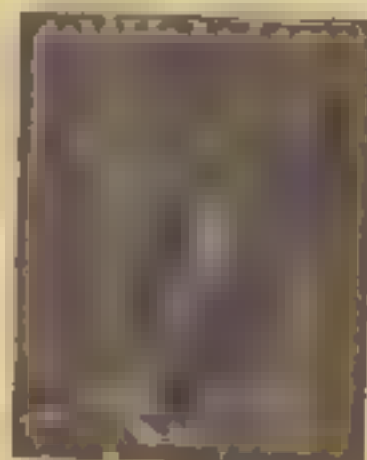
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ISSUE 73



ISSUE 74

BAKER'S DOZEN 13 issues For **\$25**



ISSUE 76



ISSUE 7



DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN



DRUMMER MARCHES ON



CLASS OF '82



MR. DRUMMER '83



MACH 1



MACH 2



MACH 3



MACH 4



MACH 5



MACH 6



MACH 7



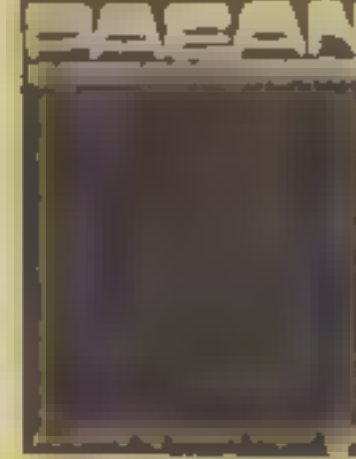
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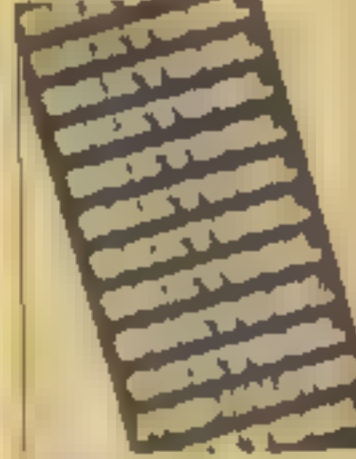
HARRY CHES



CARE & TRAINING 2



PAEAN



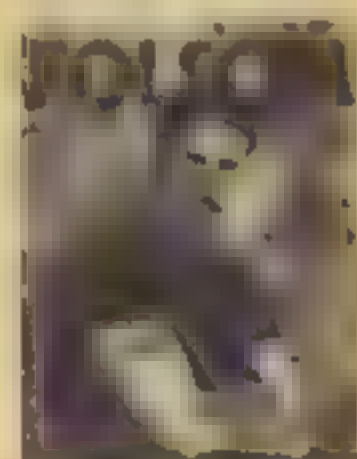
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ALTERNATE PUBLISHING 964 FOLSOM ST. SAN FRANCISCO CA 94107



Dear Larry,

First, let me state that the intimacy of my problem embarrasses me. I first became aware of my masochistic tendencies when I was 14 years old. I was afraid to tell my parents for fear they would send their "only" son to a psychiatrist. As I have gotten older, my desire for sexual enslavement has grown. I am now 21, and have recently been hanging out in leather bars. I get propositioned almost every night, yet always turn down what I want, fearing my conscience would label me "abnormal." I'm afraid to get into the leather scene, yet more afraid not to. I would appreciate your viewpoint.

Confused in Long Beach, CA

Dear Confused,

You are going through the same mental anguish that most of us did, first when we had to accept ourselves as gay, then when we took the next step and admitted to ourselves that our interests were SM-related. At least you discovered it in your youth—far easier than it is on the guy who decides at 50 that this is his proper role. Thus, you can take comfort in the fact that you are not "the only one."

As to the solution, it seems fairly obvious that you're never going to know if you don't try it. On the other hand, if your first partner is a dud, you may get turned off before you ever experience a satisfying scene. Since you did not include a return address, I can't refer anyone to you, so in this respect you are on your own. I think at your stage, you probably need a "Daddy"—someone with a great deal of skill and patience. I hope you are able to find him.

Dear Larry (Sir),

I am a slave, interested in having a long-term relationship with a Master, something on the order of 10 or 15 years. Most Master/slave relationships I have heard about don't seem to last very long at all. Do you know of any that have lasted longer than two or three years?

I'd also like to know how to enlarge my nipples. So far, ut clamps haven't done the job, and I think my small nipples have turned off some potential Masters.

Chris, Oklahoma

Dear Chris,

The small nipple problem is one that I have answered several times over the last few months. When you find your Master, he will (hopefully) train you and take care of the problem.

As to the long-term SM relationship, this is always a difficult concept to explain. It is true that it does tend to be self-destructive, because the slave's needs for even greater punishment and humiliation are at odds with the increasing love and protectiveness of the Master. Also, the very intimacy that forms the basis of the relationship can allow extraneous elements in the personalities of each (particularly the Master) to color, and sometimes cloud the perception of the other. It is easier for a Top, who interacts only occasionally with a specific bottom, to maintain the aura he wishes the other to see. But there is hope. Read on.

Dear Larry,

I'm responding to the letter by Peoria, IL "Master" (Drummer 81) who doesn't know what to do with a serious young slave. Please forward this letter to him, after you read it. I have lived in Chicago for ten years, where I owned a young slave for that entire length of time. I am a serious full-time Master, committed to the Master/slave lifestyle. I have been without a permanent slave for three years, although I would really like one and have got the temperament and financial condition to keep my slave at home, attending to his Master's property and otherwise serving his needs. I am not a bullshit artist and am serious in seeking another relationship—but only if the slave is certain he wants a permanent, life long position.

Ed NYC

Dear Ed,

Since the mails, publishing schedules, etc. have delayed your response, I have a feeling that the Peoria situation may have long since resolved itself. However, I will forward your letter and will keep a record of responses. And you have probably answered a question for a lot of guys, such as the young man in the previous letter. A really well-founded Master/slave relationship can be long-standing, but I'm sure you'd agree that it's rare. Of course, it's rare for any passionate love relationship to survive the erosion of time.

Dear Larry,

I recently read in a UCLA hospital directive that technicians working with AIDS patients, particularly those involved in drawing blood or doing lum-

bar punctures, are advised to wear gloves. In trying to translate this to fit the circumstances of our lifestyles, it seems to me that even in a JO scene we may be in some danger. In the daily course of events most people get a few tiny skin breaks on their hands, which go unnoticed but which are perfect receptacles for any micro-organisms. Should we start wearing rubber gloves?

Then, a second question: What about this "breakthrough" in lubricants, the one that's supposed to kill the AIDS virus? Are the products being offered by the sex shops the same thing?

Ed, Santa Monica, CA

Dear Ed,

I think the precautions taken in hospitals are often intended to be safe beyond any possibility of error. Wearing gloves in a JO session seems a little excessive to me, about on par with wearing a surgical mask to assure that you do not pick up the AIDS virus from a spray of saliva, should your partner cough or sneeze in the course of your interaction. It may be a precaution you wish to take, but its potential value may be so low as not to be worth the negative effect on your scene.

As to the "breakthrough" lubricant, you want a product that contains at least 5% nonoxynol-9. This is a spermicide that has been present in various vaginal gels and foams for several years, and some of them are at or above the 5% level. None of the currently available lubricants in the adult bookstores meet this requirement. (Editor's note: The latest word on nonoxynol-9 comes from the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, whose spokesmen have noted that the substance could "decrease the transmission from the infectious person," but caution against "false reassurance," noting that "the only indication so far is in the test tube." Before nonoxynol-9 can be marketed specifically for AIDS prevention, it will have to be tested for effectiveness by the FDA, a process that could take two years.)

While I'm on the subject, let me enlarge upon my remarks issue before last: First, I gave you a higher than necessary mixture for Clorox to sterilize your toys. Mixed one-to-ten with water is enough. Rubbing alcohol is already a 70% solution, so it can be used as it comes from the bottle. You should rinse it off afterward, of course, since neither bleach nor alcohol should be introduced into the mouth or anus. After oral sex, a perfectly effective mouthwash is Scotch or vodka—far more pleasant than that nasty piss-colored stuff they sell in pharmacies.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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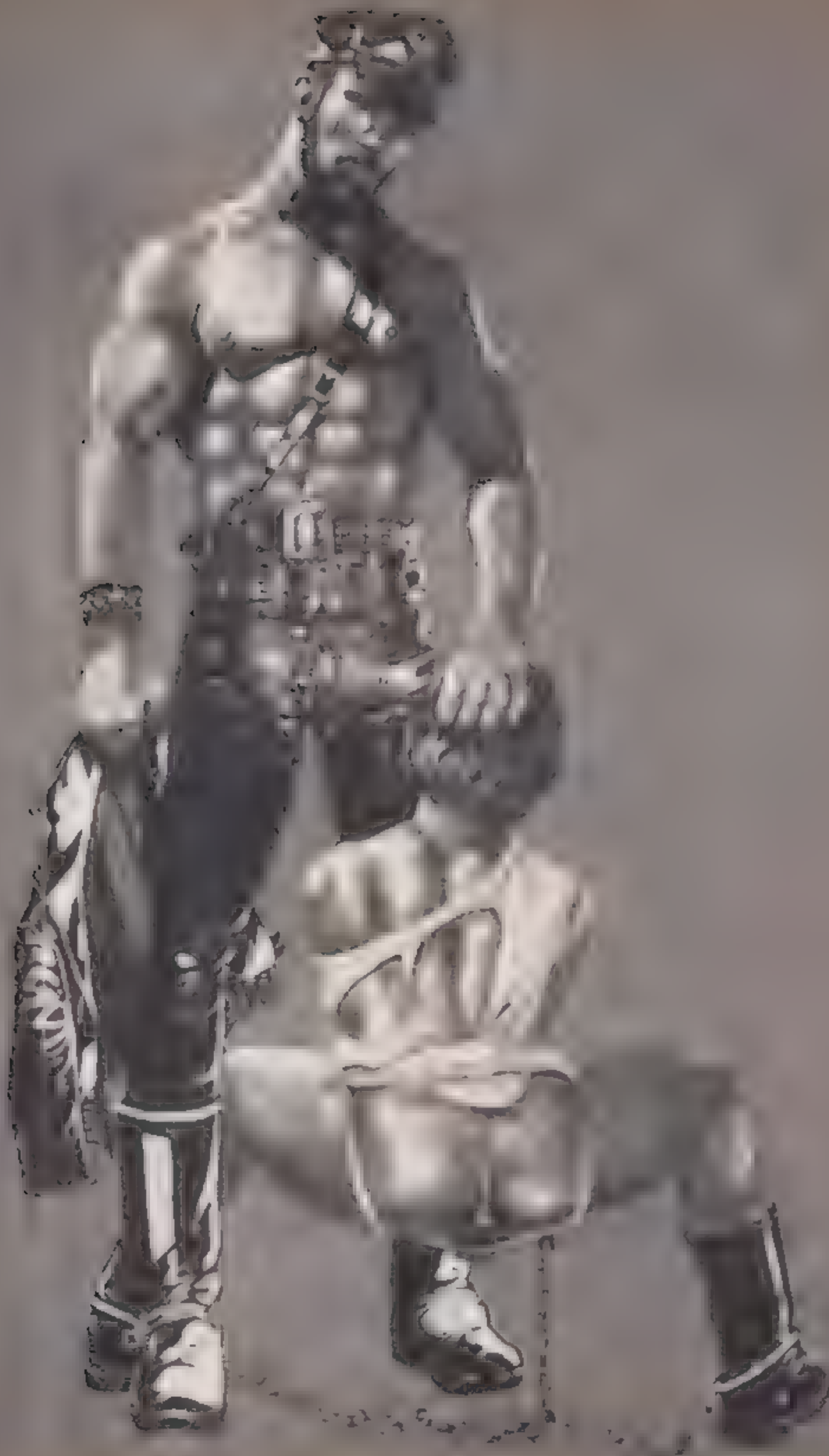


THE MACHO MAGIC OF BILL WARD

Rod Amsterdam, publisher of fine gay greeting cards, is already notorious for his erotic message units featuring the works of many of the finest artists working today—Go Mishima, Bastille, Axel Rabiger and Nigel Kent, among others in the international array. Now Rob debuts a new series of cards, featuring fresh new works by an artist dear to the hearts and hard-ons of every *Drummer* reader—Bill Ward. Leaving Drum to fend for himself, Ward single-handedly takes on a whole pack of new studs in leather. If we could think of an opening line, we'd use it—but these men leave us speechless!

INSIDE: Our fantastic four-page foldout poster announcing The Search for Mr. Drummer '85! Lift up the staples, lift out the center section, unfold—and get ready to join the search!





DEAR SIR:

CHEAP & EASY



Picture this
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

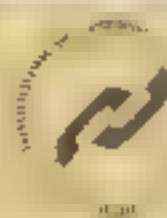
Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business

To join, call the Connector at

(415) 346-8747.



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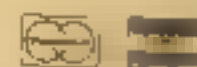
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Dear Sir:

YOUR AD: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

PRINT IT OUT: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order or Services will appear under those respective categories.

DEADLINE? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

DISCOUNT? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

WANT A BOX NUMBER? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

PHONE NUMBER? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

PAYMENT? Pay by check, money order, VISA or MASTERCARD. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

CENSORSHIP? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR BOX NUMBER, enclose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be.

THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COMMUNICATION CENTER FOR LEATHERMEN! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as DRUMBEATS) we are doing just that. NO DEADLINES, NO \$7 BOX CHARGES, NO \$20 CANCELLATION FEE, NO \$5 PHONE VERIFICATION FEE. AND ONLY 50¢ A WORD!



FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

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Handsome, White, Grisdled, Whiskered, Booted Belt-wielding Father, 55, 5'10", 175, with Thick, Uncut, Smelly, 7-inch, Full-time Hard-on, seeks self-supporting submissive, silent, obedient, worshipful, boot-licking cocksucker son. Permanent—Live-in Box 4493

MASTER WANTED
28-year-old, GWM/BB slave looking for Master between 25-30 years. Serious minded Masters need call (216) 691-0586 between 9:30-11:30 pm

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
who is into leather, B&D, heavy S&M. I will administer military discipline, physical training confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to be perked tattooed and shaved. Your Master is young, black hair, moustache 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular and experienced. I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing I am interested in. Discretion is a must. I can travel you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485LF

MY SUMMER VACATION
Seeking manual labor for the full month of July. Prefer farm or construction labor. Me 32, 6'1", 195, muscular, hairy, educated. Am into all sides of Fr & Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying SM. Box 4478

SWEDISH BEARDED BIKER
29, 185 cm, 80 kg, coming to U.S. Seeking big daddies, bearded into leather, rubber, B&D, SM, (biker) Americans & Europeans. Send photo—you get one. Box 4444

STILL UNCUT?
Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. A: get replies the chosen get clipped. Box 343

SLAVE WANTED
Two professional, caring, dominant GWM's mid-30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply. MSTRS, P.O.B. 50286, WASH D.C. 20004

SUMMER KAMP
Fire Island. Apply now! SASE to TV Studio 608, 14 East 4th St., New York, NY 10012

EAST COAST COP
Wants police/fire buddies. Action-oriented, tired of street faggots. FBI contributor number, photo. Box 4480

CASTRATION

Exchange accounts on castration—factual (historical or modern), fictional and/or techniques. Box 4435

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35, 5'11" slim, hairy slave into SM & B&D & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung. Please, Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7886, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

ANYTHING GOES!

WM, 30, 6'3", 7" bottom seeks top/daddy 35 to 50 plus to explore and expand my limits. C&BT, TT, B/D exhibitionism, interrogation, WS into fantasies, uniforms, leather. Photo, please. Let's explore new roads. Box 4179LF

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong, horny, intense, stable handsome, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready, to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego-heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing, we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection, long-term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And Interchain member #879, 5'6" 145, blue/L. brown, with 9 1/2" log. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE, P.O. Box 1104 Sandy, Utah 84091 LF4088

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10" 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

BODYBUILDER

Dad & Son seek competition bodybuilder for live-in houseboy/slave. Must be able to cook & keep house with daily workouts at local BB gym. Our interests: Rubber, leather, S&M, B&D, shavings; tit torture. No FF or scat. Dad & Son will provide financial security. Interested applicants: Send detailed letter about self, including stats and competition-style posed photo to: Sam Leatherman, P.O. Box 641, Palmer, MA 01069

MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, novice slave seeks hairy-chested masculine, dominant master for monogamous relationship. I can relocate. Sir, thank you, Sir! Jim, P.O. Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101

NATIONWIDE PHONE-SEX CLUB

Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls as you want! For Membership Info Call (213) 672-2121 or Write: P.S.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399 Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

YOUNG SLAVE WANTED TO 28

Must be good-looking, clean-shaven, intelligent, athletic, muscular, and especially smooth hairless-skinned guy. For deep throat, body worship and light B&D. Mature, stable, able to relocate, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing romantic and extremely cuddly boy sought. I'm 38, 6', 165 lbs., hairy chest, stable and financially secure, no drugs, cigarettes—drinks occasionally. Send photo, phone and letter to: Todd, 5823 N. Evergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85275

ATHLETIC SUBMISSIVE

28, 5'8", 145, brn/brn seeks good-looking dominant with great body under 30. No smokers, drunks, etc. Will relocate West in May. Reply with photo to: P.O. Box 340129 Boca Raton, FL 33434

HOT BUILT RECEPTIVE

Boyish/masculine toned animal artist, 34 (Los Angeles), needs raunch, discipline, affection from tuned-in master/mentor. Ownership preferred. Box 4437

PIPE-SMOKING TOPMAN WANTED

by good-looking GWM 33, 5'8", 145, full head brown hair, moustache. I love bald pipe smokers with black fringe and moustache. I am Fr/a-p. Gr/p, like taking orders, light spanking. Sking and classical music are a plus. Will travel. Please send photo. P.O. Box 3511, Washington DC 20007

DAVID EARL LEE

Please... Return my 'cop' gloves. They were a gift to me and just loaned to you for the contest. Call me or write: J.D. Evans, P.O. Box 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306

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J-REE's Basement Studio, 222 Magnolia, Downtown Daytona Beach (next to Kentucky Fried Chicken) Afternoons. Ultrarealistic paintings—life-sized and larger posed, action, couples bondage, execution. \$4500-\$21,500; reproductions available. Commissions negotiable. (Inquiries: P.O. Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32015-2266)

HEALTHY SWIMMER

Masculine, sense of humor, variety of interests, monogamous type. Honest and relocatable. Stats: White, 36, 6', 195, dark hair and eyes, handsome, versatile (limits need expanding). Want a caring but demanding man for permanent relationship. Preference for man over 40, 6', 200. Looks and cock size unimportant. Box 444705

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will live in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: Box 5002LF

FIRE ISLAND S/M CAMP

Come learn or expand with Inter-chain Daddy/Top. Interested Masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. P.O. Box 3024, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

BOXING

B.g. dude wants to correspond/meet men into boxing, heavy contact, TT, and rough scenes. Send letter, photo to P.O. Box 222713, Carmel, CA 93922.

WASHINGTON DC / 200M RADIUS

Super sharp-looking mathman, muscular, broad shoulders, hot Marine-like, 5'9", 165 lbs., 31, blond, blue, moustache, smooth long-pretty-rigid. Very masculine in voice & actions. Want bigger, dominant, sharp man who craves bondage, FF, WS, maybe even shaving. I'm anal-oriented into G, FR-a/p. Just want handsome masculine, perverted man who likes tying his little hunk up and making him do strange things in private. Thanks. Pictures wanted before deep response given. Write to: S.M., 90 W. Montgomery Ave. #295, Rockville, MD 20850.

BARBERSHOP/CIGAR SCENE 3 WM, 32 cigar smoker into haircuts, especially flat-tops, crewcuts, moustaches—from razor trimmer to handlebar, beards, shaving, uniforms & boots. Box 4419.

NUTBUSTERS

GWM 30, 5'8", 6 1/2" cut into sunuchs, geldings, dickless. Genital modification/removal. Fact/fiction Box 4401.

LIVE-IN

housekeeper for Leather Top Queens, New York. Take care of rentals when owner is away. Must be dog lover. Minimal sex. P.O. Box 3024, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

BOOT-WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BO, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, ranch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone # Box 4344.

FROM HOUSTON

Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If you're discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30), any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W.M., 5'11", 180# Box 3329LF.

GOOD HEAD

60 6'2"; 190; blue eyes, white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and large nipples, talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110, West Station, Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, S.r. Box 3755LF.

SEEK SPECIAL GR/p GWM Horny Greek active GWM, 53, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7" cut, wants burly horny Greek passive GWM, monogamous mate, age 48+, over 6'2", 250 to 300 lbs., wanting his big, dirty, smelly asshole rimmed & ridden in bed nightly! No smoke, pain, drugs, WS, phonies, one-nighters! Looks unimportant! I love being scat bottom as well as top for nightly anal sex. Write to: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

GETTING A HAIRCUT?

Let me trim you! Sexy, versatile longhair, 28, digs short-haired guys, haircutting (have clippers). Write with photo! T.R., 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10107. You'll get more than a crewcut.

BLOND BOY WANTED

Young athletic slaveboy wanted. Novice OK. 25-year-old Master will train you to obey orders. Must wear collar; you will live in cell-like dormitory room in house on California beach. Write me with your fantasies, physical description. Photos get first response. Relocation available. Box 4451.

X-LAW

ENFORCEMENT OFFICER

Goodlooking, mature, lonely GWM. 31 yrs., muscular, masculine, 180 lbs. desires contact with current law enforcement officers for friendship, possible relationship. Discretion expected and assured. L.R.G., P.O. Box 14568, Chicago, IL 60614-0568.

RIDE FREE WEST

From NYC area to Denver, late August. Me: 26, goodlooking, well-built. You: 18-26, slim, submissive. I provide travel expenses and discipline. You provide service. Plans flexible; special trips for right person(s). Imagination provides limit to safe, fantastic voyage. Reply to P.O. Box 76850, Washington, DC 20013-6850.

LIVE IN KEY WEST

Submissive masculine manly obedient white male. You must make complete commitment to my lifestyle. Call Jim (305) 296-8630. I will rule—direct!

HOUSEBOY SLAVE WANTED

Will train right guy for complete service. Room, board and spending money provided. Call evenings—Mark (213) 402-5461.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED by butch, attractive, well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445.

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/Master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 4426.

EROTIC SEX

bondage, obedience, leather, sensuality, mind games. I will control your sexuality. Send detailed letter with revealing photo to Box 4432.

SERIOUS-MINDED NEW YORK MASOCHIST

Solid build, in search of a real sadist into ultimate C-C-C-B torture. Turning remaining fantasies into reality a must. If you respect limits, don't reply. I'm not tough just determined. Will travel for the right sadist. Box 4434.

ALABAMA

GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who enjoy being a Master as much as I enjoy being a slave to my Master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wipe. I enjoy being humiliated, especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However, I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather, chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please, Sir! I need you. Don't you need me? Please, Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you, Sir. Box 4460LF.

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some SD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF.

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W, blue/brown. Enjoy as well. Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF.

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid-30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men! We are (1) 6'2", blond/blue, bearded with 8" uncut

tooth; (2) 6'1", brown fur and 7 1/2" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men, drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write MCS, Box 16341, Mobile, AL 36616.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 44, br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns, LF 4403. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call 907-283-4879.

ARIZONA

FACESITTERS!

I'm 45 and not bad looking. If you're young and cute and butch, I will tongue your hot asshole until you tell me to stop. 30 minutes or 30 hours, sit on my face and feed me farts. (No scat) Bet you tire out before me! P.O. Box 1571, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder. Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85001.

ANIMAL WANTED

to be domesticated, collared, and kept as a pet by two firm but loving owners (GWM, 28, brn/brn; GWM, 44 gr/gr, uncut). Must be prepared to relocate to warm sunny Arizona. Non smoker only. Photo. All answered. P.O. Box 35311, Tucson AZ 85740.

HOT WHITE ASS

Bodybuilder, GWM, 30, 5'8" 160. hot body, hot ass craves smooth muscular black men who are extra-hung and into plowing "hot white ass." No fats or feds. No drugs; poppers OK. Your photo gets mine. Extra-hung, uncut Latinos also a turn-on. Write to Dear Sir! Box #113.

MAN WANTS TO BE YOUR BOY

I'm not a slim, young, hairless little boy, so if that's what you're looking for, you'll have to keep looking. But if you enjoy the idea of making a man into your boy, then this man is for you. I'm WM, 35, 5'10", handsome, muscular. Am novice, requiring some patience, but am eager to please my Daddy. Please, Sir, take control. Write to Dear Sir! Box #116.

SEEKING YOUNG TRAVELER
Energetic guy 20-35 travel abroad to Europe in Summer; Islands in Winter. Non-smoker, sexually-flexible and happy. Send photo. No fats, feds, drugs. Val P.O. Box 315 Mesa, AZ 85201

HOT AND READY

Taking on any or all into jockstraps, swimsuits, gym shorts, singlets, sensual and exciting playing around in them, swimming, bodybuilding, amateur wrestling. Model them—any size, new or used, clean or dirty, trade, correspond, get together. Photo answered first. Ed, P.O. Box 32152 Phoenix, AZ 85064

VERY ATTRACTIVE

masculine 40s male gives great head to reliable, hot, horny guys. Also G/p and enjoy groups. P.O. Box 42105, Tucson, AZ 85733

PHOENIX PENIS PAIN

CBT expert, WMS, 42, requires younger WMM, for erotic abuse. Novices welcome (602) 244-1131 after 6 pm

HORTON CALIFORNIA

MUD FANTASY

Mud and dirt scenes—mud wrestling—naked or in levis, boots and leather. Photo and fantasy gets mine. Box 4414

KINKY PREPPY FOX WANTED

Into heavy titwork/tit clamps, bondage, smelly armpits/athletic socks & jocks, J/O, C/B torture spanking, safe W/S, safe sex. You 18-25, submissive swimmer's body, bare chest, extremely cute student, butch, college-looking preppy, no beard, uncut a plus. Me 28, 5'6", 138 lbs., 8", brn/grn. moustache, bare chest, very hot very picky. Will consider bottom if you're cute enough. No drugs, fats, fluid exchange. Picture a must. Branden, Ste 402, P.O. Box 15068 San Francisco, CA 94115-0068

HOT SON SEEKS HORNEY DADDY

Exceptional, rare treat "boy" seeks hotshot daddy. Great looking butch, smart-ass though Italian son, 33, 5'9", 165, hot, humpy, hung big. seeks handsome, butch, hung daddy, 45-60, to service on a regular basis, front and rear. Sex only for cock & ball work, ass play on a regular basis—no obligations. Your place. Uninhibited, enthusiastic action. No SM. Photos answered first. Experienced daddies write Boxholder, 1230 Grant, #111, San Francisco, CA 94133

S/M

PHONE SEX
(415)346-8747

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks long, heavy, mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky, hairy, 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to: Box 4068

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

OLD-FASHIONED

Band-over, pants-down spanking give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

BIG NIPPLES ON SLAB PECES

with a tight, defined stomach below. I've got 'em. If you do too, and safe mutual chest play is your thing, let's talk GWM, 41, 6'3", 180, moustache. Write to: P.O. Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114

PHONE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute," personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114. LF4045

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phonecalls. 861-3183

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs., W/m needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick (415) 626-1385

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-nighters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs., 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc., hairy B.B., 29-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

W/M SLAVE AVAILABLE

for sadistic guys. No scat, please. Sir I'm 31, slim nice butt. Penpals also wanted. P.O. Box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101

HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9755, or write to Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822

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298-2644

447-4341

92-8083

585-3314

ATTENTION FF BOTTOM MEN
Well-built handsome top wants serious fist-sitters. 18-35 with hungry holes. I'm 5'11", 165 lbs short beard, age 34. Into high energy butt-filling sessions. Double-wides, photos, BBs given priority. Rick 55 Sutter, #679, San Francisco, CA 94104

BONDAGE ADEPT
seeks bondage addict capable of enduring prolonged sessions of increasing restraint. Discipline supplied on proper request. Goal is mind/body enslavement. Responsive tits, ass a plus. Bottoms ready to explore erotic limits of BD, reply to Box 4477

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM
needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6' 160, brown hair beard, moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

SON SEEKS DAD
WM, 39, very cut, a little fat, seeks father figure. A little healthy to serve later. Most interested in attitude than looks. Open to whatever turns dad on. Can relocate at my expense. Dad, please enclose a photo. Box 4468

SIR!
I want to worship you, Sir! I, late 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes. Gr-p, F-a, looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant, take-charge, loving and caring big-muscled jock, wrestler, football player, cop, military, construction workers, 25-45. Into light TT physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you. Sir! Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501

HARD-WORKING
able-bodied man available for any position you may wish him to assume (San Francisco) Box 4466

BOTTOM PIGS
Experienced, erotic, sensual Top willing to workover and train a properly submissive, bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range, excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome, 6', 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF

UNBELIEVABLY HORNEY SCENE
Exceptionally handsome Italian, 33, hairy, butch 8" dick, hot balls, seeks man with large dog. Box 4464

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER
San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5766

HOT NOVICE
Guy, 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., new on the block, hot, hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, straight looks, needs training. VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen, into good bodies, leather, uniforms, attitude, light SM. Detailed replies with phone (photo if possible) get immediate response. DMM, Box 2511 S.F., CA 94126

WANTED
Hot and horny Latin men to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eyed WM, 5'10", 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM (415) 931-2161

LEATHER BONDAGE
Tall, muscular man wants to have his leather-hooded face ridden by your leather-covered crotch. Box 4292

SOMETIMES REBELLIOUS
but basically obedient Italian cocksucker (slender hard defined, 41" chest, 29" waist) wants to train with the right firm protective Master to explore dom/sub leash, WS fantasies. Master is 20-30, very handsome, very well-built, assertive and 100% top. Call David (415) 547-0990 evenings and weekends with description, measurements, philosophy of dominance

FINE WHITE BOY TOILET
Clean-cut, handsome, seeks the choicest, best defined black men for total shithole service and relief of their horsehung pissers. (415) 535-0867

BOSS MAN WANTS
Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S, strainin' muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11", 175 lbs, 45 brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or but shit callers. (415) 944-9984

PIERCED, TATOOED
GWM, 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men, Cgars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

BLACK WANTED IN MONTEREY
White boy, 25 yrs., needs top black stud. Photo a must. Box 4387

ORAL SLAVE
Novice would-be slave, 36, needs cocksucking, W/S, V/B and humiliation training. Box 4381

JOCKSTRAP LOVERS ONLY
WM, heavy into bulging raunchy pouches, 6', 170 lbs., dark hazel eyes, 8" cut, into phone J/O group action, jock exchange, W/S, no scat, exhibitionism, public toilets late at night. Only those who worship bulging jock pouches need reply. P.O. Box 4764, San Francisco, CA 94101

HANDSOME CAUCASIAN DAD SEEKS

slim Chinese son who is under 30 for a warm, sincere, loving relationship. Photo please. 484 Lake Park Avenue, #36 Oak and, CA 94110

HOT WHITE ASS
Bodybuilder, GWM, 30, 5'8", 160 hot body, hot ass, craves smooth muscular black men who are extra-hung and into plowing "hot white ass." No farts or fems. No drugs, poppers OK. Your photo gets mine. Extra-hung, uncut Latinos also a turn-on. Box 113DS

MAN WANTS TO BE YOUR BOY
I'm not a slim, young, hairless little boy, so if that's what you're looking for, you'll have to keep looking. But if you enjoy the idea of making a man into your boy, then this man is for you. I'm WM, 35, 5'10", handsome, muscular. Am novice requiring some patience, but am eager to please my Daddy. Please, Sir, take control. Box 116DS

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

YOUNG MUSCULAR SCATMAN
sought by slim, goodlooking hungry black. Mutual scenes okay. Ben (415) 441-1550

TRUE SUBMISSIVES JUMP
to obey Bondage Master's commands. Novices gently trained. SM, BD, leather, safe sex. Limits—expanded. Locals call (415) 467-5128 (no telephonics—machine often answers). Others write with photo. The Colonel, Box 912, Brisbane, CA 94005

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED
by hot top, 34, 5'10", 150 lbs., 30" waist, 40" chest, hung for a 30-35, goodlooking, mischievous slave, who will submit to SM, B&D, WS, exhibitionism, and education. Slave will enjoy leather bodybuilding, and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 626-1670

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

MEN
Looking for masculine, short, handsome men under 35 who are intelligent, professional, and into safe sex, wrestling, C/B work, bondage. Write Allen, 100 Valencia St., St. 242, San Francisco, CA 94103

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER LOVER
35-year-old leatherman looking for young leatherman who wants safe sex in leather. All fantasies. Try it in leather—you'll like it. (415) 863-7384

TIED UP AND TORTURED
Awaiting loser of submission match with 22, 6', 195, college wrestler. If me no sweat, I can take it. Can you? Challenge letter with photo/phone. Box 4425

MAN MEAT
Big huge dicks wanted by 40-year-old, handsome, hairy, hung, imaginative cocksucker. It doesn't get any better. Letter with photo- phone gets mine. Box 4433

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WANTED: REAL MAN
who is straight-appearing, masculine and serious in pursuing a relationship. No games or BS. Prefer 5'10" = ht. I'm 38, 6'1", 180#, brown hair/moustache and very masculine looking. Send photo to Tom, P.O. Box 642, Glendale, CA 91209. Thanks!

HAIRY YELLOW BLOND
wanted by masculine, 50, 6', stocky, dominant stud. Safe, rubber, gentle. Write L.O., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. SFV, Glendale Burbank best Pass, non-promiscuous are bonuses

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT
L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big uncut cock and g-bags. Write to Dear Sir! Box #106

LEATHER ACTION
Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., good-looking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action discipline, SM outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED
Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to Box 4177LF

BIG FAT PIG
Los Angeles Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and hamhock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Box #3179LF

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS
Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-9273

SAN DIEGO
Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967

DENTURES LICKED
Oral service for uniformed sadists only. CHP/LAPD pref. (818) 913-3819

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shackled. Your cock & bails harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate. cocksucker, as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked, submissive, horny cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you cocksucker, and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave, sextoy, houseboy, and obedient pet I want you to be. Inexperienced, boyish, young pup or manly, untrained macho novice OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible, W/M Leathermaster. 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now cocksucker! Box 3862, F

STIMULATING

Correspondence regarding mutual interests which are TT, BD, SM, LL and shaving. I am 5'10", 180, blk hair, brn eyes, tattoos & 40s. You should be in your late 20s & 30s & versatile. Southern California desert areas. Send photo & phone to Box 4254, F.

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s leather rev. guy in shape clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr. Redn. San P. LAX area for friends fun on off major cycle. Ltr Ph # to Box 4248

BIG WORKED-ON NIPPLES

Muscular bodybuilder, 38, 5'5", 145 lbs., with big nipples, pecs, tattoos to meet other uninhibited muscular studs over 5'5". Into sensual tit-action, J/O, visuals and fantasy. Photo & phone to P.O. Box 480651, Los Angeles, CA 90048

TIGHT ASS, DEEP THROAT BOTTOM

UNINHIBITED BOTTOM, WM, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., masculine tight end, brn. hair, seeks to meet exceptionally masculine, X-HUNG, HAIRY DADDIES, MASTERS, POLICEMEN, TRUCKERS. INTO MOST SCENES - NEED LIMITS EXPANDED. I AM AFFECTIONATE EDUCATED DISCRETE HEALTHY. Photo and phone to MKE 6371 E. Ca on Blvd. Suite 32 San Diego CA 92115

WANTED.

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully-subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938 29 Palms Calif 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable

BAD BOY

NEEDS TO BE RAPED

WM, 27, 6'1", 165 lbs, hung boy needs hand, paddle, strap spanking by sexy Top/Daddy. I need to be raped or gangbang as punishment. Descriptive letter to Dave P.O. Box 4645, Laguna Beach CA 92652

SAN DIEGO

Defiant, built handsome 6'2", 180 lbs., 31-yr, 7" needs to serve, respect, obey mean, strong forceful donkey commander-beltmaster willing to work his great cock body, mind to whip-humiliate this unruly man into his obedient cock-worshipping show-dog-ass slave. Box 4380

TORTURER WANTED

Masochistic WM, 42, 5'10", 145, brn/blu seeks sadist to help explore bond which develops between a torturer and his victim. Box 4392

LEATHER BIKER

Hooded, harnessed, uniformed tall, booted, cod-pieced, all-leather biker, 42, 160 lbs, smooth muscular body looking for buddies. Box 4373

KINKY BUT NOT SLEAZY

Hot, handsome, muscular, hairy, hung Master (31) seeks handsome muscular slave into hard fucking spanking TT CBT and rough treatment. No drugs, smoke. Send photos front and rear. Box 4391

FIND HIM
IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Men under 45 preferred. Have chair. San Diego County only. Box 4401

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s). Me: WM 34-6'-170-175 lbs, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit tort., W.S. travel LA SD You: -6' while dominant, under 45 healthy good shape. Photo & phone to Box 2142 Mission Viejo CA 92690-0142

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well-equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home. (213)254-3038

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot dominant X-hung hairy leather-Cowboy Master's Daddies who need slave and coddling. am G-P FAC deep Throat w/try most scenes. Clean Healthy! (619)231-4448

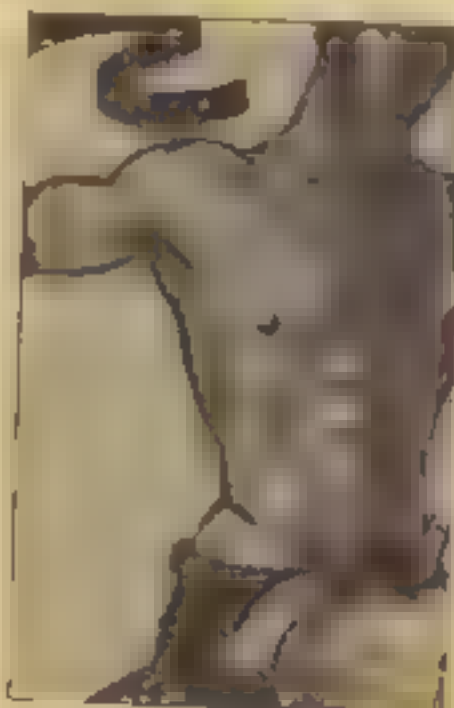
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Los Angeles, CA 90026

GET CLEANED OUT!

Hot WM, 38, 5'10" gives big hot enemas to hot men only. Am creative verbal; particularly enjoy military/fraternity-type trips. Send phone. Box 4395

HOT SWEATY STUDS

GET DOWN AND OFF IN OUR WIDE SELECTION OF GAY VIDEO MOVIES AT:

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TOPMAN/TRAINER FOR BODYBUILDER

B&D as in *Drummer 77*, pgs. 45-52. If you are a hot TOPMAN interested in a permanent challenge, blond bodybuilder, stable, financially successful, needs directed training, mentor, and Dad to develop, shape, and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and leather experience, have much potential—and the time is NOW! #245, 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills, CA 90211

TORRID, EROTIC LEATHER SEX

Hairy beefy masculine GWM, 30, 5'7", solid 160 lbs., with hot nipples needs wild workouts from sincere stable, health-conscious, safe, discrete macho top. No drugs or lifts. Enjoy nature, good life. Possible relationship. Explore my abilities. "Roger", P.O. Box 93281, Los Angeles, CA 90093

SAN DIEGO—L.A.**TOP WANTED**

by goodlooking, 36-year-old executive who's 6' tall, sports 195 pounds of bodybuilding muscle and likes to have his tits worked on while servicing your huge equipment. YOU Masculine top, 36 to 45, who's intelligent, muscular, non-promiscuous, wants a good relationship and is very well-hung. *uncut*. Please reply with your phone number and a recent photo. Thanks. Box 4462

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, handsome W/m, 40, 6'1", 190#, sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA, 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm)

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

San Bernardino slave needs training in any scene, licking your dirty boots, cock worship, toilet training, open up my ass. Await photo & orders. Sir! Box 4487

PIERCED, TATTOOED**LA TOM**

Bearded, 6', 155# W/m mid-40s looking for L/L, boot-lickin' p.s.s., drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Box 3741

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY W/M young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate loving and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862LF

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF bottom. Must have good head and body. Skiers welcome! Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical demanding arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig boots, polished or rough feet, clean or dirty mental and physical workouts. SM VA hrsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kenne, training, military discipline. 52 6 180 bs. Travel USA. Box 4411LF

HOUSEBOY SLAVE WANTED

Will train right guy for complete service. Room, board and spending money provided. Call evenings—Mark (213) 402-5461

REORGANIZED**LEATHERMASTERS**

Now accepting applications (213) 664-6422

COP WORSHIPPER

Cops—call (818) 913-3819 for boot service.

SAN DIEGO

If you are in San Diego on Mondays or Tuesdays, give me a call. Any race if you have a big dick that need to be taken care of (619) 265-563

SLEAZE FISTER

WM 33, 150 5'11" Hot h.o.e. needs trained hands for expanding sloppy h.o.e. into WS CBT enemas, leather scat, dirty sex all out. Anything goes, under 40 preferred. Let's play. Call (805) 322-9239

BLACK LEATHER MASTER

30, seeks intelligent, obedient slave 21-30, any race, for leather S&M sessions. No limits—no excuses. P.O. Box 81664, San Diego, CA 92138

CHUBBY BB WORSHIPPER

White, moderate chubby, 43, 5'11", 220 lbs, balding, reddish-brown hair, bearded, bear-like (though more flabby than beely) wants to worship, kiss, bite, tongue-bathe, caress and fondly your entire muscular body, with special emphasis on pec/nipple area until you cum and cum and cum and beg for more. You can be bound and/or gagged and/or banded. Or not. Other scenes considered. Reply with pic to Box 4421

L.A.

blond, 35-year-old, 150 lbs, good-looking seeks hot, butch, sadistic tops to torture, humiliate the queer dick of a total cocksucker. Extra heavy pain, kinky fantasies, ass-beatings, bondage, verbal abuse. 3-ways? Box 4450

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6'0" 220 into SM, FF, shaving, ball and tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel 213-223-9348

LET'S GET DOWN AND DIRTY

Into mud, mud wrestling, similar forms of less than good clean fun? WM biker/bear, 30, wants to meet you. Box 4420

DADDY TRUCKER 43**SEEKS SON**

Live and work for Dad. Must take orders and domination well. Young and slim. Call (619) 723-8481 Friday—Sunday, or write Box 4470.

TOILET

San Diego County only. State age. Box 4442.

HARLEY OWNERS—ORANGE COUNTY

Good-looking GWM 43, seeks non-smoking buddy(s) with Harley motorcycle. Object: fraternity and good times on our bikes. Your photo with bike gets mine. Let's ride! Jim, PO Box 11538, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

SADOMASOCHIST STUD

Experienced and versatile, tall, mid-40s. Likes bondage, suspension, whips, cock torment, hot wax, clamps, oral sex. Bob Johnston, 2170 W. Broadway, #196, Anaheim, CA 92804

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9466

LOOKING FOR LOVER

Looking for 18-28 GWM lover. Will assist to relocate to Los Angeles. Me: 35, GWM, brown/green, 145#, successful and attractive professional 5'11". Write to Rick Andrews, 7985 Santa Monica, #109-335, Los Angeles, CA 90046

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: (213) 656-9813.

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well hung, goodlooking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony. (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047.

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Uncut Cock & Grobes for C&B Torture. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

UNCUT BODYBUILDER

Hot BB, 31, 5'10", 190 lbs, hung uncut, Bl/Blu, moustache, seeks other BBs 20-45 for hot JO or more. Prefer over 175 lbs. All letters with pic will be answered. Penpals welcome. Box 281, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

SMOOTH MUSCULAR SHOWOFFS

Wanted by hot top for strip training. Rip it—expose it, now! Spankings! Jack, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/448, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

DAD WANTS SON—MONOGAMOUS

WM, 30, 5'11", 190#, hazel, blond, beard & moustache wants WM son 18-35, preferably smaller than Dad but with large cock and balls. Son should be Greek a/p. Son will submit to B D light-to-heavy SM W/S etc. Proper behavior will result in affection. Bad behavior results in stearn bare ass punishment. Son must find employment, further education, and work out Central California area. Write to Dear Sir! Box #110

U: BLT LKE BRICK SHT HSE

Us: B+k & White Leathermasters. Want Cmpt-type BB only to crawl, beg, sniff, lap suck and get fucked. Have dungeon video camera all "amenities" waiting for the real thing. Write to Dear Sir! Box #111.

2 GOING TO ITALY—'85

Nice-looking gay W couple, early 50s, coming to Rome, Florence and Venice in '85. Like to meet English-speaking Italian men. Over 40 a plus. Write Fred, Box 68884, Burbank, CA 91510. Please be hairy and friendly.

**BLACK/WHITE/
CHICANO/SEX,
SEX**

No hang-ups on weight, height, size. Over 35 are the best. Experience, willing to give, take, a must. Requirements Local L.A., my place only. Be a M/S, J-straps, restraints, W/S, boots, raunchy or ??? A low dirty, hot verbal abuse above all. Hairy dudes get sweaty, taste and smell good. Try it—you will like it. Write to *Dear Sir!* Box #114

HOT MASC. CLOSET TV

likes to wear hose, girdle, garter-belt to service hot men. 6'1", 165, brn/blu. Also into enemas, J.D. P.O. Box 85772, Los Angeles, CA 90072

MENTOR FOR LEASE (LONG-TERM)

Distinguished, intelligent, mellow gentleman, 58, good-looking, good-humored, huge-nippled and ringed seeks spoiled (or spo lab.e) dominating hedonist, 18-40ish, straight, bi or gay, to pamper, worship, adore, and help him expand his cultural and financial horizons. His monogamy and sexual rec. pro. cation neither requested nor preferred. I am free to travel and can assist his relocation to the beautiful California desert. Photo and phone please to *Dear Sir!* Box #104.

TALL MUSCULAR BLOND

Slim, 39, Gr/p. Fr/ap, JO wants slim, 18-27, your place often Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

GM COUPLE MEET SAME

Attractive M couple 50s to meet same. Dinner, theatre, cards, outings. Sex possible, but not prerequisite to be friends. Fred, Box 684, Burbank, CA 91510. Sincere decent, please

COLORADO

YOUNG SLAVE SON

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303)433-9587. Write Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218

CONNECTICUT

WANTED: LEATHER BUDDY, COP

Inexperienced, 28, cute, wants hot friend, clean, WM, no pain, no fat, no drugs. Photo a must. Daddy types, Newtown Area best. Box 4427

LOOKING FOR BUDDY FRIEND

Hot, attractive, 42, 5'8", 165 together, well-built, uncut German top man seeks athletic, well-built submissive males 25-45, with round tight buns for hot sex, bun-fucking, sucking, light bondage etc. Let's live out our fantasies. I'm open-minded, versatile. No feds, drugs, etc. Write P.O. Box 10141, W. Hartford, CT 06110. Travel to California Summer '85

LEATHER SM BIKER

Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex, in dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write—enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF

HARTFORD

GWM grad student (36, 5'8", 150 lbs., masculine, athletic) seeks place to rent with similar GWM while working in Hartford June-August, 1985. Mike (804) 979-4499

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient, thin bottoms (16-32) at my CC location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WH8 P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilmington DE 19805

D.C. METRO

FIST?

GWM, 26, bottom (Gr/Fr), hairy, new to FF, enemas, and W/S seeks a patient top to stretch my ass with his dick, toys, and hopefully fist. Mac, P.O. Box 33155, Washington, DC 20033

**NY-DC CORRIDOR LEATHER
MAM**

Will travel for leathered booted top for heavy bondage, hoods, gags, collars, restraints, tits, CB, complete domination-control, harness susp cycles. Other things desired. Tall, muscular, beard a plus. No permanent relationship, but regular sessions, threesomes. Write *Dear Sir* Box #108

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den." All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

Attractive intelligent, gentle, WM, 26, 6', 185, black/brown, looking for good-looking, clean-shaven, WMs 18-30 to serve as houseboy and bondage slave for short- or long-term. Novices encouraged (Visiting D.C.? Will show you sights and good time while you serve.) Smooth blonds a priority but all welcome. Send photo, detailed letter/application and phone to Boxholder P.O. Box 1598, Washington, DC 20013

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING

Me: 5'11", 175 lbs., muscular 33. You into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting, being shaved. Box 4145



slave and master video presents

scatman

a verbal

adventure

Sadistic Master Jim hosts a perverse little party. While the guests gobble pizza and swill beer, Jim sits bare-assed on Slave Muir's face and tells nasty stories about shit-eating. Then, just for fun, he puts the slave's balls in a vise and tightens it. Finally, he heats a branding iron with an acetylene torch and permanently brands his initials on the slave's ass. This film about pain and degrada-

tion is not for the faint of heart. It is rated X for mature adults only. It is unique.

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Slave & Master
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

WELL-BUILT

Unruly military type W/M 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut, responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, FF, or hard drugs. Box 3868

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39 dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility; am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, Btwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

FLORIDA

FOOT WORSHIPPING DOG SLAVE

seeks bondage, obedience surveillance, p-g-out training, interrogation and supervision by military, prison & trooper personnel. Desperate need to worship right person. Box 4465

NOVICE SLAVE

WM 35, intelligent, eager to learn and please firm leather Master. Sir, please send me your instructions. Miami/Ft. Lauderdale. Box 4411

MEATHOUND

Animal seeks advance training from KENNEL MASTERS using heavy mind fucking, abrasives, heat, C&B torture, compression rings, extensive electrotorture of balls, cock and asshole. Travel Southeast. Box 4426DS

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive late 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie W S G S B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gail, (904)496-2070.

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy: 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung, big, strict, loving. Son: boyish, smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4140

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Butch tops also contact me for memorable 3-way. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24571, 3350 NE 12th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

MIAMI DADDY JM (DRUMMER 63)

I could be the son you want. PO Box 3038, Columbus, OH 43210

APOLLO

Lifeguard, Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485

BONDAGE

young good-looking muscular man interested in bondage trips of all kinds. Write: J. Esposito, 4200 NW 3rd Ct., #106, Plantation, FL 33317

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10", hairy and hung, big Boy's younger (but legal) age, smooth with a big chest dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home, full training, strict control and decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

ATHLETIC W/M

29 seeks down-to-earth well-built masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32789-5121. Photo please.

GEORGIA

WM, 40, 6'1", 175 lbs

BB 43C 32W reddish-brown hair, beard, moustache. Strong arms and legs. Seeks Gr a topman muscular and hung. I don't travel, you need to be in area of passing through. Have lots of interests especially literary, pub, author, lifting, music and sports. If pride in body and mind attracts you, write with photo and let's connect. Roy F. Wood, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601. Sincerely would help.

EDUCATED CONSTRUCTION JOCK

Loves discrete, anything goes, man-to-man sex with hot, well-built, mature leatherman or nylon spandex jock biker men to rub, feel, smell, taste. I am turned on to myself. Shy, timid, bashful or lardasses stay away. My hobby is self-photography. Body photo and frank letter gets same. M.M., P.O. Box 1472, Liburn, GA 30247

BODYBUILDER/MASTER/DADDY

seeks young individual to be dominated in a variety of scenes. Photo required and letter of introduction. Rewards for good service. Write to Dear Sir! Box #112.

MATURE ATLANTA MALE

seeks clean Master 25 to 40 TT, C&BT, spanking, verbal abuse, bootwork, bodyservice, pay \$50 each session. No FF, scat, bruises, damage, injury. Atlanta vicinity. Send photo and I will return. Write to Dear Sir! Box #115.

FRIENDSHIP+

GWM, 25 seeks someone for friendship plus. New to gay life and Georgia. P.O. Box 669121, Marietta, GA 30066

HEAVY FISTFUCKING, MORE

given/taken by GWM. Large hands especially sought. Photo to P.O. Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357

SENSITIVE TOP/DAO

5'8" 145# 40 moustache br/bl. Stable, healthy man seeks steady, young sex partner bottom. You must be slim, bright, need affection as well as heavy Greek action and fulfillment as sex slave. Photo to P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, GA 30301-0306

GEORGIA

SIR!

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training. please Sir. Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

WM 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir! This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write, Sir, or call (404)881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders. Sir! Box 4483LF

BOOT-WHIP

BALL SLAVE

Boothlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr and ball work (weights, vices, snapping, whipping). Also into nautical duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone # Box 4344

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078

EXTRA HUNG

BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock, cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Box 4074.

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom, 26 I give funky rear French to and get gangbangs (with rubbers) by rough trade, ex-cons, Latinos, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy (David) Atlanta (404)876-2251

HOT MAN

W/m, 34, 6', 165 lbs., totally masculine and athletic, seeks slim or well-muscled masculine W/M only who will retrain me and fuck my face. Letter with your interests to MSI, Box 8375, Atlanta, GA 30306. Discretion assured

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB

43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard, seeks very muscular Gr Act man. My place only. Traveling? NE GA? Your letter, photo, info gets mine. Musc, strong, sincere please. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell, kiss, and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethnic types okay. David, Atlanta (404)876-2251

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined, looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to D. Johnson 975 W Peachtree St. NE #9A, Atlanta Georgia 30309

HAWAII

HAWAII, GWC IN PARADISE

38, 6'5", 185 lbs., blondish-brown hair, blue eyes & 51, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair and eyes—both handsome, masculine, open, honest, versatile, well-hung and aim to please. Seeking friends, pen pals, houseboy (18+), for correspondence, dinner, meeting, island touring, or whatever. Will also provide tourist information, to include booking of air transportation and hotel if desired. Write P.O. Box 75534, Honolulu, HI 96836-0534. Photo appreciated

ILLINOIS

PART-TIME SLAVE

Blond, slim, moustache. Wants to be used for your pleasure. No scat or heavy pain. Need to broaden experience. Photo and phone to Box 4490

BLACK MASTER WANTED
Young white male seeks sadistic
trim black Master who enjoys plac-
ing his slave in bondage and tortur-
ing him until he gets what he
wants. Send letter photo phone to
Box 4385.

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP
Aggressive GWM 6' 185 lbs 34"
waist brown hair & eyes short
beard and moustache looking for
bottoms slaves into hot sweaty
times. Fucking Sucking F-WS
Bondage Etc. Reply with photo-
letter P.O. Box A3610 Chicago IL
60690

WM DAD SEEKS SON
Want son 18 plus who can rock and
act very boyish. Write Jay No
179 606 West Barry Chicago IL
60657

BOTTOM 22, 9' CUT
Want a big man I'm heavy into a
big cock Master tell me what he
is going to do with his cock. J
O Sullivan 8411 Andrea Wood
ridge IL 60517 (312) 985-1481

GENUINE MASOCHISTS
Sought by W.M. Sadist for extended
sessions and possible at grishp.
Your agony is my pleasure and
your pleasure is in keeping me
happy. Must be in good shape. Ca
Si (312) 261 3912

GWM 40
Wants brown and ve low bottom
red hanky bottom—Send in p &
photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago,
IL 60614.

YOUNG STUD WANTED
GWM 5' 11" 165 brown hair must-
ache seeks stud who enjoys having
cock balls ass and balls fucked.
Send photo phone I will go over.
Box 4073

SHORT SLAVES. SONS ONLY
if you are 5' 7" or less and need a
strict Master Daddy then call 312
329-9249. Daddy is a white male
36 58 190 lbs with hairy chest
and beer gut. Serious calls only.

EXPERT COCKSUCKER!
Just lay back and spread your legs
and watch this 6' 36 150 7
handsome white man's hot mouth
work you over for hours. Recent
photo letter and phone returned
with mine. A P.O. Box 10270
Chicago IL 60610

MATURE MALE MASTER
white seeks slaves and submis-
sives for casual sessions. Not
interested in teacher role. Copies
drunkies or leather queens. Want
men 18-50 white or Oriental who
are healthy in good shape well
set up and know the score. Prefer
between 5' 11" and 6' 0" and 130 to 180
lbs. Box 44041 F

**YOUNG HORNY GOODLOOK-
ING GWM**
24 6' 2" 160 lbs brown hair green
eyes. Cr a Fr ap seeks smooch-
ing GMS 18-26 for hot times in
Chicago. No fats drugs. Non-
smoker straight appearance are
pusses. Send phone no and letter
to Dear Sir! Box #121. Photo
explicit helpful

REBEL SLAVE
GWM 26 5' 9" 170 lbs seeks domi-
nant sadistic master under 35 for
long possibly weekend sessions.
Slave to be kept chained by the
balls and forced to serve his mas-
ter. No fats or scal. If you're that
Master write Box 4384

MATURE MASTER
wants casual encounters. You
must be between 18 and 40 short
sim we defined and know what
to expect and what is expected.
Backs and Oriental's especially
welcome. Contact R. Smit Suite
134 8427 Ogden Ave. Brookfield IL
60513

CHICAGO DAD
41 5' 10" 165 lbs professional
seeks novice young men for hot
sessions into leather and disci-
pline but no heavy SM. Firm but
gentle. Write to Dear Sir! Box
#107

CHICAGO AREA DADDY
W.M. 40 plus 6' 170 gdlkg wants
to be gag suck & fuck cute sim
W.M. 21-40. Send phone number
photo Box 4075

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK
23-year-old novice moving to
Chicago in June and must be bak-
ing into leather scene seeks con-
tact with Chicago leathermen
28-32 for an introduction into the
lifestyle. Show me how you
became leathermen. Box 4064

**FIND HIM
IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!**

BOTTOM/SLAVE
WM 35 craves wh pp ng and full
ment of rape fantasy. Send letter
and photo. All answered Box 4415

LET'S GET TOGETHER
Handsome Ft Wayne Indiana area
male 25 5' 10" 150 lbs blond hair
blue eyes. Looking for special sin-
cere person to share life and fun
times with. I am a professional busi-
nessman and like to travel. Let me
hear from you a responses ans-
wered. Write to Dear Sir! Box
#102

WM SLAVEDOG TO 40
sought by sim Back Master.
Training obedience given by firm
disciplinarian. I will work to
expand your limits. Send SASE for
application to P.O. Box 122, Terre
Haute IN 47808

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP
Submissive W.M. 36 5' 8" 135 lbs
brown hair moustache 6' 4" cut with
hungry mouth and ass seeks older
Top Master to serve and serve. Ce
Photo phone appreciated. Bottom,
lives in S.W. Indiana Box 4065

TRUCKERS WELCOME
Chicago area cock sucker W.M.
26 6' 175 lbs good looking b/b
moustache willing to please. Box
142 Crown Point IN 46307

YOUNG ASS
23-year-old needs ass spanked
fired and pissed on. P.O. Box 9192,
Evansville, IN 47710

(415) 821-9952

DIAL-A-DADDY
For Discipline & Training

PHONE FANTASIES

HOT TOPS
HOT COPS
TRUCKERS
LEATHER
MISCELENE
UNIFORMS
SWEAT WS
JOCK STRAPS
BONDAGE / S&M

CREDIT CARDS

Make checks payable to
M.M. & M.M.
P.O. Box 421043/San Francisco, CA 94101

MEN ■ MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 years old.



BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10 1/2" tall, with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

WELL-HUNG!

WM, 26 years old, 6', 170 lbs brown hair and eyes considerer handsome seeks meaningful relationship with loving faithful WM. have a lot of cock and loving to give. I'm financially secure, and business minded. I like sports reading, music and passionate loving. I'm Gr-a, Fr-a/p. Tony Harris, PO Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46364 #7447

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W/M 35, 145#, 5'7": Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer. Forward photo specs & # to Box 3996

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby, 18-25, small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to Paul, P O Box 184, Ottumwa, IA 52501

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot, athletic, 5'11", 165#, 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines, IA 50301.

KANSAS

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing, Top-eka, Lawrence, Kansas City, Mo. I'm waiting. Box 4852, Topeka, KS 66604

KENTUCKY

NEW TO LEX/CIN AREA

38-year-old, hairy GWM interested in meeting others into CBTT, FF, toys, enemas, SM piercings, tattoos, etc—top and bottom. Reply to Box 4439

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM, 30, 6', 165,

LF4458, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504)282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

WANTING TOP

Seeks dominant men between 35-45 who will open me to new sexual horizons. Interests include shaving my crotch/ass, light SM, man-to-man fucking/sucking. I'm Gr-p hot horny s/m GWM very hairy. 30 years old 6'2" brown hair blue eyes. Reply with photo and phone address if possible. Box 4413

STRIPPER

wanted for directed semi-public scene. PO Box 50964, New Orleans, LA 70150

SUBMISSIVE MALE

wants to serve dominant male or female. Write Boxholder, PO Box 50996, New Orleans, LA 70150

NEW ORLEANS

Young white/oriental wanted for light bondage. No S/M. I'm GWM, 47, (504)831-9298

MAINE

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON

Previous experience not necessary. Live-in relationship possible. Looking for clean-cut, ambitious types. Write and tell me what you are looking for. All letters answered (LF4459). PO Box 2186 South Portland, ME 04106

MAINE

Professional, masculine, 42, 190# 6'1", hazel eyes, brown hair, very hairy body, full trim beard, seeks close relationship and friends to correspond and possible lover. Your photo will get mine in reply. Will answer all letters. Write Roger, 80 St. Thomas St., Apt. #3 Madawaska, ME 04756

MARYLAND

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm, corrective discipline, whack the seat of my pants good, or redden my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad, new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish great ass. Photo and letter Nick, One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155.

FIND DADDY HERE!

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND— GWM—SLIM

Successful professional, 5'6", 52, 31" waist, swimmer's body, muscular seeks friendship/relationship. P O Box 72, Timonium, MD 21093

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT YOUNG STUD

Athletic man looking for well-hung raunchy topman to service. Enjoy uninhibited sex and am open to most scenes. Mark, Box 350 Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123 (617)267-1357

35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

CAPE COD SERVICE MAN

Lean, athletic bottom, brown hair and beard, green eyes and hot buns to bite, spank and be fucked by ruff, jockey clad, booted Daddy into macho trips. Make me beg. Please, Sir. Mark, Box 322, Yarmouthport, MA 02675

C&B, B&D, TT, W/S, ELECTRIC

you are 18-28 GWM desiring heavy, but sane, scene. Call DS (617) 256-2968

MICHIGAN

S SEEKS M, 18-30, WM, WELL- BUILT

individual who is seeking lifemate relationship. No fats, fems, hustlers or Blacks. Include photo. P O Box 92, Farmington, MI 48024

LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

INEXPERIENCED BUT INTERESTED

Mutual WS, dildos, FF, enemas. Mainly bottom, WM, 34, seeks above with affection. Letter, photo if possible. Then... Box 4337

TIGHT LEVIS BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10" 28 tight body good looks. Into leather, snug levis, betty boots. Seek wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bugger crotches, tight black leather pants/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRK, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01701 (LF3994).

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

BONDAGE SLAVE

GWM bondage slave, 68, wants young Master age 23-35, preferable uncut. Will service Masters—both my holes available. Gr-p, Fr-a. Bondage slave is interested in having cock and balls stretched with weights and would like to try golden showers and head cheese. Can travel. Your photo and phone gets mine. WS C&B are OK. No drugs, pain, whips, FF or SM. Box 4430

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W/S, shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3854

MINNESOTA

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Photo, phone please. Write to Dear Sir! Box #109

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/s-slave: slim smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM. BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked, must be excellent cock-sucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane, demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133

MISSOURI

BIZARRE-S/M-OCCULT

Mature WM wants to meet serious-minded men interested in the above. Box 4323

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS
Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

LIVE THE WEEKEND FANTASY!
Two forties dads seek appreciative son for weekend B&D sessions. Hustlers and egocentrics need not respond. Write detailed qualifications and requests for consideration. Must enjoy no-nonsense sex. Sir Thomas, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123

SLAVE WANTED
Dominant white male requires submissive white slave boy over 18 years. Your only purpose in life is to serve. No limits respected. Uniforms and boys with high-pressure jobs a plus. Send explicit letter with nude or half-nude photo. All answered. Write Dear Sir! Box #103

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE
Ritual discipline needed by 6'2", 190W, 33-year-old blond who can also give same. Novice interested in punishment more than sex, with sane, safe partner. Prefer bareback whipping, but will negotiate. Write P.O. Box 5311, Kansas City, MO 64131

K.C. AREA BOTTOM
need serious dominant Daddy/Master, 38-50 to explore and expand his limits. Your "boy" is blond

butch, goodlooking, 30, 5'9", 160
Replies strictly confidential. Photo gets mine. Cops welcomed. P.O. Box 36592, Kansas City, MO 64111

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE
Seeks firm sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28 5'9" 135# w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425

REAL MEN WANTED
WM, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all-male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Box 4162

NEBRASKA

HOT BOTTOM
looking for rough, wild times in Lincoln, Omaha. Abuse me, degrade me, beat me. Into CBT, BD, WS, VA, leather—almost anything. 31, 6'2", 175. Box 4436

NEVADA

WANTED
handsome Mexican/Latino men, 18 to 30, for friendship, penpals, etc. Must have moustache, dark hair. Uncut preferred. Photo a must. Me GWM, 22, 5'11", 180W. Write P.O.

Box 72291, Las Vegas, NV 89170-2291

VERY SPECIAL GUY

seeks same. Am lusty, healthy, masculine, medium musculature, nice equip., well-defined chest, br/bl, little body hair, tall. I go easy on liquor, etc. Am fast-lane type but burnt out on one-nighters. Travel in career frequently. Am fun, adventurous, sensitive, like sun, ocean, cars, sports and will provide home and extras for the ambitious man I seek. Am 45, you can be any legal age, but in shape, or working at it. Let's try. Suite 113, 2375 E Tropicana Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89109

PRISONER

21, from New Mexico, confined in prison in Nevada. Would like to correspond with other gays or anyone willing to write. Will answer all. Gary Collura #14631, NSP Unit 6 W-266, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702

NEW JERSEY

SEX SLAVE FOR LOAN
Master will loan slave dog to mature, experienced topmen for sucking and fucking pleasure. Slave is 40s, 5'11", 130, slim body, submissive, obedient—needs experience with other masters to complete training. Master will consider all replies and periodic 3-ways. No heavy pain trips. NJ/NYC area only. Photo helpful. Take your pleasure. Box 4467

WANTED: DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE

Do you want a daddy? A real daddy who will give lots of love and affection to you. A daddy who will show you the ropes as he takes you as his son—then uses the ropes on you as he makes you his slave in his well-equipped training room. Daddy/Master Goodlooking, experienced, dominant, affectionate, firm but caring, health conscious WM, 42, 5'9", 150, good build, dark hair, moustache. Daddy's Boy/Slave Goodlooking, masculine, WM, 21-30, medium to small build, obedient, affectionate, submissive and completely bottom. Into SM, BD, spankings, enemas, toys, etc. No brutality. You must have a genuine desire to really be daddy's boy/slave. Will consider a daddy's boy that has slave potential. Send photo, which will be returned, phone, and frank letter to P.O. Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, litwork, kink, VA. No fats, feds, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs W/M and hot. Drummer Box #3856

IF HE'S NOT HERE
HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

VIDEO

STEAMROOM

WORKOUT ROOM

FANTASY ROOMS

(Reservations available - 24-hour limit)

WESTERN ROOM

MOTORCYCLE ROOM

DUNGEON

"O.R."

PRIVATE ROOMS & LOCKERS

(8-hour limit)

DOUCHE ROOM

SLINGS & A RACK

CAGE

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES
TO OUT-OF-TOWN GUEST



LEATHERMAN'S
BATH CLUB

1314
ROSALIE
HOUSTON, TEXAS
(713) 524-PIGS



GOODTIMES

GWM, 5'9", 160# br/br, 37, friendly, versatile seeks gays/bi-a 18-45 for goodtimes. No strings Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, NJ 07083

NEED SPANKING AND ?

Looking for hung, cut, older Daddy type to give "caught in the act" spanking Hot, hairy 27. Spank me, then teach me about men. Write and tell me how Box 4440

FISTING TOPS AND BOTTOMS

A new way to meet and play, at private parties, write PO Box 694, Roselle, NJ 07203

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6', 172 lbs., 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner Top/bottom trade offs. Light SM bondage possible. No drugs or feds Box 4138

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

HEAVY-HANDED TORTURE

Small, slightly overweight dude seeks young studs for weekend workouts. Total pain given—total pain sought. Send detailed letter, photo if possible. Monmouth County, Box 4488

NEW YORK

JOCK INTO RUBBER BONDAGE!!!

Attn: Studs/topmen 28-40 who wear hot sweaty rubber gear (coats/suits/hoods/boots/gloves/wetsuits/etc.) and enjoy the tactile sensations that only rubber against flesh can produce. Sir, are you man enough to put this hot 35 5'11" 150 lb.lla an with a o k-bulld into total rubber bondage and show me what it takes to satisfy a real stud? Sir do you need a rubber buddw who can handle the steamy/sweaty action that only two hot men in rubber can create? If gearing up in rubber turns you on Sir I can take it! Those who are less than a topmen (and you know who you are) need not reply; only serious rubber men need reply with photo and hot letter (state gear and interests) to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 7942, FOR Station, New York, NY 10150.

BRANDED, SM TATTOOS OF WS.

lashing, branding, suspension on entire body Slave also has 8-inch cock, crotch tattooed, takes 4-inch ball stretcher prolonged rigid bondage, gives complete toilet service. Intelligent, handsome, early-50s sturdy, fine cook, gardener, driver, seeks permanent position with master(s) anywhere. Write to Dear Sir! Box #105.

BIG BLOND SLAVE WANTED

by tall, hot muscular leatherman. 35. Pete (212) 924-6606. No others, please. Prefer 18-29-year-old

DISC COCKSUCKER TRADE WELCUM

Wms, slim, 18-40s jocks, hard-hats, uniforms a plus, but not a must, that have a hard cock, early AM and live in mid-Manhattan and would love to drop that load in my mouth before work or after, let me suck on your jock or BVDs to get you nice and hard before I service your dick with my warm hot mouth or you can try out my ass. Write with photo to P.O. Box 1185, New York, NY 10009

HOT MAN SEEKS STUD

Hot, healthy, good-looking professional with moustache, 35, 5'10", 150 lbs., versatile, with good body seeks sexy leather topman/master who is health-conscious, imaginative, over 5'9", approximately 35-45, good cock/body, for B/D, assplay/toys, W/S/pisshole play FF, verbal SM. Willing to experiment, learn from skillful teacher if hot & intense Cleanliness a must—no scat, crazies. Together men send letter with photo to WPH, 66 7th Ave., #3A, New York NY 10011. NYC only

TOILET SLAVE

offers full service, and the most spankable ass in the Western Hemisphere, to handsome or cute young studs under 30, one-on-one or gang banks. Shaved head, trim body Long-term relationship desired Sir Face photo in first letter to Jim, P.O. Box 84, DMS, 132 West 24th, New York, NY 10011 Be sincere am.

FUCK THIS FACE

deep-throat sexpert seeks heavy-hung for regular oral actin, no reciprocation Out-of-towners welcome Condoms, poppers OK. Has another Fr/a buddy for 3-ways, if desired. Send photo and description of needs to FOX, P.O. Box 20036, New York NY 10129

BODYBUILDER SEEKS SPONSOR

33, 5'10", 155 lbs, 45C, 16A, hung-thick. Seeks older, submissive, generous sponsor, any area. Pix available P.O. Box 585, Paisades, NY 10964

WANTED: THICK MUSCULAR SLAVE

by tall, demanding, good-looking, intelligent Master Send photo and obedient request to: P.O. Box 20004 Lond. Terr. Sta., New York, NY 10011. Prefer 18-29-year-old Photo a must Get to it!

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off, heat up, and fuck Oct., 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE

CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung tall, slender, 40s, moustache, weekend service between Syracuse/NYC Box 4157

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6', under 230 lbs.) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting WM, 6', 185 lbs., 29, extremely good-looking blond, blue eyes, muscular station, LF4407 Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all—looser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex No bottoms need apply only looking for serious fighters Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try—I they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City; visitors/challengers welcome Write with picture to: MS, P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754

REAL LEATHER SADIST

wanted by very handsome BB 5'11", 165 lbs., 30 into humiliation in general Safe S&M sex in particular Photo please. Box 4389

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 yrs old 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung thick, hard butt, moustache, dark hair Italian experienced in many phases of SM as both a dominant and submissive. Dominant topmen and submissive slaves invited to explore our mutual limits. man-to-man, in a health-conscious way Masculine attitude important, travels often detailed letter and pic to Box 690 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011

G/W/M, 42, 5'6", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me, Sir? Box 3891LF

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES

Gay male nudist. Stamp/photo Studio 608, 14 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10012

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You short, 18-40, tiny cock. Goal, huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo/phone BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St., NY, NY 10003

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic-masc-musc B B s into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock-balls-tits-ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/want/beg for Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/sex master. Photo phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life No hustlers/fakes/fems. Box 3566

DOMINATING DAD

Enjoys wrestling with his well-built boy either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping tits, feet, humiliation all part of it. Hot if son occasionally beats the big man Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655, NY NY 10163

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone # J Mrier POB 3088, Kingston, NY 12401 (LF4092)

ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT

His big manass onto my asseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss, before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet B.J. I'm hot for nippleplay, will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet; service you, you and your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turn-ons: muscles, tattoos skinheads, big pecs, thighs & asses, facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel (212)684-3582

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your b g, sweaty feet (size 11-), serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185 lbs., who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 between 8-11 PM for heavy locker room action

FF TRAINER WANTED

NYC WM, 33, 5'7", 140, s. m. Seek a trim, experienced FF Top to train my novice ass and make it a huge hole for double-fisting and giant dildoes. Box 4046LF

SIR

N.Y.C. OR L.I.

WM, 35, 5'7", 170 lbs., 46" chest, 34" waist. Born to serve in leather, a Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss, Sir, I am into B&D, WS, FF body shaving and body piercing, enemas humiliation, verbal trips, plenty of tit work, look for long time relationship, will relocate for right Master Serious and sincere. Sir, Please send order form & photo to: J.H., P.O. 534 Long Beach NY NY 11561

FIREMEN/RUBBER

Let's turn on the hose. Fireman looking for same in rubber turnout gear 40s, 5'8", uncut. Write with picture to P.O. Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202

TEDDY-GRIZZLY BEAR

Very late 30s, 6'1", 210 lbs, dark hair. Interests: bondage, domination, submission sex. You 2nd/3rd World, 30-40, sexy, bright Box 4402

HOT HUMPY SLAVE

needs strong Master. My ass, tits, cock, balls are yours. Call (516) 546-1055.

HOT MUSCULAR BLOND BOTTOM

31, 5'8", 140 great tits, hole, needs to be used as sextoy by healthy muscular top (or group). Ever wanted to take a clean-cut guy get him stoned and do all those nasty things to him? I am that guy. Anything but scat or heavy beatings goes. John, PO Box 1058, New York, NY 10013

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus, expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered first Box 4163

HOT HAIRY PISSHOLE

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant, real men who spit/step on faggots Box 4172

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers, 41 & 25, in good shape looking for trim playmates & friends. We have a variety of interests and can be versatile. Photo please Write: Ron, Ellicott Station Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14205

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1) Young, 2) good looking, 3) muscular, 4) healthy, 5) submissive, 6) obedient? Are you prepared for: 7) Slavery, 8) training, 9) punishment, 10) two tall, good looking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications Box 673LF

FIT TO BE TIED—NEW YORK

WM, mid-60s, 6', 160#, bearded into patient seeking and exploration of homits and mutual satisfaction. Age unimportant—health consciousness is. Getting to know one another and getting it on real good from time to time Box 4429

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

from booted leather top. Sir, I'm standing at attention ready to be disciplined, mastered, and do what I'm ordered. Your bottom is 44, 5'8", brown hair/brown eyes, 160, masculine. If you like to dominate another guy, have him clean your boots and obey your orders, drop a line/photo to PO Box 20088, 234 10th Avenue, NYC, NY 10011

HOT TO SERVICE

GWM, 38, 5'11", 165, 8 1/2" uncut wishes to service other GWM or groups (cops, hard-hats, etc.). Likes some SM, watersports, bondage, verbal abuse. Sir, write PO Box 1185, New York, NY 10009

GENIUS SLAVE

seeks very young or very handsome aristocrat(s) with IQ(s) of 130-plus for lifetime disciplined domestic servitude with maximum kink, based upon total reality. Relocation either way possible. Sincere letters get immediate reply Box 84 Downstairs, 132 West 24th NYC 10011

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS

Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write: Box 649 New York, NY 10156

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy W/m 45, 160 lbs., looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms R.A., Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, good looking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the

US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582

NYC MASTER

Dominant Topman, 45, 5'11", 160 lbs, moustache, uncut 8 1/2" thick, into spanking, verbal humiliation, SM, FF, WS, and toys. Seeks healthy slave 20-35, submissive, ready to serve with deep and thirsty throat and hot asshole. Fats or fems forget it. Write obedient letter with photo to MSTR, PO Box 1157, New York, NY 10185

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

DADDY-TYPE TOP

looking for bottom-like son, with preference shown to formerly married exec. types, or, X-members of the military establishment, or graduates from a penal institution school or cock suckin'. Discretion assured as well as expected along with any and all limits respected. Photo not a must, but helpful and a phone # would help expedite this matter considerably. Could lead to a permanent live-in situation, if the vibes are as strong in the living-room as they are in the bedroom. Write: Box 4033, New York, NY 10017

SADIST

I am a top—can be a sadist—but demand total submission in any case. If you can handle it, write: Sir Paul Breeme, Box 148, NYC 10016 (LF4255)

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The American Booksellers Association will be holding their convention in San Francisco May 24-27. For a very small, very elegant, very private party (men and women guests), we need male volunteers—at least four—who will take part in an S&M tableau.

This will be an exercise in exquisite, tasteful, very stylized S&M. The event will involve bondage, some pain. At least two of the volunteers will have to be able to carry off a very submissive servant role as well. Nudity will be required.

Volunteers need to be attractive, experienced in S&M or at least a lot of enthusiasm will be necessary. This will not be an orgy. Sex with the guests will not be required. (But if you want... who knows?)

This event will be hosted by Mam 'selle Victoire and John Preston. If you're interested, send a letter and photograph to:

John Preston
Box 5314
Portland, Maine 04101

The event will be repeated in New York City sometime later in the summer. Volunteers from that city are also encouraged.

The original club for men into watersports:

The W/S Correspondence Club

is now seven years old

Send age & \$2.00 to

Tom Boire

584 Castro Suite #265D, S.F. 94114

For application

THE HUN COLORING BOOK



- 40-page book for adults only
- extra-large 11 x 15 format
- art suggestions
- stories to get you started

For information, send SASE signature, age 21 statement to

HUNHAUS, P.O. BOX 19240-A
LOS ANGELES, CA 90019

Jewelry for
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Gauntlet

8728 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90046
Phone (213) 557-8671

SLEAZY & SMELLY

WM, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose. Let me smell, let me lick. Sleazy, WS leather, uniforms, humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM, no scat, uncut a plus, muscles a must. Telephone no. for a very good time. Box 4143

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4", big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirt for W-Master in boots/leather w/ full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Box 3870

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged, muscular, hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip immobilize & manhandle this 5'7", 155# brown-haired BB, who my round, white butt till it glows & fuck it dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive & helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving drugs, damage please. New to area, your own workroom & camera are plusses. Photo/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun, loving considerate friends who care about their bodies and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Box 3863

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No FF, scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated-all answered. Box 3882

HOT, HORNY BLOND BOY

needs a master who can transform him into a pussy-slave. Into VA, humiliation. Wants to be kept in constant heat, stripped in public, kept shaved, forced to wear panties, piss-soaked jock straps. Box 4325

UP-STATE LEATHER MASTER

seeks slaves for full leather training. I'm in 30s, tall, muscular, dominant, you, with booted Master in fully equipped dungeon. Respond if in 30s, 40s, white, muscular, with photo. Box 4418

NOVICE SLAVE

WM, 34, 6'1", 190, hard body, ex-jock, blue eyed, blond, bearded otherwise shaved, independent, professional, established, stable warm, politically and medically aware. I await orders from a firm sane, caring top, 24-44, non-smoker who is willing to train me. Box 4412

YOUNG SUBMISSIVES WANTED

Professional, sane, dominant businessman living in Lower Westchester wants clean-cut, young submissive for training in obedience and man-to-man sex. Not into leather or drugs or heavy pain. Into humiliation, mind control and dominance. Submit detailed application photo and phone. Box 4479

SUBMISSIVE WRESTLER/KID/BROTHER

wanted by hot top, WM, 32, 6'3", 210 into JO, most scenes. You are 2-30. Wm, well-built, jock/punk into levis/leather. Novice OK. Go for it! Box 4438

LATINO OR ARAB TOP WANTED

GWM, 30s, goodlooking seeks a Master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, WS. You either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice Master welcome. Will answer letters from anywhere. P.O. Box 431, RH-Queens, NY 11418

DOMINANT BB WANTED

Very handsome WM, 26 years old, 6'2", 190 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, masculine, aggressive but submissive (not passive), looking for permanent relationship with dominant, masculine BB into bondage, ball stretchers, VA, JO, body worship and ass play. Reply to P.O. Box 78, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cut seeks licensed surgeon, especially Hispanic any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang", belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, proctological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe recircumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)285-5181, 9 PM-7 AM, Mon-Fri, and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor—your slut needs this.

SKIN TIGHT PANTS

baskets, round asses, shaved head snorting, sniffling devil freak. Blowjob a plus! Call (212)974-6370

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/w, 29, 180 lbs, bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket. MC cops turn on expect same. No scat. FF. Blacks will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops. Reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Box 3879

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean, non-viscous, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced, sane living and Haydn String Quartets. No drugs, alcohol, or single's scene, please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe—but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds—twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits, ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for hot action. Box 3880

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pecs, dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick 718) 803-2236 (LF4020)

NORTH CAROLINA

KINKY SEX

Dildos, paddles, lit clamps, hand-cuts, butt plugs, wrestling spanking, 3-somes, 4-somes, 5-somes, indoors, outdoors, etc. GWM, 21, 5'2", P.O. Box 27432, Raleigh, NC 27611

BODYBUILDING LEATHERMASTERS

Black leather, sweat, handcuts, hood, aching tits, hungry red ass, greased fists, contact, smell, suck, piss, submit, release. Box 4128

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Position now available for permanent full-time slave 23-35 by strict, muscular beltmaster. You will surrender yourself completely to me. You will obey all my commands without question. You will accept any punishment without protest. You will be completely available for my use and pleasure at all times. You will be owned, cared for, and loved. If accepted, you will be expected to relocate immediately. If you are not ready to commit yourself to a life of complete servitude, don't waste my time. For application, contact Box 4489

HARD SPANKINGS

GWM, 21, 5'2", seeks men and boys in Raleigh area for painful, bare-butt spankings, active or passive. Write: P.O. Box 27432, Raleigh, NC 27611. Any number can play

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But a ways cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body and to a ways try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054.

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", wet-bunt, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung men that get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860

WILKINSON-SALEM

GWM 30 years, 150 lbs 5'11", black hair & beard intelligent, likes sports outdoors enjoy night Stabbe & secure. Seek other GWMs 20-40 for friendship or whatever. Write P.O. Box 10135, Winston-Salem NC 27108. Penpals welcome

OHIO

BARE-BUTT SPANKINGS

Dad, 49, will tan your hide with hand, paddle or strap. Box 4449

WANTED: TOP

WM, 39, 5'11", 175 bottom seeks top for tit play dildos and FF. Cleveland. Call Roger (216) 221-5978

NE OHIO SLAVES WANTED

Sessions of complete dominance servicing humiliation with tall trim, GWM, 35, well-hung. Write how you please a Master. Phone, picture a plus. Box 4443

SUBMISSIVE BODYBUILDER NOVICE

Handsome submissive 29-year-old, lean, 6 1/2" cock, arrogant jock into fantasy wrestling BD, humiliation, jock fantasies CBT, TT, toys, enemas with smaller, muscular to thin 35-year-old or younger good-looking guy(s). No scat, drugs, tats, fems. Box 19132, Cleveland OH 44119

SLAVES WANTED

2 young WM need totally submissive slaves for frequent workouts, light-to-heavy B&D, WS, Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Box 4161

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage, tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my guts clean, enjoy my hole. I'm 32 stocky, bearded, hot-looking. You hold key to my wrists, cage heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

**GWM, AGE 37
TIRED OF BARS**

And usual nelly queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P, and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No feds please. Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs., mid-30's smooth chest. Daddy should be WM under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Box 3884

WRESTLERS

Central OH BB, 20s, 210# A17 1/2 C48, W34. If you are over 180# work OH your body and don't plan to roll over and play dead drop me a line with a picture. Am dominant by nature, but believe that winner takes what he wants. Willing to fight for what you want? Send letter to PO Box 16224, Columbus, OH 43216. Respond and return pictures to all

HUNG & HORNY

Two stable lovers into 3&4-ways. WS, FF, toys—no raunch. Photo a must. Over 30 preferred. Don't send high school photo. Box 4448

HUMILIATE ME

Sir! Submissive bottom (37' 8", 175 lbs.) needs obedience training, bondage and humiliation. Cleveland, OH. Box 4348

MASC, BODYBLDR BOTTOM

32 yrs, 46" chest, 31" waist, 17" arms, 6ft, 185 lbs. experienced bottom seeks similar top. Travel Ohio, in NYC often. Tony, Box 4346

GOOD MAN

29, 5'4", 135, beard, hairy, musc. very masc, seeks another good man. Into BD, most SM, body punching, forced sub, VA, visual safe sex. Will travel. No feds. drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 4259

DADDY/MASTER

WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking guy, 22, 6'2", 180 seeks similar master. Humiliation verbal abuse etc. P.O. Box 236, Gal loway, OH 43119

WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunbathing, ems, shaving, etc. Need clean, active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Box 4131

SHOVE YOUR BOOT

into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216

OHIO MASTER

seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150. Box 251, Convoy, OH 45832

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

51-yr-old, 160#, 6'1". Looking for "Boy" who is heavy into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain scat, torture. Ph. evens until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159

OKLAHOMA

UNIFORMED BIKER

Uniformed biker enjoys riding dressed in high boots, leather riding breeches and leather police jacket. Would like to hear from police motorcycle officers and other bikers into uniform in Oklahoma and North Texas to form a uniform bike riding club. For further information, call (405) 353-3426 evenings or weekends

MASCULINE BODYBUILDER

Masculine, versatile bodybuilder wants to meet same, cops, military. All races OK. Limited B&D OK. wrestling a favorite. Call Roger (405) 372-7083 (Stillwater, OK)

WHITE

HAIRY-CHESTED

construction worker wants to fill your tight hole. Penpals welcome. Photo and letter to P.O. Box 25814, Portland, OR 97225

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m, 32, 175 lbs., 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave 41 seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, dildoes, enemas etc. but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A bear, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot

IA

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs, 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. Men only need apply. Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4455LF

BRING ME TO MY KNEES

WM, 32, 5'7", 130 lbs., slim, cute and inexperienced in desperate need of knowledgeable Master VA, BD, CBT, WS—want to learn it all. Make me worthy, Sir. Photo if possible, and detailed letter gets mine. Speak fluent gravel. Travel NY, NJ, DE often. PO Box 186, Lima, PA 19037

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. Dr is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRO-PHL, BOX 242, Pennadel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

WANTED: BOOTED BLACK STUD

Slim, masculine white pussy, 40, needs masculine, booted black ass-kicker. Will be corner-boy to stud into martial arts. (215) 234-8955, 8-11 P.M. Boothound, Philadelphia-Allentown

When you need it Rough

CALL

(213) 659-8743

Tough TelephoneTalk 24 Hours a Day



MUSCLE MASTERS

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, grey eyes swimmer's build, straight appear goodlooking. 8 1/2" cut, dig real men SM, CBT, poppers, JO, GR/FR a/p rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply JC, Box 1454 Uniontown, PA 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED
Who's into leather-B&D light S&M Must give me your mind as well as body I am: W, 6, 175#, all man Have leather fuckroom w th racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer Just fuck off Box 3887

SUBMISSIVE
needs dominant top, built, hairy stud who is into discipline and sex No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass Men to 50 write with photo to Box 25345 Pittsburgh PA 15242

DILDOE FUCK HOLES
Male animals wanted for heavy doing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit, humiliation, head trips smoke, amy and general use as male cunt Bearded GWM master, 32, will train to suit Send application to Code 3412, 254 S. 11th S Philadelphia, PA 19107.

TRAP ENERGY
Bondage equipment is the lock and key Clamps and weights are the lubricant Leather is the aphrodisiac Not into humiliation. GWM 21, slim, handsome. PO Box 83, King of Prussia, PA 19406 Photo and phone requested No one over 30

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing goodlooking. 8 1/2" cut, dig real men SM CBT, poppers, J/O, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex Send hot photo for quick reply JC PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

MASTER WANTED
28-year-old Italian-Arabic bodybuilder, 5'10", 180, black/brown eyes very hairy, seeks BB Master into shaving Call (215)691-058E

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave Applicants must be straight looking and acting muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master If you're not sure you want to serve don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55 Glenshaw PA 15116

MEAN PHILA AREA MEN
Submissive faggot, 39, needs you for body worship, cock and ball sucking chest and underarm licking I need cursing, threats intimidation, psychological abuse and mind beatings. If you are 20-45, masculine good build please reply with photo to Box 1602, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

BOY-NEED A DAD?
You younger, totally obedient submissive—have the desire to be a Dad's boy—body and mind—stop playing with yourself and write. Pittsburgh Box 4441

WEIGHTLIFTER
Goodlooking, 6'1", 185, beard, muscular Seeks dominant Top for FF, WS, TT, 80 and fun. Western Penn.—Can travel. Box 4424

RHODE ISLAND

SLAVE/LOVER/BUDDY WANTED
Exceptional Master, 34, bright, tall, lean, hung, hot handsome. You in shape, masculine, willing to service right man. Apply with photo and letter to Sir, now! No fads, fems Box 4417

HOT COUPLE
Well-built 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups FF WS and raunch welcome PO Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Is and 02920

SOUTH CAROLINA

SM SEX
Horny, uncut GWM, 32 seeks healthy, masculine partner for mutual exploration and satisfaction. Very versatile. Letter, photo and phone answered first. Columbia Box 4362

LIVE-IN SLAVE
Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave Qualifications are: Age 25-35, Height 5'3"-5'11", Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight, Hair color, N/P, moustache-mandatory, body hair OK, Race N/P Education: HS grad, some college, Domestic good cook & housekeeper, Employment must have steady income, Ass. small buns tight harness Cock size not important must be cut Sex Greek A P French P mono-gamy bondage Health Must see physician regularly All applicants must submit resume with current photo and phone All letters will be answered only 1 rules are followed Box 4252

TOTAL OBEDIENCE
Me 56 brown hair blue eyes 150 lbs 8 cock Expect and get total obedience You Prefer well trained, but will accept novice Good cocksucker, asslicker, and boot slave to clean my leathers worship my cock, give tongue baths, eat ass. Give complete obedience Houseman or work outside can be arranged. Letter with pic and proper attitude answered first. Box 4408LF

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL
Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound

only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest it seems few gays know it exists Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuck n is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft 150 lbs 44 yrs greying black hair beard and moustache with a natural uncut dick that'll hang a heavy-7 inches for the buddy that takes to it right Dg sweat hair holes nipples foreskin swinging balls and other natural delights If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight shoot a no-bullshit note my way Travel is possible. Box 61LF

TEXAS

BLOND BOTTOM
22 5'7" 150 lbs 7 1/2" seeks Top 21 38 into TT toys anal play Photo phone gets first reply PO Box 191585 Arlington TX 76019

MASTER
Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 59 1/2", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 40, well-built. All scenes into being face-lucked, tormented, whipped, heavy flogging FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electro-torture, piercing, B&D branding, stretching, etc. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240

DALLAS SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)
GWM 28, BB, seeks GWM single or couple for occasional romp Slave is a professional slave who is straight appearing and level-headed. Would like to serve as 1st or 2nd slave. This stud wants to romp only with other healthy fit men You won't be disappointed by this masculine stud slave. Box 4416

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION
GWM 32, 5'8", 147 lbs., seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired, limits expandable Photos please. Sir RHS Box 270069, Houston, Texas 77277

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG.
Kai, who's story appears in Mach 6 I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information Write to W.B. at PO Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

WANTED
Companion/lover share care by older GWM. You relocate. Write. P.O. Box 10610, Ft. Worth, TX 76114, Urgent

MASCULINE CONSTRUCTION WORKER

WM, 34, 140 solid pounds, 5'7". Into rodeoing and all kinds of outdoor activities. Seeking a serious relationship with another masculine W-male Reply with photo and you'll get mine PO Box 4403-195, Austin, TX 78765.

MUSCLE WORSHIP
GWM, 29, 5'10", 130 lbs, brn/brn moustache seeks bodybuilders for muscle worship, oiling, etc Dan, PO Box 22423, Houston, TX 77227

GWM, AGE 45
New to S&M Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

"PRISON RAPE"
Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Box 77234

W M 29 5'10" 140 lbs
Seeks slave for long-term B/D, Leather, Levi No fads-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr Lenze, PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

S/M BOTTOM
Hot W/M 37, 6'1", 185 lbs. healthy professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top-/Master for B/D CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys V/A, etc No FF, scat shaving Tx, Louisiana, NYC Please send letter and photo, Sir, for prompt response! Suite 189, PO Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE!
6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tattooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role Photo phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine, Dallas area

DALLAS LEATHER BOTTOM
Goodlooking, submissive, WM 37, 6'0", 155 seeks white, muscular Topman/men under 45 for BD, TT, WS, JO, SM, FR, GR, obedience training and shaving Blue eyes, blond hair, dungeon real plusses No FF. Letter & picture to Box 4431

UTAH
SLAVE WANTED
by older Master into AT SM, BD, WS, CP and other kinky things. Will consider service by mail. KW, PO Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402

VERMONT

HUSKY, BEARDED, 35-y-o BOTTOM

who lives in the country seeks rugged Big Brother Dad for country work and pay. Trucker or farmer deserves total service and loyalty. Relocation possible. Write Dear Sir Box #117

VIRGINIA

FORESKIN WORSHIPPED

GWM, 39, loves to be put on his knees to worship and chew on fore-skins. The younger, the better. Love to watch uncut cock piss on my cock and balls while I jack off. Travel East/West Coasts. Also into piss & cum-stained jocky shorts and phone J/O. Photo and phone Larry P.O. Box 2284, Arlington, VA 22202

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
WM, 38, 5'10", 155, Bl/Bl, moustache goatee. SM, BD, CBT TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same both top and bottom. Write P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110

BIG COCK—DEEP THROAT
I have both. Well-built, blond haired, green eyed, hairy chested, horny Virginia countryboy wants to stick his thick 10 1/2-inch down your deep throat. Like long suck sessions with other big dicks. However, most other scenes OK. Age and race no problem. You must send nude photo and letter. Box 4422

PISS/SHIT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM
Cover me in yours. Sir! Ex NYC slave moved to Danville needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet training, tripping, worship; have leather police uniforms, am 24, 7 1/2", built. My photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070. Await photo phone orders, Sir! Box 4158

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE

WASHINGTON

MASTER

Daddy leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son-slave 6', 155 lbs 30's attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cuntslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866

W/M NOVICE 30

interested in being "broken in" by Seattle-area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call (206) 329-1142 days or midnight

TWO BEARDED TEDDIES

Tom 5'4", 128 lbs Mike 6'1" 140 lbs seek other bears for warm furry encounters. Write 305 3 Roosevelt Kennelwick WA 9931

WISCONSIN

WANNA RASLE?

Join active regional gay wrestling club in Wisconsin, neighboring states. Reply to: N.C.W.S., Box 8234, Madison, WI 53708

NEEDED: OLDER BLACK MASTER

with wide leather strap. Your Royal ass demands serious worship vs ordinary servicing. WWM, 40s, begs to be used for your total enjoyment. You demand, order, humiliate, punish me, as is your right. I please you, as is my duty. PO Box 4039, Appleton, WI 54915

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED

28-year-old WWM, 5'10", 145 lbs, muscular, hairy, bearded, LEVE, HEA ED. Seeking a younger-than-master, cute babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B, TT, CBT, whipping, and sound and piss/bv scene w/s. Nude and/or upper/lower body wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic-type studs especially. I am open-minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890

BOOTEED LEATHER MAN

6', 178 lbs, br, bl, 9", seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker, cowboys, line-men, etc). Leather and natural highs only. discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to: Box 9122, Green Bay, WI 54308

DADDY, 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T/T, W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humble slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3936

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

into long hot sessions is taking a/cadans for sons slaves, partners, 5'9", 155, B thick, uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action. Call me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend his time as a slave. Servicing can be on workers, cowboys and the kidneyers. Banks 135 and tags need not apply. Box 4488

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

HOT TEXAS BOY

Traveling Europe in May 85. Will arrive in Germany and then my schedule is open. Seeking hosts that can accommodate this 26-year-old 5'10", 140 lb attractive Texan. Show me Europe and I'll show you Texas anytime. Mark Sims, PO Box 36015 Dallas TX 75235

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27, into dirty leather/rubber gear, scat, piss, looking for mate, angel-type, living in filthy house to help, work with; but really honest. Box 4144

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES

Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement héberger Paris—Ecrire Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Villemorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine France

CANADIAN LEATHERMAN

Mr. British Columbia Leather '84 and motivational contestant in Mr. Drummer '84 (see Drummer 76) traveling abroad in 85/86 and looking for hosts/employers worldwide. If you're into leather and interested in getting together, contact Bryan Anderson, Box 4147

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS
in Kaiserslautern, W. Germany Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.s, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutilation. All other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back to a social as de. Les welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there and know how tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3865

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30-year-old Master, 6'0", 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Australia is seeking a young boy slave 18-30. Slave must be obedient and babyfaced. Must have a mustache preferred. I want a boy slave who is a slave to me and ready to B&D IT. I stay in and perching Master's eye headed and can't be treated. No picture requested. Write to: Box 3865

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5 8 1/2"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826

CANADA

BOOTMEN

Any unwanted/wornout boots (any type) lying around? Don't toss them out—I'll gladly take them. Old sox/jocks too. Box 4446

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built serious demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you? Box 812 Station H, Montreal, PQ H3G 2M8

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy, 35, for mutual satisfaction. Box 5327 Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs, 5'8", swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call. Sir Peter (403) 244-3295

SERIOUS SLAVE

WM 5'8", 170 lbs, wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather, boots, discipline, CBT, humiliation, dog training, etc. Slave is handsome and of good company, looking for hairy, beefy heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to Box 3984

SON SOUGHT

GWM seeks 'son' (18-21) for travel to L.A. August '85. Xpense pdt. Apply to P.O. Box 7321, Station D, Victoria, B.C., Canada V9B 5B7

BIKES/JO/CIGARS

Hot, hung, goodlooking Top 37 years old, WM, 5'10", 150 lbs. Br/Br moustache well-built—in 501s, chaps and motorcycle gear. Need raunchy action with other horny animals who get into gear and get it off with their bikes. My meal beating scene is with black Honda V45 Magna—lots of chrome and come (also have Yamaha XT200 and dirt bike gear). Studs into bike and gear. Let's get a bar and go on a raunchy JO scene with these hot looking road cops. Photo of man & machine a plus. M. Richardson 55 McCaul St., Box 216, Toronto, Ontario Canada M5T 2W7

FRANCE

SLAVE NEEDED IN FRANCE

40 6'11", 185 lbs Top leatherman is seeking a young slave 18-30, all over the world to service his leather and rubber when visiting Paris. Box 4423

MEXICO

PHYSICAL FITNESS DEVOTEE

24, actor and dancer, wishes to correspond in English with gays all over the world. Ysaac Casillas Cortes, Apdo Postal 6-970, Deleg Cuauhtemoc, Mexico DF 06600, Mexico

MEXICO CITY

Gay man 24, wishes to correspond with gays in other countries and establish good relationships. Write in English or Spanish. Fernando Espinoza R. Agua Dulce 85 Mexico 16 DF 06400 Mexico

NETHERLAND ANTILLES

ASIAN MALE

Inexperienced Asian male, 26, 5'6", 135 lbs. seeks GWM up to 35 for penpal friends, lover. Blond, twins are turn-ons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome—discretion. No fats, feds, blacks, drugs, SM. Harsh Moorjani, C/O P.O. Box 105, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

SPAIN

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

With well equipped training room accommodations taking applications from macho nude pig slaves into heavy bondage cocksucking fistfucking watersports hot water catheters spanking whipping piercing dildos CBT to serve me. Serious only need apply. Submissive horny cocksuckers will be controlled and disciplined to be my obedient slave. Send description, qualifications and state what you want. To be accepted into my service be prepared to spend hours in a sling. Leather chaps, uniforms, jockstraps, body hair tattoos preferred, but not required. Willing to try most scenes. Interested in world-wide contacts—travel often. Send photo, letter & phone today. boy! Fernando B. 12q, Escalataz, Madrid 28013, Spain.

HOT SPANISH NOVICE SLAVE
176 cm. tall, 70 kg., well-built, 27 years old, short brown hair, green begging eyes, 18 cm uncut cock, donut asshole, into SM, shaving FF, TT, dildos, cocksucking, poppers and whatever else my Master decides to do with me. Willing to be owned and trained by one or more big Masters (older than myself) during the summer months, in the States, to expand my limits (being chained, getting tied up, wrapped, waxed...) and/or in Madrid during the winter time. Write me, Sir, and I will send you a picture of me. Your picture gets mine. Sir J Arxe. Redondilla, 5 28005 Madrid, Spain.

WEST GERMANY

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3"/185, dk. bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, shaving, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send letter of your scene and photo to Box 3945.

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and

playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF.

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

BI bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p. GR/p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/ltr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany.

MODELS NATIONWIDE

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Leather Master, very muscular, XXX hndsm. Tom of Finland looks, intelligent, tall, 36 S&M Discipline, Punishment, Lt to Hvy C/B & nipple work, VA, Humil, Submission, Spanking Riding Cops Pain Pleasure, Daddy & more. Safesex International model \$125 min Out only MC/Visa. FRANK (415) 861-5549. Photos/Travel info. \$10 to Frank. Holt Ste 486, PO Box 15068, SF, CA 94115 (584 Castro).

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\$30. (415) 398-6541 Marty

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The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service must even in an advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertise this address must be included in a ad copy. To readers the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad in parentheses is the address required by state law. Most firms will prefer their correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

PHONE JO DIRECTORY

Buddy Directory. Send SASE for free information. Saint Priapus 583 Grove, San Francisco, CA 94102.

PHALLIC WORSHIP

"Phallic Worship as Serious Religion". Send \$2 for sample newsletter. Saint Priapus Church, 583 Grove, San Francisco, CA 94102.

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WANTED: GAY AND BISEXUAL MEN

interested in receiving their very own private newsletter and lifetime membership in my private retreat in the mountains east of San Diego. For sample and signed security agreements, send \$2.50 to: Nathan G. Newcomb, c/o Sir's Classifieds, 993 "C" S. Sta Fe Vista, CA 92083.

LEATHER VIDEO

Send for free brochure. Paradise Pictures, PO Box 765, Encino, CA 91316.

BLACK BONDAGE +

Black rubber manifestations, catalogue \$5.00 free gift! Control, PO Box 71 NYC NY 10027 (120 W 123 St., NY, NY 10027).

HOT BOTTOMS

A monthly personal ads publication for spanking, etc. Brochure \$1.00; sample copy \$3.00. Control-T-Studio, 13624 Sherman Way #4750H, Van Nuys, CA 91405. State over 21 (7300 Lennox).

IF YOU LIKE TIEING UP

YOUR COCK & BALLS

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Manual for the artist, 86 pp. Plus includes machine operation and needle bar construction, pigment formulations, retail sources, trade secrets. \$30 ppd. A Lemes MD, 947 E. Broadway, Long Beach, CA 90802.

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Hot fantasies filmed on tape. Photo sets also available! Brochure \$1. (refundable with first order). Control-T Studio, 13624 Sherman Way No. 475D, Van Nuys, CA 91405. State over 21. (7300 Lennox).

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Electric Vacuum Site Light Heavy Duty Pump Mark IV, never used, comes with instructions, 25 hose, gaskets, 4 various sizes acrylic tubes for cock and balls. Paid \$230., want \$185. Kenny, Box 8202 Ft Lauderdale, FL 33310. (305) 563-8876.

TOKYO STUDS

One hour of hot young men from Japan show why it's called the land of the rising sun! Solos and duos VHS only \$39 postpaid. Signed statement of age required. Light Fantastic, 584 Castro St., Suite 325, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Hi! My name's Jeff. Watch me plug my own ass with my hard 9". 6.3x5 graphic color prints \$12. Also see five of my hot/hard buddies—Pantheon Pac #1, 5.3x5 prints \$8. Both sets \$18. State 21 and sign. Pantheon, P.O. Box 4190, San Francisco, CA 94101 (4096 18th St.) Void in Texas and Tennessee.

YOUNG LATINS

Hi! I'm 18, slim, smooth, cute, uncut and my buddy & the same! Send 2 stamps for sample photo and list of my hot videos, duo-sets and personal items to: RODOLFO, 16835 Algonquin St. #1965, Huntington Beach, CA 92649

NUDE BODYBUILDER

Photo collection of nude bodybuilder. See me cum masturbate in the shower, show my hardness and tight buns. For photos and letter send \$10 to: Dick, 2734 Madison, No. 228, Carlsbad, CA 92008

Young guys—Jockey shorts or diaper pix \$6/6, 484 Lakepark Ave #36, Oakland, CA 94610

HUNG MALE BODYBUILDER WILL SHOW ALL

Nude bodybuilder's photos. See me masturbate let me cum for you. See my hardness and tight buns. Send \$10 for your set. Dick, 54 W Randolph St., Suite 606-F7 Chicago, IL 60601

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Hardware, Rush, Cum, Crypt, Lockeroom All 5 only \$11. One per customer. Cash, Check, M/O, Visa, MASTERCARD to Mercury 3337-21st St., San Francisco CA 94110

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A complete selection of wet toys, nozzles bags tubes soap, dappers, dildos, leather \$3.00 plus age to: JB's Supply, P.O. Box 85667, Los Angeles, CA 90072 Dept. DS, (1845 V.N.) Very Wet!

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inflatable helmets, gags, slits Grease, enema, dildo pants. Catalogue 172 mind blowing items, \$3 air Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England

9 HOT MEN

in 75 min. of solo J/O surveillance video. VHS & Beta \$59.95. Now Tapes, 5299 Fountain, #106MT, Hollywood, CA 90029. SASE for info.

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The first gay porn film from Japan. Beautiful young Japanese studs captured on live video. VHS or Beta, \$29.00 postpaid. Japanese soundtrack. Signed statement of age required. Light Fantastic, Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114

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Perhaps the most peculiar thing about a very peculiar little novel called *Mineshaft* (Ram Books/Magcorp, 159 pp., \$3.95) is that it was ever published at all. It's packaged as standard porn—and that's where you'll find it, on the shelves of adult bookstores across America, lost among dozens of other obscure titles—but it's decidedly not porn. Not if porn is supposed to give you a hard-on.

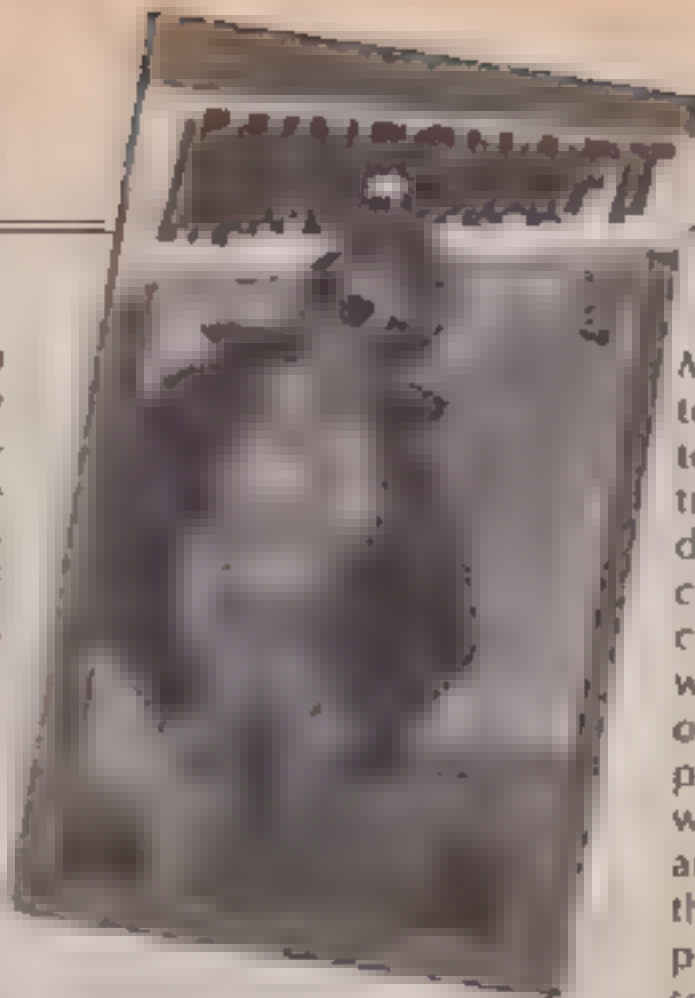
It is about sex; and author Tim Barrus (whose stories have appeared in numerous gay magazines, including this one) delivers some of the most peculiarly unappetizing sex scenes ever committed to paper. ("I impregnated his shithole with my tongue" is the opening sentence.) Many of these are set in the famous establishment from which *Mineshaft* takes its title; populated by wandering innocents and mad queens in leather drag, Barrus' version of the Mineshaft verges on the surreal. In fact, all of Barrus' Manhattan appears to be populated by transvestites who double as leathermen, who go from working the door at the Mineshaft to working the door at Bloomin' ("You MUST have an alligator on your body somewhere!"), who decorate their apartments with "historical" commodities from The Toilet and have a craving in equal parts for animal tranquilizers and very large dicks. And all of them (and this is most peculiar) talk just like our narrator, a depressed, scatological, raving gay pornographer named, not coincidentally, Tim.

The story, briefly: Tim and his lover Mark, scarred by the hell of Vietnam, have made themselves another kind of hell in New York, passing indistinguishable days and nights in a drug-induced stupor of pig-sex and borderline-psychotic bitchery. Mark suffers a breakdown and ends up in the VA mental ward (where the male nurse is peculiarly curious about the consistency and "quality" of

his bowel movements). Tim finds a virginal leatherboy named Ulysses (son of an English Lit teacher, get it?) at the Mineshaft, and sets about corrupting him. They have lots of compulsive sex; Tim bitchies on and on about New York, gay publishing, and animal tranquilizers; grotesque supporting players pass through the scene; Tim bitchies some more. Eventually Mark gets better, and by novel's end it looks as though Tim and his two satellites will be setting up joint housekeeping, still stuck in the city Tim loves to hate.

Obviously, the subject of *Mineshaft* is not sex, New York, or the Mineshaft; it's Tim Barrus, and seldom has any author indulged his self-obsession with such ferocious intensity on the printed page. Barrus makes much of idolizing Tennessee Williams (who's mentioned every other page or so), but comes off looking more like Norman Mailer—self-indulgent, self-obsessed, scatological, erratic, wasted by drugs; except that Barrus is a lot funnier than Norman Mailer, who's seldom funny at all. And Barrus takes his self-obsession even further; perhaps he's closer to Robert Heinlein—his characters all sound and think alike, and seem to be nothing more than splinters of the author's own personality, moving in a world that has no identity of its own being only a mirror of himself. Philosophers call it solipsism; critics call it literary masturbation... which is the only masturbation likely to be going on when bewildered porno shoppers get this book home.

What holds *Mineshaft* together is a manic, almost hysteric flow of energy. Like most of Barrus' writing, it seems to have been created in a single setting, spewed out of the typewriter in some frantic, frightening state of altered consciousness. The result can be some of the worst writing around ("The sun wrapped its red camouflaged lips around the city like a blow-job based in blood"), but it can also be quite funny in a brittle, bitter



way, as when Tim addresses the goldfish of his hospitalized lover:

"Pee Wee said nothing. He bumped against the side of his bowl, looking at me, his fins waving almost imperceptibly in the water. 'You're a stupid shit, Pee Wee,' I said. 'What am I going to do with a stupid fish? I hate fish. I can't even take you to the Mineshaft. What good are you to me anyway? You can't even fuck me.'"

Or this, from a long, convoluted diatribe against New York that ends in a warped mythic history: "Nothing in New York has changed since Clitter Garland discovered it in the year 1492, at which time she paid some Indians, who told her that they owned the place, two fake diamond bracelets made from paste, an old pair of heels she no longer had any use for, one nurse's uniform from the play 'Doctors and Nurses in Bondage,' an old Judy Garland record, some make-up from Elizabeth Arden's that had gone bad, two subway tokens, and one ticket to see 'Fortune and Men's Eyes.' The Indians sold her the entire island. Discoverer Garland then turned around and sold the whole fucking thing to the Red Cross, the rats, and some real estate queens who were then living in the Upper-East-Side for a lifetime membership in the Mineshaft..."

Then there's the matter of Barrus' namedropping—usually with the names changed to protect the guilty (Barrus) from a lawsuit. Inserted here and there into

Mineshaft are catty references to a number of East Coast writers and editors, dropped like tiny salvos of cyanide. These don't amount to a roman à clef—no character study, just character assassination—and will mean nothing to anyone outside a very small group of publishing insiders, most of whom will not be at all amused. It's in keeping with the perversely self-destructive portrait Barrus paints of himself. Reading *Mineshaft*, one smells the distinctively acrid, smoky tang of burning bridges.

There are those who consider Barrus a poseur, his railings against the "gay literary establishment" (most recently in the pages of the *Miami Weekly News*) nothing more than a ploy for publicity, his overheated prose a superficial device. Is *Mineshaft* ultimately a put-on and a put-down, a piece of hack porn (and failed porn at that), a mad queen's pathetic Bronx cheer at a world too big for him—or is it a genuine mad queen's scream, funny and frightening, from the brink?

There are two moments in *Mineshaft* which incline me toward the latter view—two tiny but significant points when Barrus drops his veil, once at the novel's center-point and again at its conclusion, when Ulysses and Mark each manage to turn the tables on Tim, using his own verbal weapons against him with an unexpected dexterity that reveals him naked, alone, human. These are striking moments of lucidity in the midst of so much chaotic self-celebration, open and calm like the eye of the hurricane.

In the end, *Mineshaft* leaves me shaking my head. Reading it is a little like watching some damn fool driving 90 mph down a treacherous mountain road, swinging a bottle of booze out the window—you stay clear, but you can't stop watching. And you wonder at such madness, and the meaning or the meaningless behind it.

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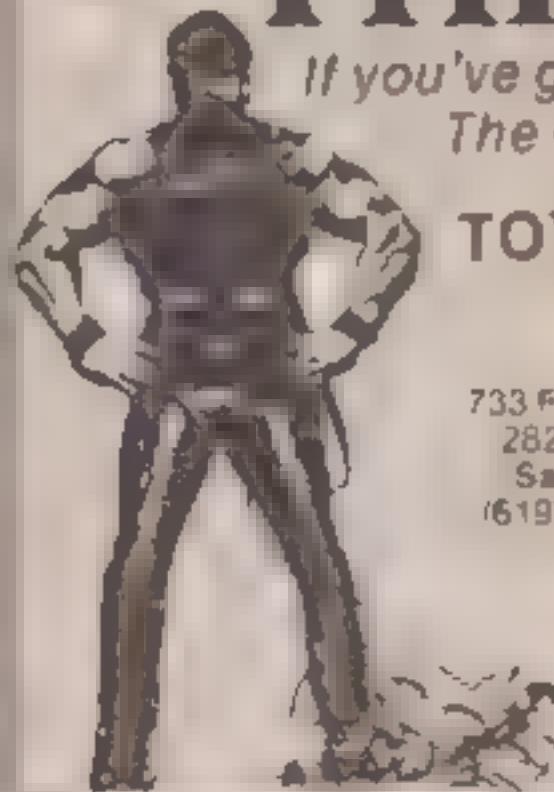
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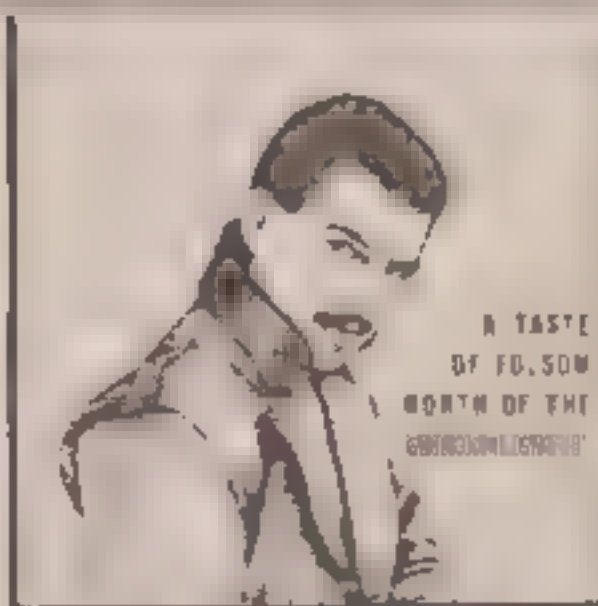
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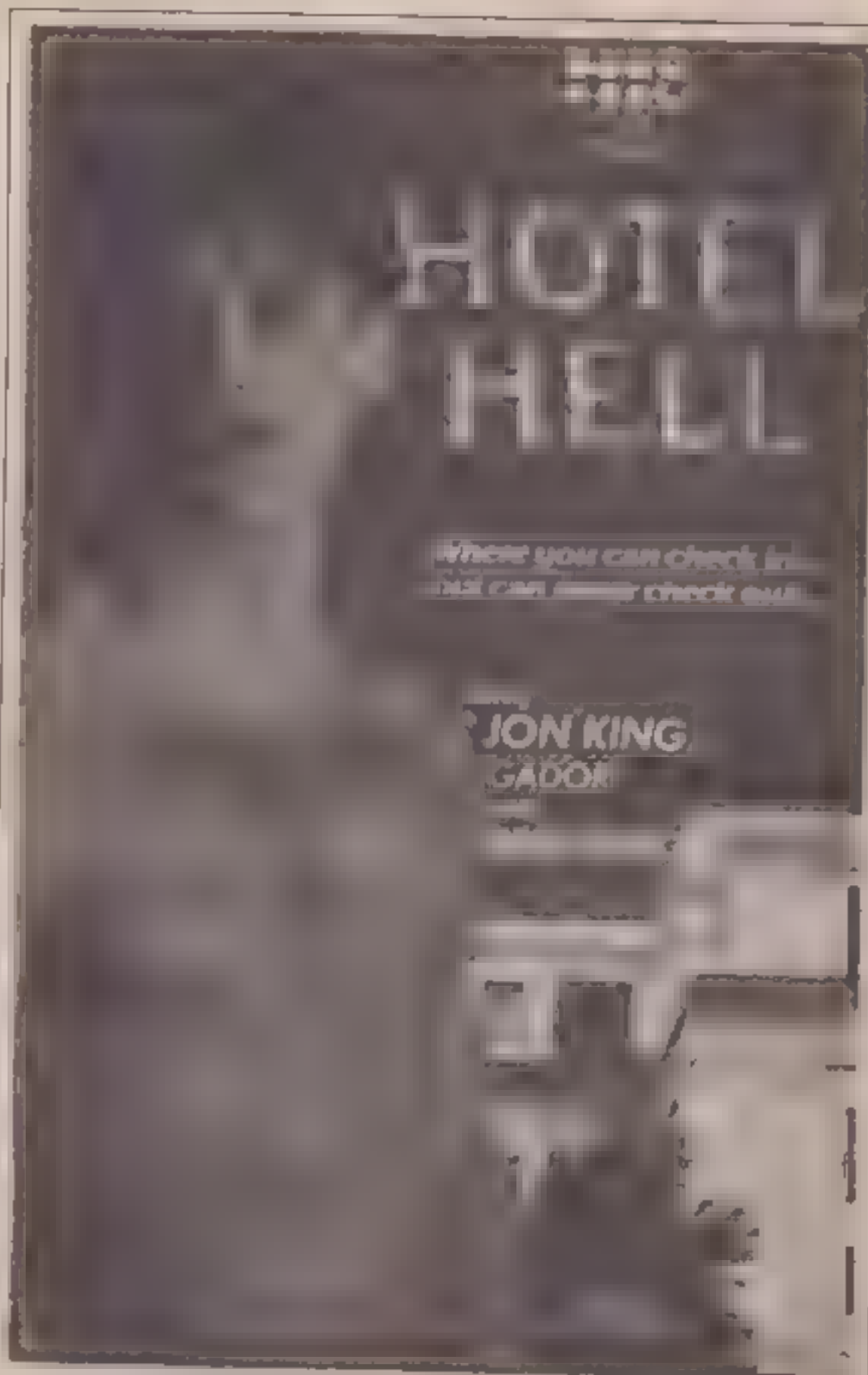
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NORMAN BATES SLEPT HERE

Hotel Hell is a little creepy, which is just what I think director Kenneth Holloway wanted it to be, but not creepy enough for fright freaks. There is this air of something unseemly about the interiors of the real Hollywood hustler hangout—now in abandoned collapse—that is used for this direct-video production; peeling wallpaper, broken doorways and the like have a way of infusing the environment with a decadence and a perversion. And while Holloway uses a lot of shots of booted feet walking over broken statuary outside the hotel, he pulls the punch of tinting his interiors with expressionistic light patterns (or even those dizzying tilted camera angles associated with stock horror films) and therefore never successfully hangs a cloak of doom over his story.

But then again, too much creepiness might cause erections to tumble. But then again... perhaps not.

Gador (of the one name) is the night stalker for this excursion through semi-insane sexual encounters in an abandoned hotel that was once peopled with the legends of furtive lust: hustlers, pimps, "lost" angels, leathermen, slaves. While cruising the park, he comes across Jon King, camped out like a street punk with his small bonfire and small bottle of hootch in a paper bag. It's an interesting idea, casting King as someone who sleeps on the ground. But somehow you know that the direction of Gador's and King's encounter is going to follow along the tried-and-true course of the latter having his ass pounded



“There is only one really unusual scene in *Hotel Hell*, an episode in which Rusty, a leatherman, abuses his slave. It is truer in tone to real leather-dominated sex than most of what you usually see in Hollywood leather productions.”

by the stud Gador.

But King is just a device to get Gador on his way; he tells him about the abandoned hotel, and how strange goings-on go on there every night. Gador is game.

The actual hotel used in this video is indeed an infamous one, at the edge of Hollywood Boulevard's tawdriest section, and indeed once home to lunatics and loons.

Gador may leave Jon King's thighs at midnight, but Holloway's day-for-night shots make it look like dawn when Gador gets to the castle of the damned. Creeping around the ruins, he (and we) see a variety of sexual situations—only one of which is as creepy as the environment—and that is how the video winds its way from one end of the cassette to the other.



People like Brad Mason, B.W. McFaren, Joe Red, Greg Hauser and Shawn MacCory either act out tableaux of various sexual frenzy—or describe incidents to each other that we see acted out elsewhere.

There is only one really unusual scene in *Hotel Hell*, and that is an episode in which Rusty (of the one name), a leatherman, abuses his slave. It is truer in tone to real leather-dominated sex, with all the dark overtones of SM and sleaze, than most of what you usually see in Hollywood leather productions. The slave is attractive enough and Rusty is enough of a leatherman.

But another tableau is at least interesting: “Big Buff” Robertson has a vanilla encounter, to be sure; but “Big Buff” is worth watching.

Holloway goes for a variety of types of sexual situations, which is a logical move if the idea is to deal with a hotel full of sexual maniacs—but not enough of the sex is kinky enough (or bizarre enough) to match the overall premise. And that could be, in part, because *Hotel Hell* has to play the provinces, where “kinky” usually means doing it with half your clothes on, or doing it in front of a mirror. However, *Hotel Hell* does establish an unusual mood, and is brought off with some good camera work and a very coherent sense of getting from one place to another. A fellow reviewer declared that the most amazing thing about *Hotel Hell* was how ordinary-looking everyone in the cast was, and to a certain extent that's true: Jon King is the only striking figure in classical porn looks. But that may be *Hotel Hell*'s strength, it is so seldom that we see an almost entirely new cast in a major video production. And there is a face or two here that should be seen again and again.

Hotel Hell, produced by Kenneth Holloway, directed by Kenneth Holloway and Loren (of the one name), 1984, 75 minutes, starring Gador (of the one name), Jon King, Brad Mason, B.W. McFaren, Joe Red, Rusty (of the one name), Greg Hauser, Shawn MacCory and “Big Buff” Robertson, features entire cast. VHS/Beta, \$69.95 plus \$3 postage/handling. Signed statement of age required. HFS Video/VCA Inc., 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.

FRANK CAPRA ATE HERE

Job Site was the sleeper video of the past year, a sometimes hysterical and hysterically funny story that proves you can combine humor and sex (but not in the same scene) and come out with an overall satisfying property.

Gador (of one name) gets a telegram while at cadet school informing him that his grandfather has kicked the bucket and left him everything. But to find out exactly what "everything" is, Gador has to hoof it to L.A. and meet with the estate's attorney.

Well, if you can't read this shyster lawyer on sight, you've never known a crook very intimately. He tells young Gador that all that's left is a run-down house about to be auctioned off for back taxes, a defunct catering business, and a broken-down bar in a bad neighborhood. In fact, if Gador will leave everything to him, he'll see that the boy gets bus fare back cross-country to school. Just sign here.

Dodo Gador does. Dejected, he decides that he wants to see the "mansion on the hill" that nearly was his. When he gets there, things are quite different. Seems this old madame (a male madame), who was granddaddy's best friend in the world, has turned the place into a male bordello just to make ends meet—waiting for the day the grandson would show up and can the crooked lawyer, so that they could all live happily ever after. When birdbrain spills the beans that he's already signed everything to the lawyer, Mr. Madame decides that the only thing to do is work harder and outwit the legal fox.

True, the catering business is nothing more than a catering truck, and one on its last rims at that; but Gador, being both physical and mechanical,

Job Site, directed by Kenneth Holloway, produced by Terry Le Grand, 1984, 90 minutes, starring Gador (of the one name), Terry James, Lenny Dean, Scott Avery, Eric Ryan, Daniel Holt, and others. VHS/Beta, \$69.95 plus \$3 postage/handling. Signed statement of age required. HIS Video/VCA Inc., 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025



“Job Site’s wittiness comes from the smooth, professional manner of the actors and the quick pacing of the story. This may be 90 minutes long, but it has all the plot of a traditional Hollywood film and a substantial amount of sex... This is Kenneth Holloway’s best directorial work.”



decides to fix it up and take it around to the local construction sites, where he will offer a hot menu of boys from the house. Sort of a bordello-on-wheels.

Then it's on to the broken-down bar in the bad neighborhood, which turns out to be a gay bar that hasn't had a paying customer since prohibition was lifted. Gador is as handy with a hammer as he is with a hand-job (and he has all those bordello boys to help him).

This is the American way, real common sense, know-how, Protestant work ethic. In no time (well, in about 90 minutes by the clock), Gador has the house operating, the catering service servicing every stud in a hardhat within a radius of twenty miles, and the bar, now renamed "Job Site," is ready for the grand opening.

Time to call the marker on the lawyer...

Job Site's wittiness comes from the smooth, professional manner of the actors playing the lawyer and the madame (although Gador must be given credit for an equally smooth, off-handed, and sometimes-coy delivery of lines that are clichés of clichés), and the quick pacing of the story. Remember, this may be ninety minutes long, but it has all the plot of a traditional Hollywood film and a substantial amount of sex. And given the environments, the sex is both spontaneous (in the bordello, in the construction of the bar) as well as part of the plot structure (the catering route).

The breezy approach to everything in the narrative line by the director casts a farcical tone over the proceed-



ings, yet in the sex scenes the humor is kept to an absolute minimum. This is Kenneth Holloway's best directorial work.

Trivia buffs might note that one of the characters is played (under a pseudonym) by the 1983 Mr. Southern California Drummer.

EROS & MASSAGE

The very idea of an instructional videotape about male-to-male erotic massage is a good one, and Humanus Home Video's *High Touch* is a step in the right direction.

As Rick Jessup says in Danie Curzon's novel, *From Violent Men*, "I believe in massage. It heals." And, at least today, the idea of a massage, for gay men no longer has the sexual connotations "massage" has always been saddled with in the past. True, massage is still a socially-acceptable way of saying "prostitution" in some quarters, but more and more, massage means just that. As part of anyone's overall wellness campaign, massage—in any of its various forms—

High Touch with Dr. William Palaskas, produced by Humanus Home Video, 1984, 90 minutes. Beta/VHS, \$34.95 plus \$2 postage/handling. Signed statement of age required. Humanus Home Video, 3612 Woodhill Canyon Rd., Studio City, CA 91604

cannot be overlooked

High Touch runs an exhaustive 90 minutes, covering everything you've ever wanted to know about surface realignment. The style (or method) used in this tape is the High Touch school, a variation that has its own advantages.

All massage is good. If massage is a relieving of surface tension, anyone can and has practiced it, if only on themselves: scratching your chin is a form of massage, as is rubbing your toes or running your hand across your chest. The real difference is in how much pressure you apply, and the angle of approach itself—at least that is a skimpy version, in a nutshell, of what you'll learn from *High Touch*.

The instructor/narrator takes you through a course that runs the entire length of the body (both sides) with attention to detail and variations on a number of the individual manipulations.

Brief, but worthwhile, information about the history of massage, about various techniques, about environment, accessories, attitude are woven into the instructional narration.

The subject of the massage is, of course, nude—which you might think adds an erotic air to the presentation. Unfortunately, it does not. But the more I think about it, the more consistent that seems with the presentation itself, which does not even attempt to titillate but, perhaps ironically, offers a wealth of practical information that the viewer can turn into his own titillating experience while practicing with a friend or mate.

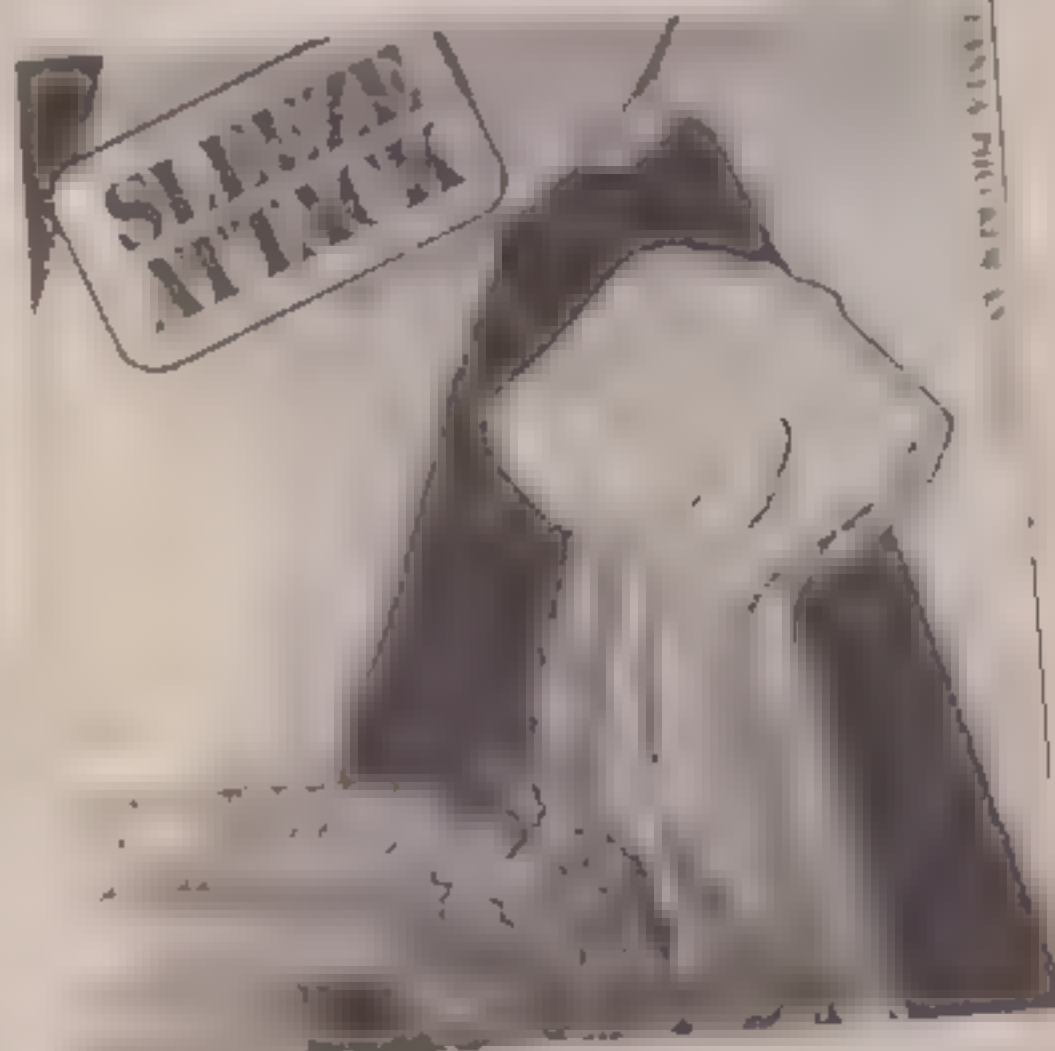
High Touch leaves the door open for a more sensual approach to massage; something that seems extremely timely in an age of health-conscious sexual experiences. Can you imagine: a healthful and healing massage that relieves all your tensions?

I highly recommend *High Touch* for couples who want to broaden their physical and emotional relationship in a way that offers something "healing" as well as intimate. It gives the old opening line, "Come up to my place and let me give you a really good massage," a whole new meaning.

—John W. Rowberry

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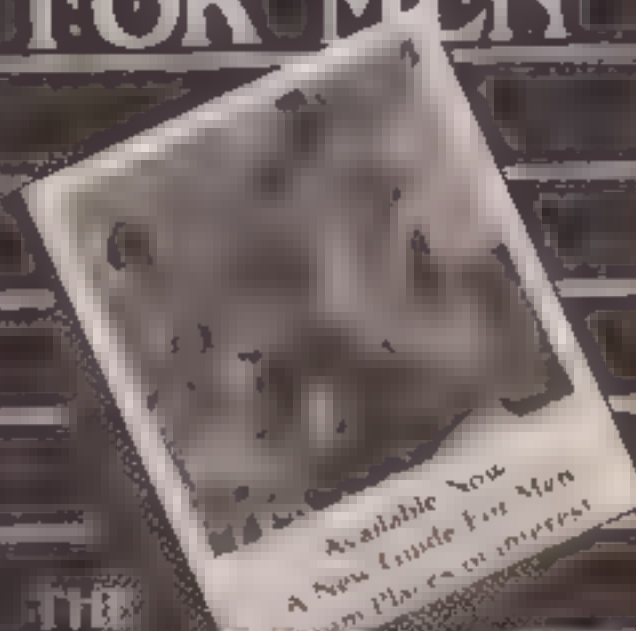
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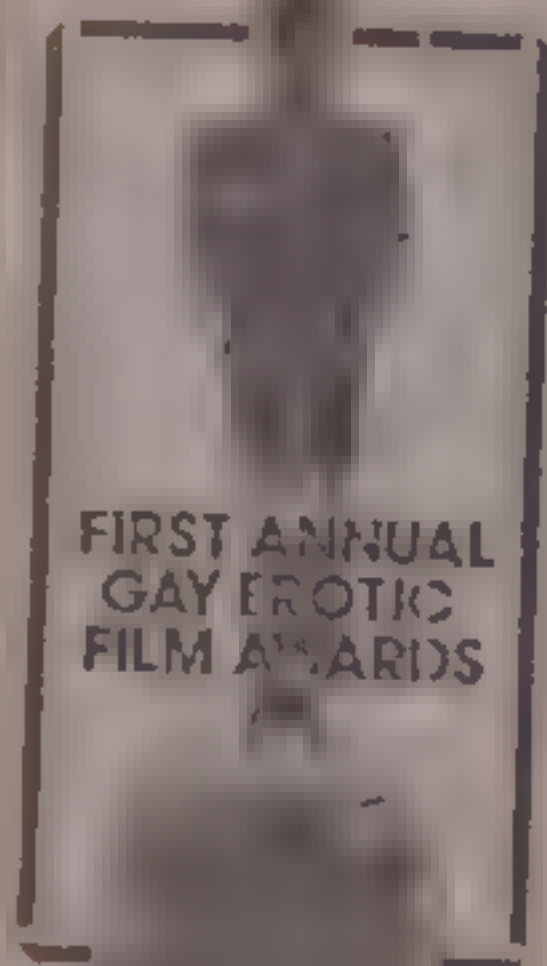
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1984 GAY EROTIC FILM AWARDS



The Gay Producers Association of America held its first annual Gay Erotic Film Awards in Los Angeles on Sunday, April 14. Over 35 different films and videos received nominations in 20 different categories. Judging was done in two tiers, similar to the way voting is handled by the Academy Awards, with the GPAA selecting a committee to screen every gay film released in the calendar year. This resulted in five to six nominations in each of the individual categories, which were voted on by a separate group of judges, not involved in the preliminary selections or nominations.

The Awards were kept secret until they were revealed on stage at the Awards Show, which itself

capped a week-long gay erotic film festival that included screenings of over 35 feature films covering the entire history of gay erotica. In addition, rarely seen short films were scattered throughout the six-day event.

Arthur J. Bressan's *Pleasure Beach* (see "Ten Best Videos of 1984," *Drummer* 80) led the final nominations with slots in 17 categories, ranging from **Best Picture of the Year** down to **Best Ad Campaign**. Steve Scott's *I Do* garnered the second largest number of nominations, a total of 10, with Michael Zen's *Falconhead II: The Maneaters* capturing 7 nominations, John Christopher's *Hard Money* capturing 8, and Matt Sterling's *Sizing Up* grabbing 9 nominations.

Other titles receiving nominations in various categories included *The Bigger The Better* with 6, *Tough Competition* with 5, *Like a Horse* with 3, and *Cousins*, *Fade In*, *The French Lieutenant's Boys*, *Juice*, and *Route 69* with 2 nominations each. Completing the nominees were *One Size Fits All*, *Leo* and

Lance, *Sailor in the Wild*, *Foreskin Fantasy One*, and *Broadway Boys*, each getting a nomination in a single category.

With its overwhelming number of nominations, it was a sure bet that *Pleasure Beach* would walk away with a handful of awards. It won a total of 7: **Best Picture**, **Best Director** (Arthur J. Bressan Jr.), **Best Actor in a Leading Role** (Johnny Dawes), **Best Actress in a Supporting Role** (Marci Davis), **Best Screenplay** (Arthur J. Bressan Jr. and Richard Lawrence), **Best Cinematography** (Doug Richards), and **Best Erotic Scene**.

Michael Zen's *Falconhead II: The Maneaters* garnered 4 awards: **Best Art Direction**, **Best Editing**, **Best Costumes**, and **Best Special Effects**.

Best Actor in a Supporting Role went to Matt Ramsey for *Sizing Up*. **Best Original Song** went to Garth Evans for "Forever Yours" from *Hard Money*. **Best Score** went to David Mann's combination of small orchestral arrangements and flute solos in *Broadway Boys*.

Sailor in the Wild won **Best Advertising Campaign**. Additionally, William Higgins, the producer/director of *Sailor*, won a **Special Achievement Award for Marketing & Promotion**.

The Judges honored *Foreskin Fantasy One* with a **Special Jury Award for Most Unique Film**.

Tony Dark's *Sex Bazaar* was voted **Best Foreign Film**. *Sex Bazaar* was produced by the legendary Jean-Daniel Cadénot, who also had two films nominated in the Foreign section.

The GPAA instituted a Hall of Fame with this year's awards. **Life Achievement Awards** were given to Jack Deveau, Guy Straight, and Werner Rainer Fassbinder. A **Historical Award** was given to Conrad Veidt, who pioneered the image of gays in mainstream cinema with what is thought to be the earliest-known gay-themed film, *Different From The Others*. **Pioneer Awards** given to still-living persons for their groundbreaking contributions to gay and erotic film, went to Bob Mizer, Pat Rocco, Hal Call, Jim French, Joe Tiffenbach, and Andy Warhol. Among the **Milestone Awards** for singular works was Vito Russo for his book on homosexuals in cinema, *The Celluloid Closet*.

The GPAA, which is the first association of professional gay filmmakers and producers in history, will produce the Gay Erotic Film Awards and Festival annually. Word has it that the award itself, a gold statuette of a nude man holding a star against his chest, will be dubbed "The Harvey" in honor of Harvey Milk.

—John W. Rowberry



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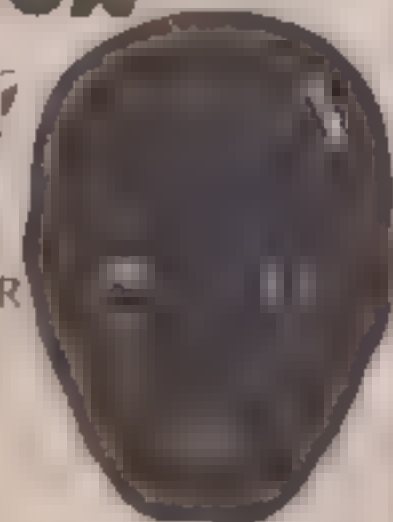
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BOYS & GOYS

1000 B.C.: It was a time of swords sans sorcery and mysticism without magic, when a separation of church and state was as unthinkable as the transistor, and the separation of heads from torsos made emotional, political, religious and economic sense. The warring tribes of Israel raised dust in every corner of the Middle East. They were drawn together in relative peace, united against common non-Hebrew enemies for an era under the rule of one king David.

There is an historical king David, there is a Biblical king David; among a slew of fiction, there is Wallace Hamilton's sensitive and venturesome story of David's complex love relationships with Jonathan and Saul in *David at Olivet*; and now there is Richard Gere as King David in Bruce Beresford's movie which does justice to none. This is *deja vu* in reverse—knowing others have been there before, and expecting if not the familiar, at least the coherent or the believable.

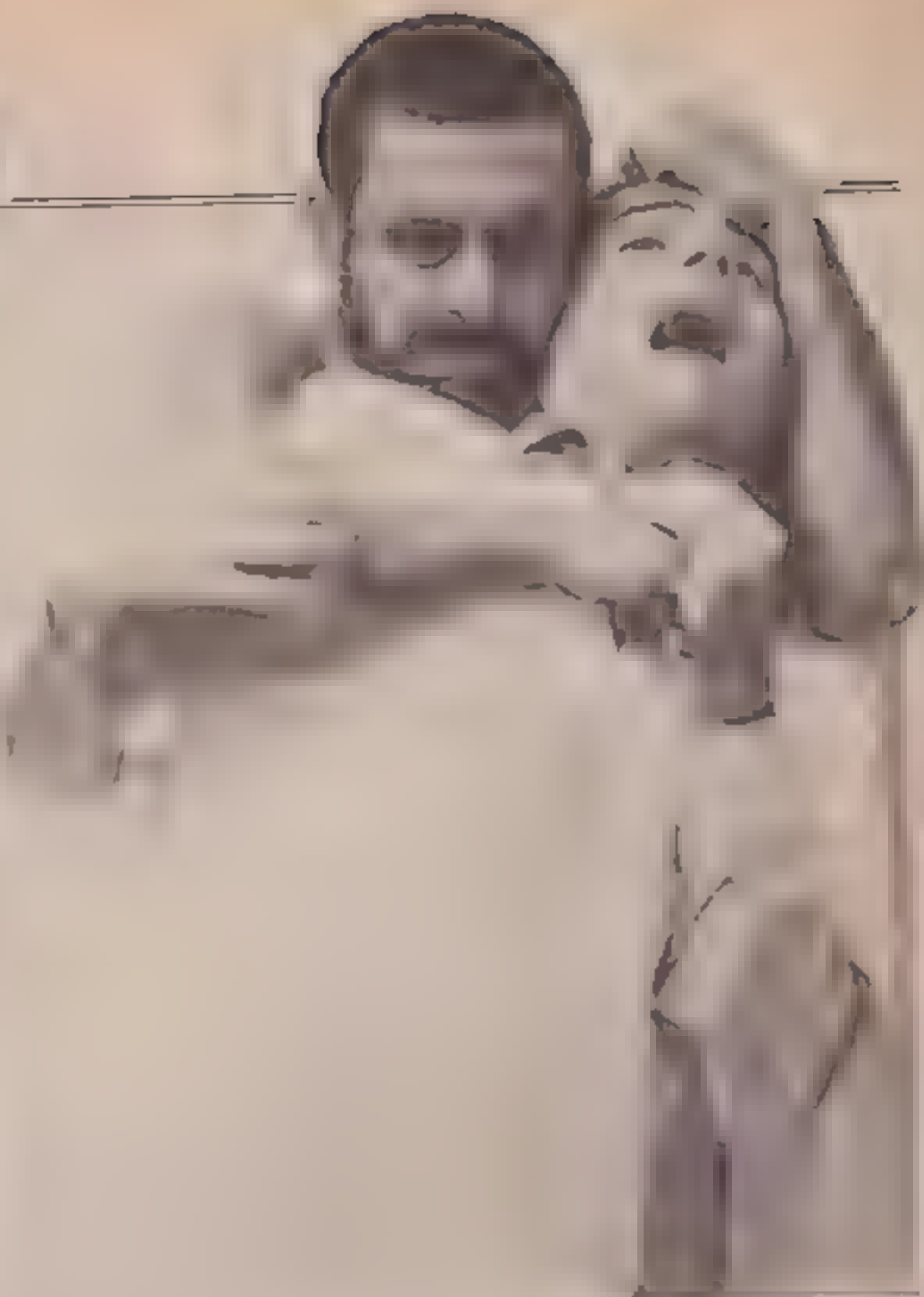
Too much for one story? Scripters Andrew Berkin and James Costigan certainly took no liberties with source material; neither did they fill in the blanks. Too low a budget? Don McAlpine's epic photography of ancient splendor in sandy, craggy Sardinian sites rival his period visualizations in *Breaker Morant*. Poor casting? Aside from Gere, who is at least consistent in his dramatic inadequacies (witness his irritating performance in the irrelevant role that interrupts Coppola's otherwise delightful *Cotton Club*), the actors are topnotch, from Edward Woodward's interpretation of a (pre-Freudian) paranoid, roughly royal Saul to Denis Quilley's prophet Samuel cameo that has as much Shakespeare as *Privates on Parade*, to newcomer Jack Klaff's Jonathan with nothing much to do but doing it well. Unlike Gere, they can project above a whisper and emote with some semblance of sensibility.

92 DRUMMER

Perhaps it's the out-and-out errors that annoy. In casting, the young David has a Streisand nose (forgivably, it may have been broken in all those years of desert warrior wanderings and reset by a pagan barber while we weren't looking), but unless we predicate superior plastic surgeons, the unmistakably chinless boy-Solomon could not have grown up with a jutting jaw. The cast list is a roster of non-Semitic names, which would make no nevermind in those days of beards and many-layered clothing if Gere was not putty-pale and pudgy, unscarred and muscularly undefined after 20 years of supposedly being an exiled warrior hounded through the desert. He is unfortunately garbed only in a loincloth when dancing down the cobbles of Jerusalem (an unconscious amateur spoof of Malcolm MacDowell's wicked capering in *Caligula*). Careless cuts abound between interior and exterior shots, distances, and mismatched points-of-view that detract further from verisimilitude. For a special effects man, Kit West, honed on *Dune* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, there is some disappointment in the low-tech gore—the beheadings and dismemberments that made *Spartacus*, for instance, so fascinating and still kept it unreal—though he does manage a striking reproduction of "a light of arrows."

For those fond of foreskins, watch out for the bris. The ritual circumcision tool used is not even up to Biblical par and looks to have been left over from the Stone Age. Nor is there an excuse for injuring horses.

Not least is the decision to visually center all action. The only reason for this is to cram the picture onto a squarish television screen—so why waste money on 70mm film in the first place? (And you're not half so tired of hearing this criticism from me as I am bored, frustrated and angry at seeing it. We have a whole generation of boobtubers coming up who think "peri-



TRAPPED: Arnon Zadok (l.) attacks a prison doctor in *Beyond the Walls*.

pheral vision" is a rock group. They'll all be run over by city busses.)

So you'll have to look elsewhere for evocative poetry (the Song of Solomon?), the problems of temporal power ranging around a singularly cruel, ruthless and irrational god, and the rationales of guilt and passion—David and Saul, David and Jonathan, David and Goliath and Bathsheba and Absalom. Director Bruce Beresford has rewarded our filmgoing efforts with the justifiably memorable *Breaker Morant* and *Tender Mercies*. *King David* was an expensive teaser.

If we're lucky, we can close the books on biblical epic, but stick your finger in where the "prison film" chapter ends, and wait for the new edition that adds an Israeli foreign film nominee to the 1984 Academy Awards, Uri Barbash and Rudi Cohen's *Beyond the Walls*.

Actually, the prison setting can be taken entirely as a metaphor in this spellbinding story of a group of men divided by everything that can

divide, and conquer, mankind: race, class, ethics, religion, nationality, education, morality and politics. There is no escape, not even into death, but for an extended moment, two prisoners and their followers bury their combined hatchets in the head of the common enemy and align in a powerful expression of unity and truth.

The focus bears down hard on two opposing convict leaders, both convincing counter-stereotypes. The Israeli Uri (Arnon Zadok) is a swarthy, bull-tempered sociopath, an habitual criminal with the build of a pro wrestler and the instincts of a mother hen towards his wayward daughter (whom he can do nothing about) and his cellmates (whom he can and does protect). The Arab, Issam (Muhamad Bakri), serving a life sentence for PLO terrorism, is a handsome blond with blue-grey eyes, intellectual, proud and enigmatic, with a natural flair for assuming responsibility. (Bakri was last seen in a similar role in Costa-Gavras' *Hanna K.*—as Jill Clay-

burgh's lover he seemed cast against type, in *Beyond the Walls*, he breaks the type once and for all in an unflagging performance of a complex character.)

Both men rebel physically from the beginning, toward strip searches, forced enemas, the mistreatment of their respective cellmates (six to a cell)—Issam has nothing to lose, Uri has a natural pugnacity—and both are brutally beaten and confined for it. It is clear from the start that however hard the pressure comes down on them, they will resist.

There are cross-overs. In Uri's cell resides an Arab jailed while in the process of converting to Judaism, despised but kept separate from the Arabs. Taking one of the beds in Issam's cell is Doron (Jacob Ayala), young and slender, the once delectable victim of another Jewish prisoner's rape, now under Arab protection. Also with Uri, but universally distrusted, enters a new inmate, the pacifist soldier, Assaf (Assi Dayan), whose arrest for attempting to collaborate with the enemy arouses primary prejudices among the others.

Individual responses to Assaf set in train increasing violence that brings other problems to the fore in a series of convoluted explosions. The bald and flaming queen, Fittusi (Rami Danon), who gets in a kiss (of terror, if not of death), is a heroin addict encouraged in his radical patriotism by the local pusher, Hoffman (Haim Shinar), who is in dire need of covering up his own collaborative activities with the Security Officer (Hilel Ne'eman, a consummate actor playing a believable fascist Jew). A live performance of "The Nightingale" (Boaz Sharbi) in a TV talent contest brings the prisoners together, and the confiscation of radios after a war-news broadcast tears them apart. In their effort to stir up more trouble (divide and conquer is always the name of the prison game), the screws put the screws to the weakest link, Doron, finagle the murder of the informer who is of little use to them, and play off one side against the other.

The powers-that-be have



BIBLICAL TURKEY *Is it really a biblical story? Or is it a modern one? Could this be a future Drumsticks?*

unwittingly gone too far, and the boy's suicide and note lead to the first of several unifying confrontations between Uri and Issam.

Though all has seemed real enough up to this point, the two men, and the film itself, seem to awaken to reality from out of a rough dream and the tension leaps thereafter from one height to another. In a familiar scene that could have co-starred Edward G. and Bogie at their best—a food riot in the prison cafeteria—mortal enemies join forces without a word spoken between them. The first bond is struck by eye contact as potent as blood-oath; the second opens to include Assaf, the "traitor," in the charmed circle, with the aid of another masculine movie tradition: the sharing of a cigarette. A hunger strike is organized, born, raised, and fought to a courageous, touching and surprising climax.

In *Beyond the Walls*, the action and emotion peak together at an impossible pitch made bearable only by the same factor that could bring down a less meticulously crafted film: its melodrama. It fits both the standard genre of men-behind-bars and its own built-in Israeli-Arab conflict atmosphere like a pair of made-to-order handcuffs, at once physically hermetically

sealed and mentally open-ended.


The production values are worthy of a far higher-budgeted film, with exceptional lighting and camera-work throughout and a judicious hand at the editing table. The techniques, like the script, are never intrusive of themselves, serving only to illuminate the minor incidents, the complexities of opposing forces and unanswerable arguments, without ever resorting to lecturing or explanation. The one "political" verbal exchange ("Blowing up a bus is war?" "Strafing a refugee camp is war? It's like 1000 busses"), is countered by a hundred personal nuances—the elderly prisoner who doesn't throw his tray but lowers it carefully to the floor in the midst of chaos, the relationship of the deaf-mute to his pet cockatoo, most of all, the personal gradations of hate and love, loyalty, privacy and power, expressed by constant touching whether in combat or companionship. Though there is no overt sexual activity in the film, it is defined and carried through according to its needs, and there are episodes of intense homoeroticism that Robinson and Bogart and their audiences would have recognized but never, ever approached.

As a metaphor alone, *Beyond the Walls* seems unworkable because of the very variety of types and situations, but they are less impossible than the stretched coincidence of fictional license Ramle Prison, outside Tel Aviv, is in fact cohabitated by Arab and Jewish convicts (though probably not in such proximity), and an Israeli paratrooper was imprisoned for his "traitorous" attempt to make peaceful contact with Syrians a few years back. There is a strong peace movement on both sides of the shifting borders, and screenwriter Benny Barbash, leaving the Israeli Army a lieutenant colonel, is highly involved in it.

Beyond the Walls is, as its title states, very much about the outside world. But its message is one that needs to be encapsulated, literally imprisoned, to be understood. In emotional terms (responding to its emotional context), it speaks of a kind of love that is purified by its own transience, that inspires even as it dies. *Beyond the Walls* suggests that positive desires will eventually prevail.

Between King David and *Beyond the Walls*, it's nice to know there's been at least this much progress in 3000 years.

—Penni Kimmel



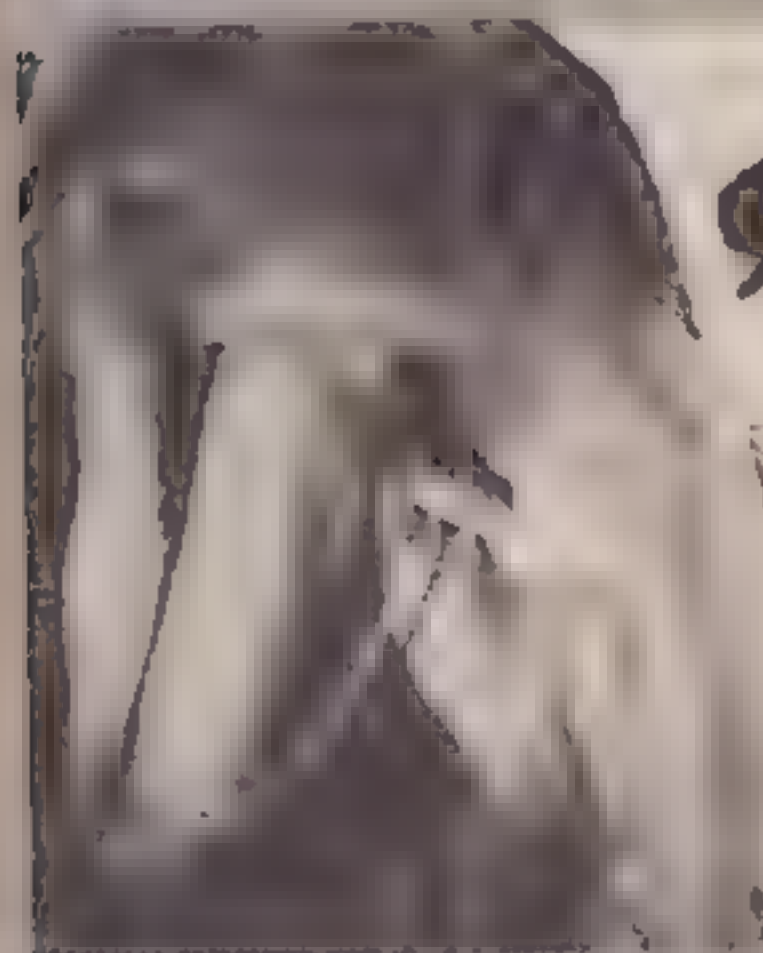
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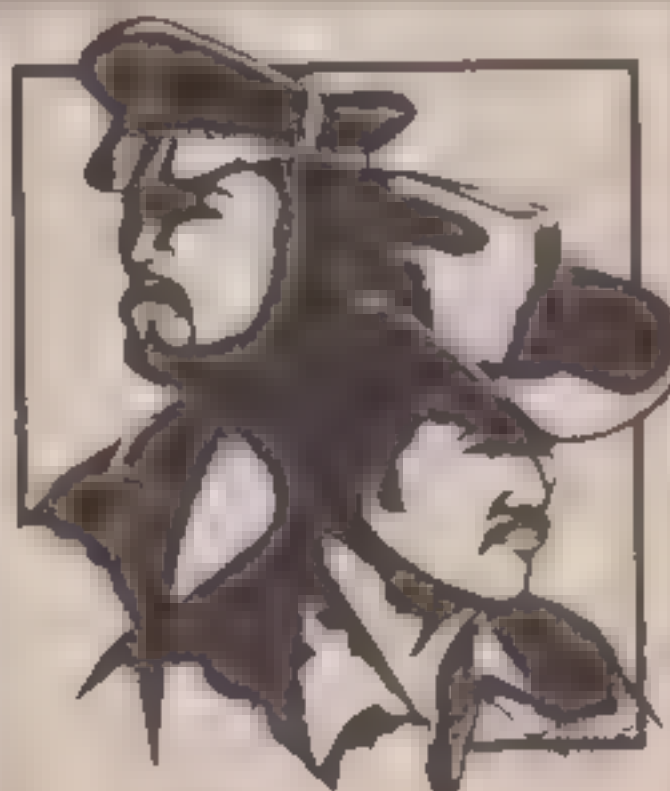


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drum



THIS
ONE IS A
GANG BANG
IN A
BUILDING
SITE..

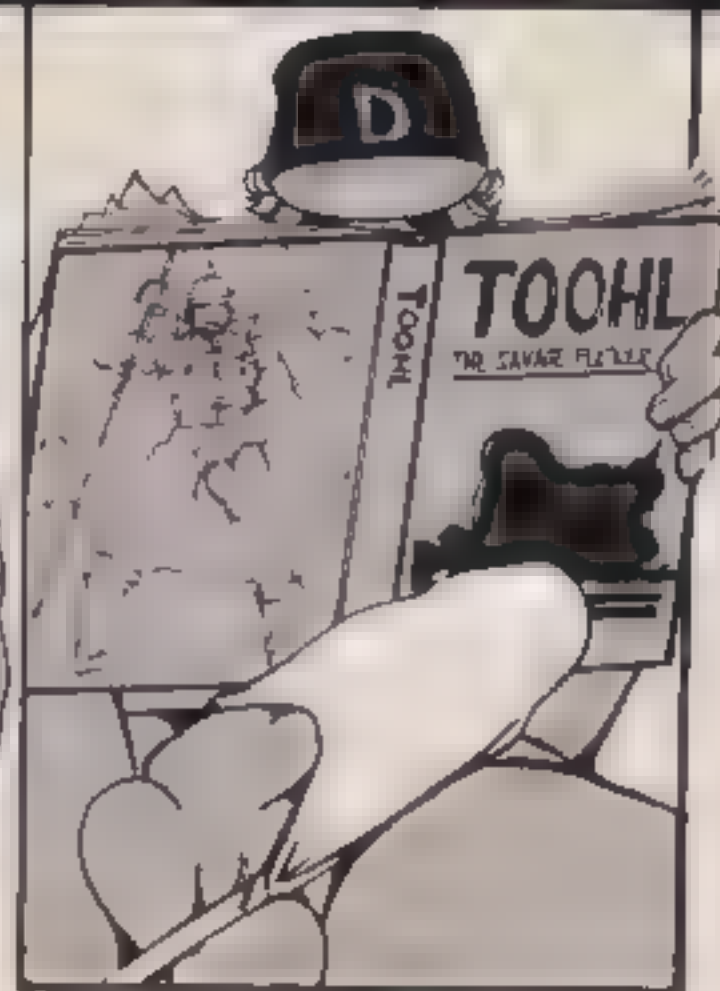


IT'S ALL VERY EDUCATIONAL
YOU WILL AGREE. NOTHING,
THEY SAY, LIKE A GOOD
BOOK--WELL, ALMOST
NOTHING!



I AM,
AS YOU MAY
OBSERVE, AN AVID
READER - THIS
CAN CAUSE
QUITE A STRAIN
ON THE EYES!

NOT
TO MENTION
THE
CONSIDERABLE
STRAIN PUT
ON ALL
HIS
JOCKSTRAPS



YOU WILL SAY
THAT ORDERING SO
MANY BOOKS PER
MONTH IS MADNESS.
NO ONE CAN READ
THAT MUCH IN FOUR
WEEKS. AGREE.
BUT HAVE A
REASON!

THE
MORE BOOKS I
REQUEST, THE HEAVIER
THE LOAD - THE
BIGGER THE LOAD
THE LARGER THE
DELIVERY MAN
NEEDED



- AND THAT'S
THE ONE
I NEED -
BIG
TOM!

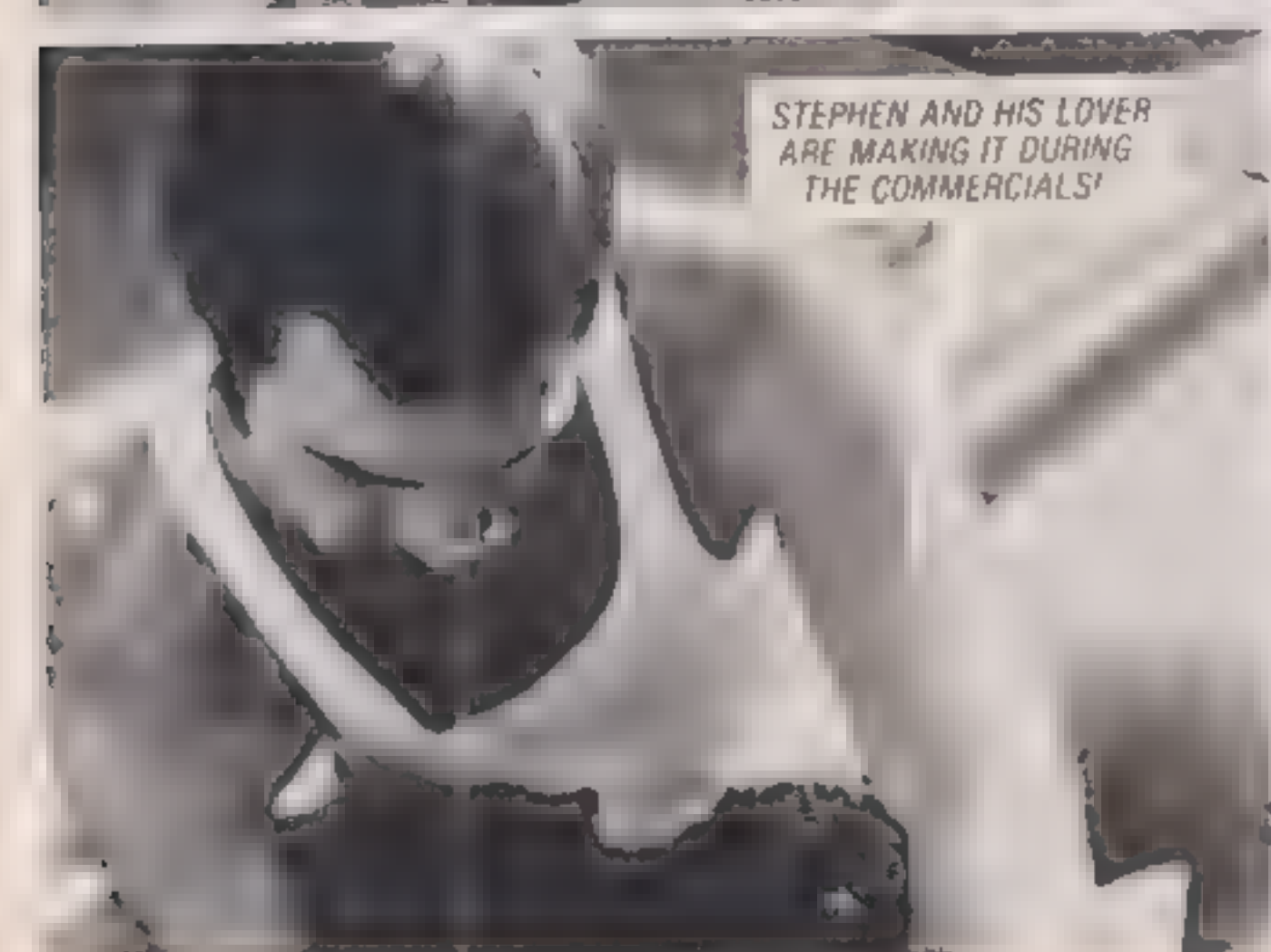
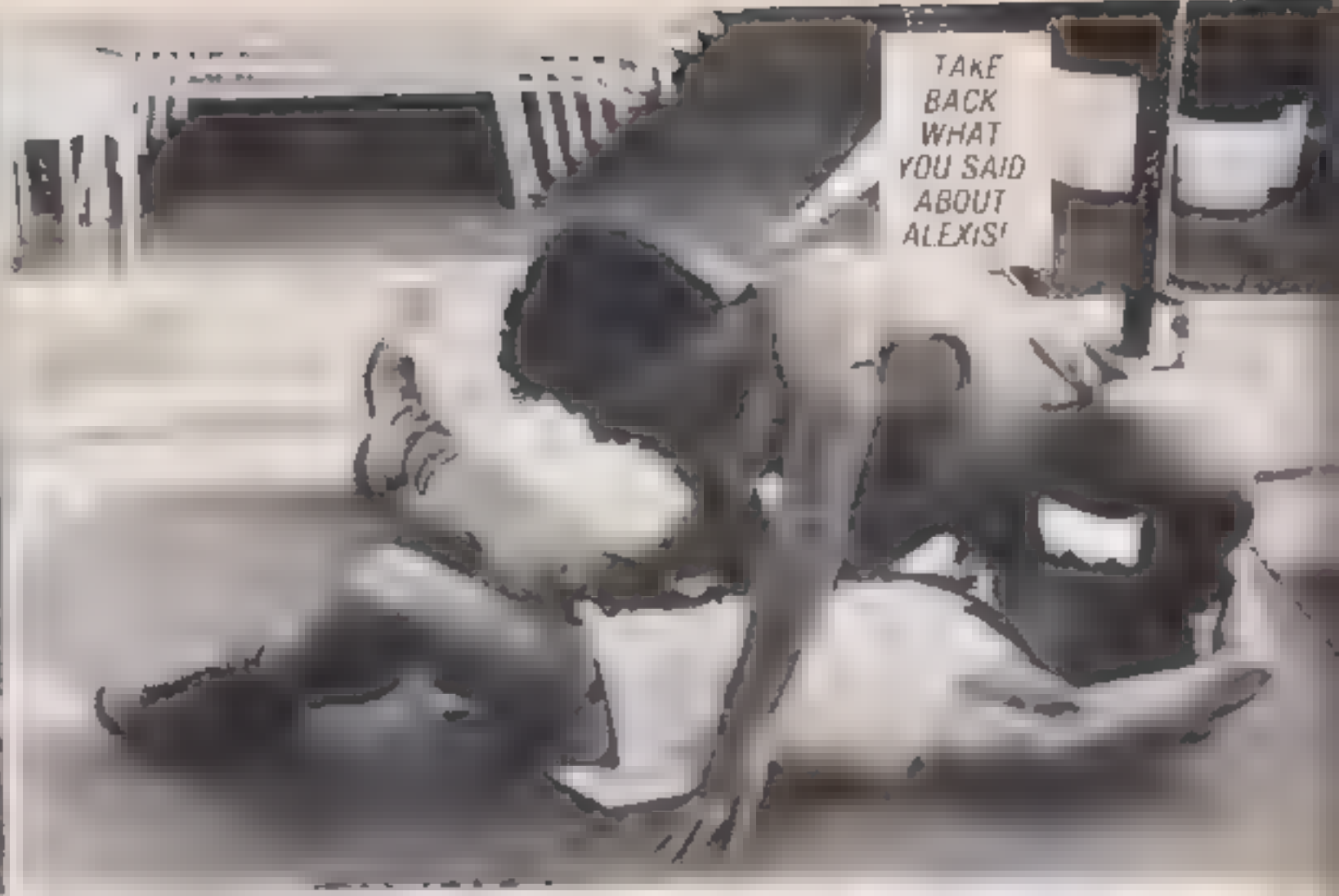
DYNASTY

REPARTEE BY ROBERT PAYNE

It happens all over the nation on Wednesday nights. The bar business is picking up when the places fill with men drinking, eating popcorn and watching their favorite nighttime soap, "Dynasty." We were in one on Folsom one night when the schitzo Carrington brother, Adam, kidnaps Sammy Jo and her child by way of the ditzy gay brother, Steven. He ties up the broad and feelings in the audience were running high. One voice comes out of the transfixed group with, "Tie up the fuckin' baby, too!" The setting for our little photoplay is just such a bar and we show what can happen when the action on the tube competes with the action on the floor. The only time out seems to be for the commercials, when everyone goes to the cat.







AND YOU
NE TO
MAKE IT
WITH
EVEN?

SHE'S A BITCH!

WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO KRYSTAL'S
FIRST HUSBAND.
THE TENNIS
PLAYER?

WITH THE
HAIRY CHEST?

HMMMM
N GE!

LET
LOOSE
OF MY
CROTCH
YOU
BITCH!

I'VE GOT
BIGGER
BALLS
THAN ALEXIS!

THERE
YOU GO
AGAIN
ABOUT
ALEXIS!

HAPPENING
ON DYNASTY?

WONDER WHAT
THEY'RE DOING
ON CBS AND NBC?

KISS ME
QUICK

HOW'D YOU
LIKE TO MAKE
IT WITH ME
ASSHOLE?

YOU
GOT
IT!

YEAH. BUT WHAT
ABOUT THAT
BROAD STEVEN
WAS MARRIED TO?

YOU MEAN
SAMMY JO?"

HMMMM
NICE!

"I DIDN'T KNOW
THERE WAS
ANY OIL IN
DENVER!"

ALEXIS
IS A
GOOD
WOMAN!

DID YOU SEE
THAT OUTFIT
ALEXIS WORE
AT THE TRIAL?

NOT AS GREAT
AS THE ONE SHE
HAD ON AT BLAKE'S
TRIAL FOR KILLING
STEVEN'S LOVER!

YOU THINK DEX
LETS ALEXIS SIT
ON HIS FACE?

WAS IT
COOD
FOR YOU
TOO?"

ALEXIS REALLY
LOVES BLAKE

AND THE TENNIS PLAYER!

AND THE OIL MAGNATE!

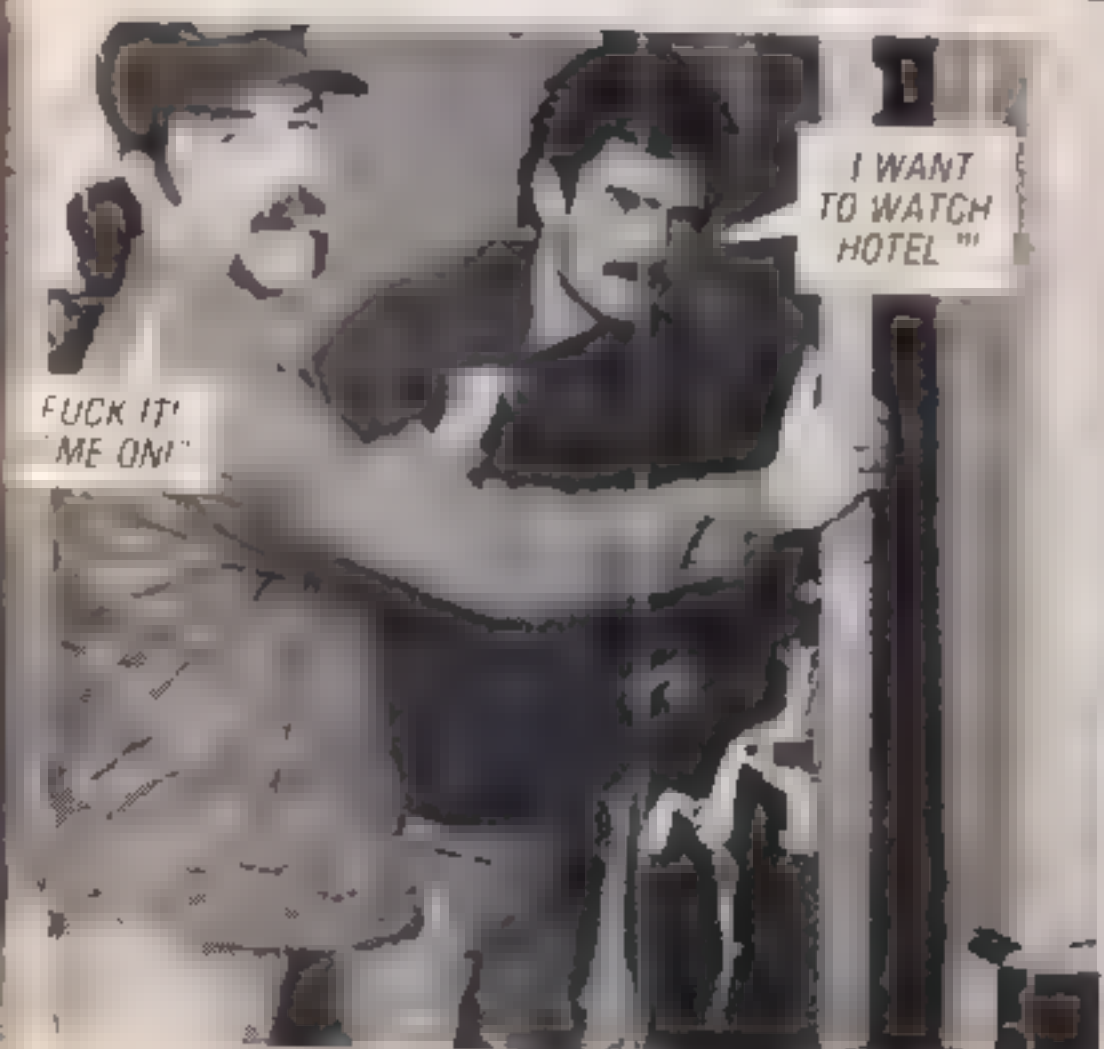
AND THE SHEIK!

AND HER HUSBAND!"

LET'S
GET
THE
FUCK
OUTTA
HERE!


I'VE
SEEN
WORSE

WHY
SAY
YOU
IN CHARGE
OF M...



"WOULDN'T M-SS IT FOR THE WORLD."

"THAT WAS FUN! HOW ABOUT NEXT WEEK MAN?"



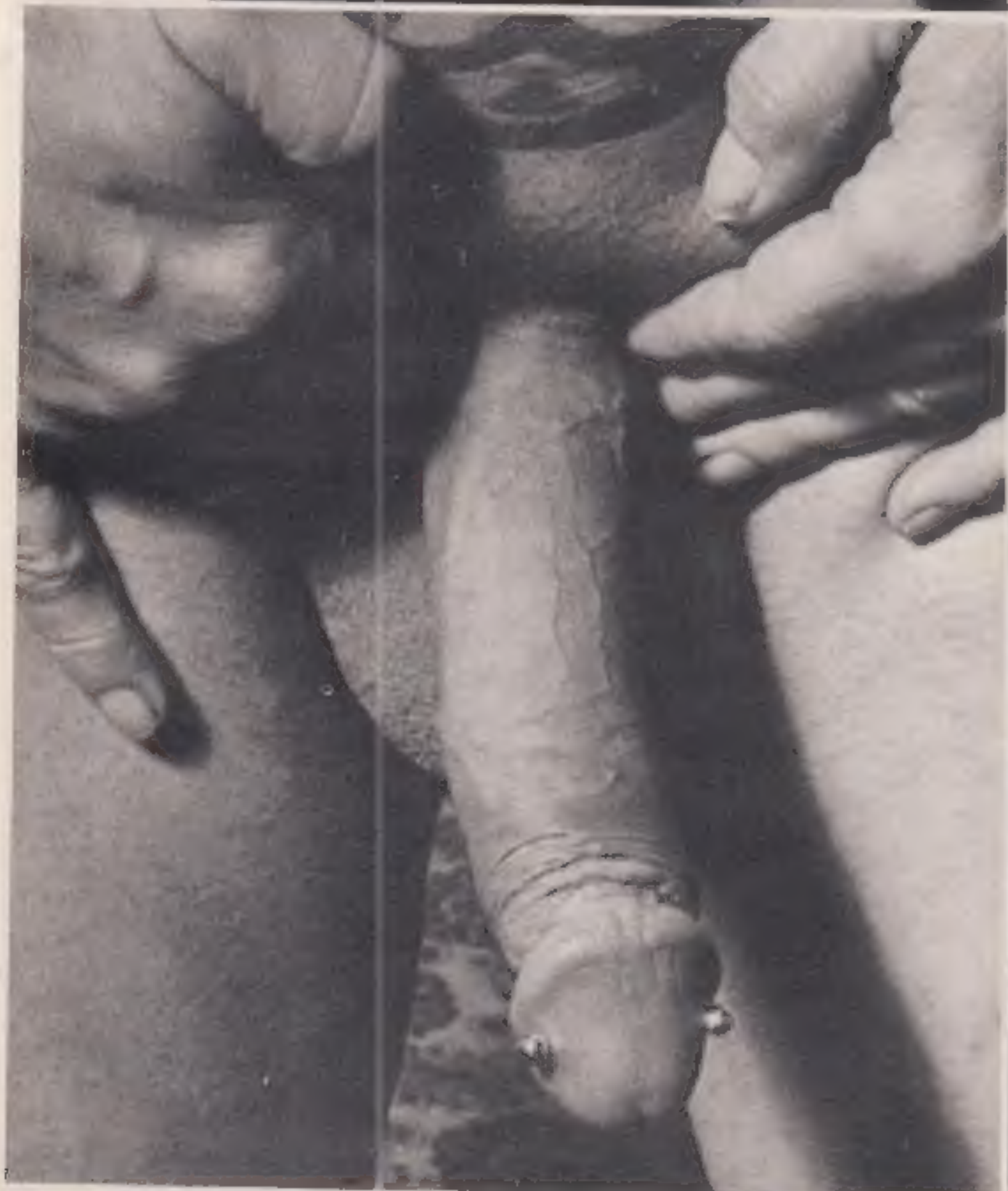
DRESSING UP YOUR DICK

LEE RYDER

Falcon superstar
sports one of the
most famous pieces of men's
around. As he ponders on
what to do with it, it is our
pleasure to offer him and
you a few turned-on
suggestions.



Simple rawhide, leather cockrings plain as well as ornamented and a simple pin-piercing to match his tattoo.



GAUNTLET photo



With virtually everyone being more selective these days as to where to put his dick, in fact with many of them not getting the semi-public (and public) workouts of yesteryear, it dawned on us that perhaps you might be interested in the next logical step in our series of "A Hundred-and-One Fun Things

To Do With Your Dick" entitled "Dressing Up Your Prick" and showing some of the costumes that are possible and/or available for entertaining at home or elsewhere.

Dressing right or life, the bulge in your pants can be a show stopper, if handled right. But upon dropping your pants and whipping

out the family jewels all decked out in leather or rubber or chromium or even merely painted, tattooed or ringed can definately make you the cewnter of attention. The size of the thing isn't really all that important. Not where fashion is concerned. All you can ask of it is that it stand up—or out—at



attention for proper viewing. Size is important only in that the outfit of your choice should fit.

Now that we are in a non-body fluid exchange period which may last for some time, the apparatus can be doubly important. And just as no two cocks look exactly alike, it is seldom that their adornments are from the same cookie cutter. One is limited only by one's imagination and one's horniness.

There are those exhibitionists who get their kicks out of letting it all hang out. There are those exhibitionists who get their kicks out of letting it all hang out. They, above all, like to flaunt their equipment all decked out with no place in particular to go. Sometimes just a mirror or the feel of your pride and joy all strapped in, surrounded by leather or rubber or latex is enough to get you off.

But show-and-tell can be a real turn-on too. Many of these photos have been sent to *Drummer* as examples of how imaginative men amuse themselves with their favorite part of the body.

For the sake of variety, safe sex can occasionally be fun if you are dressed for it. Look upon this whole exercise as sort of a fashion parade. The next time you drop your pants for someone or for yourself, let your prick show off a new face.

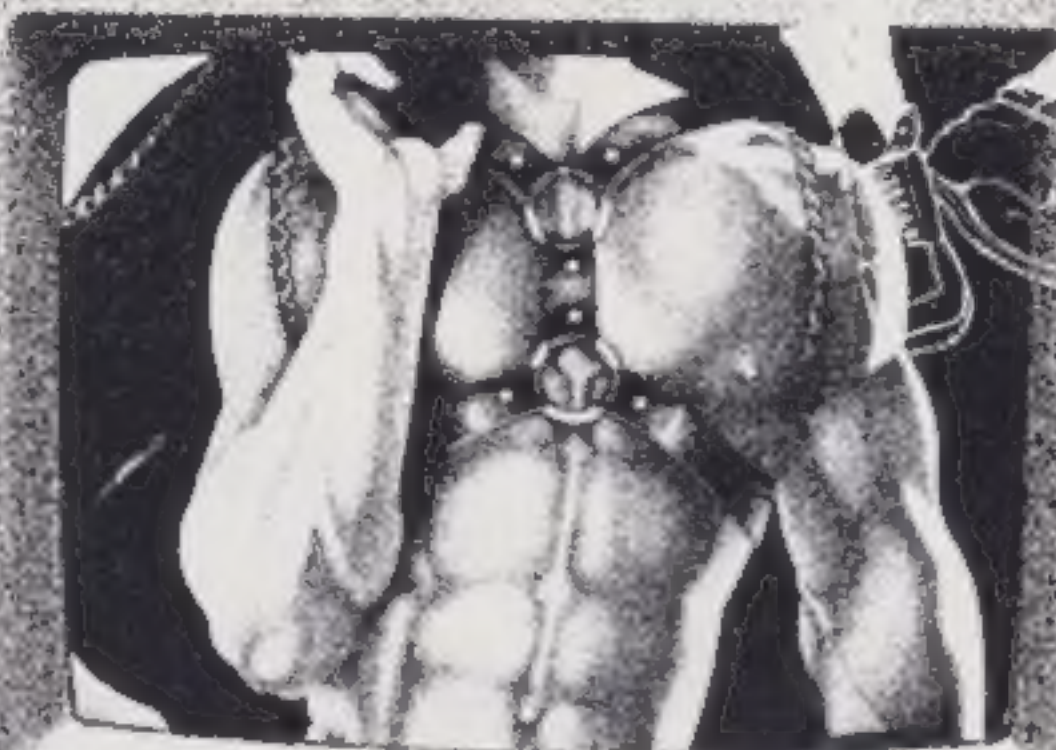
After all, what becomes a legend more than exotic and erotic good grooming? □



If each ring represents a marriage or even an engagement, our Parting Shot is a good example of loving, not wisely, but too well.

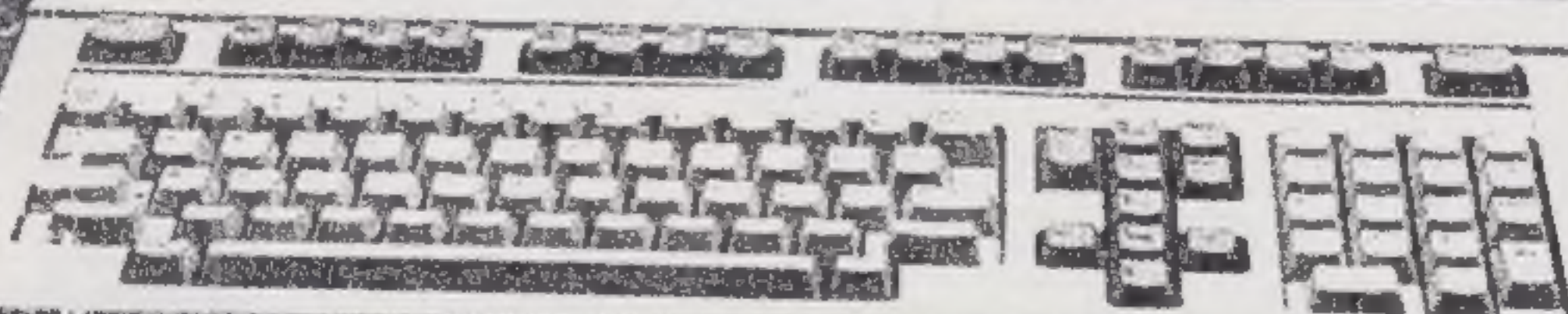
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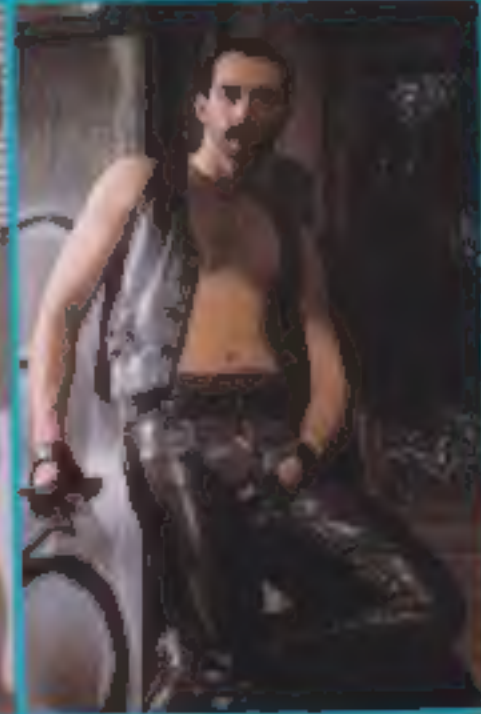
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